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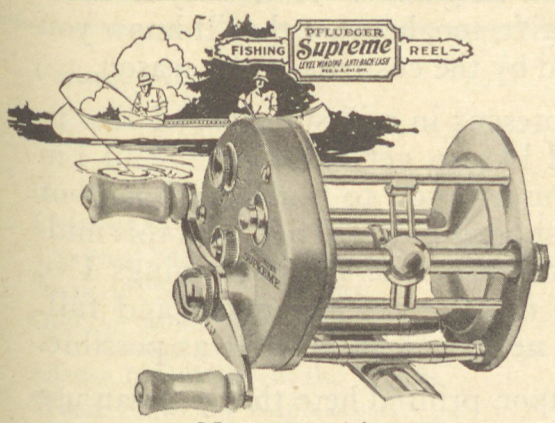

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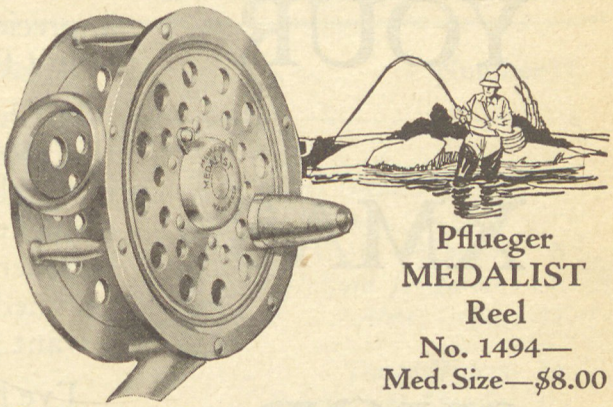

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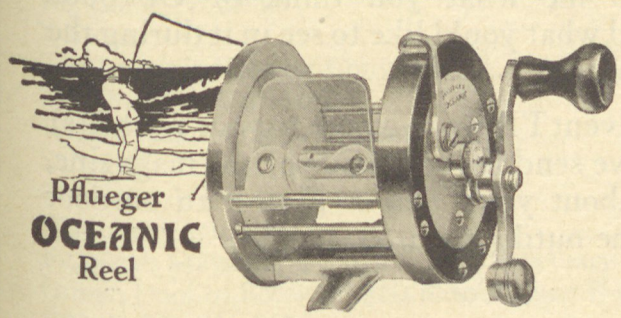

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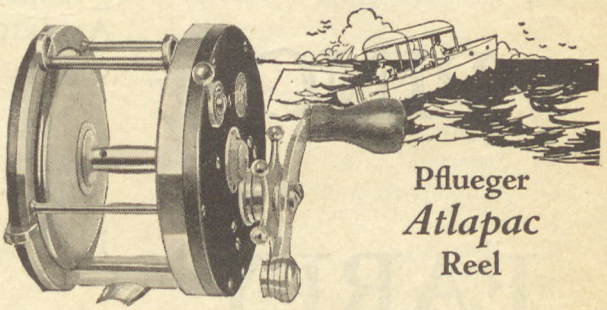

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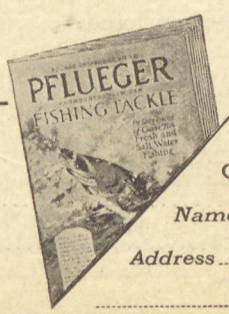

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A Christmas present in mid-summer! I like to think of it. I'd like to get one now! And I'm especially anxious for you to burst the bonds of convention and stagger your friends with this mid-summer gift because of the splendid things I've planned for the magazine this summer and fall. I want as many new readers to see it as possible.

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Cordially,

Marguerite Ives

Marguerite Ives,
Editor, OUTDOOR AMERICA, 549 W. Randolph St., Chicago

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Defender of Woods, Waters and Wild Life

Outdoor America

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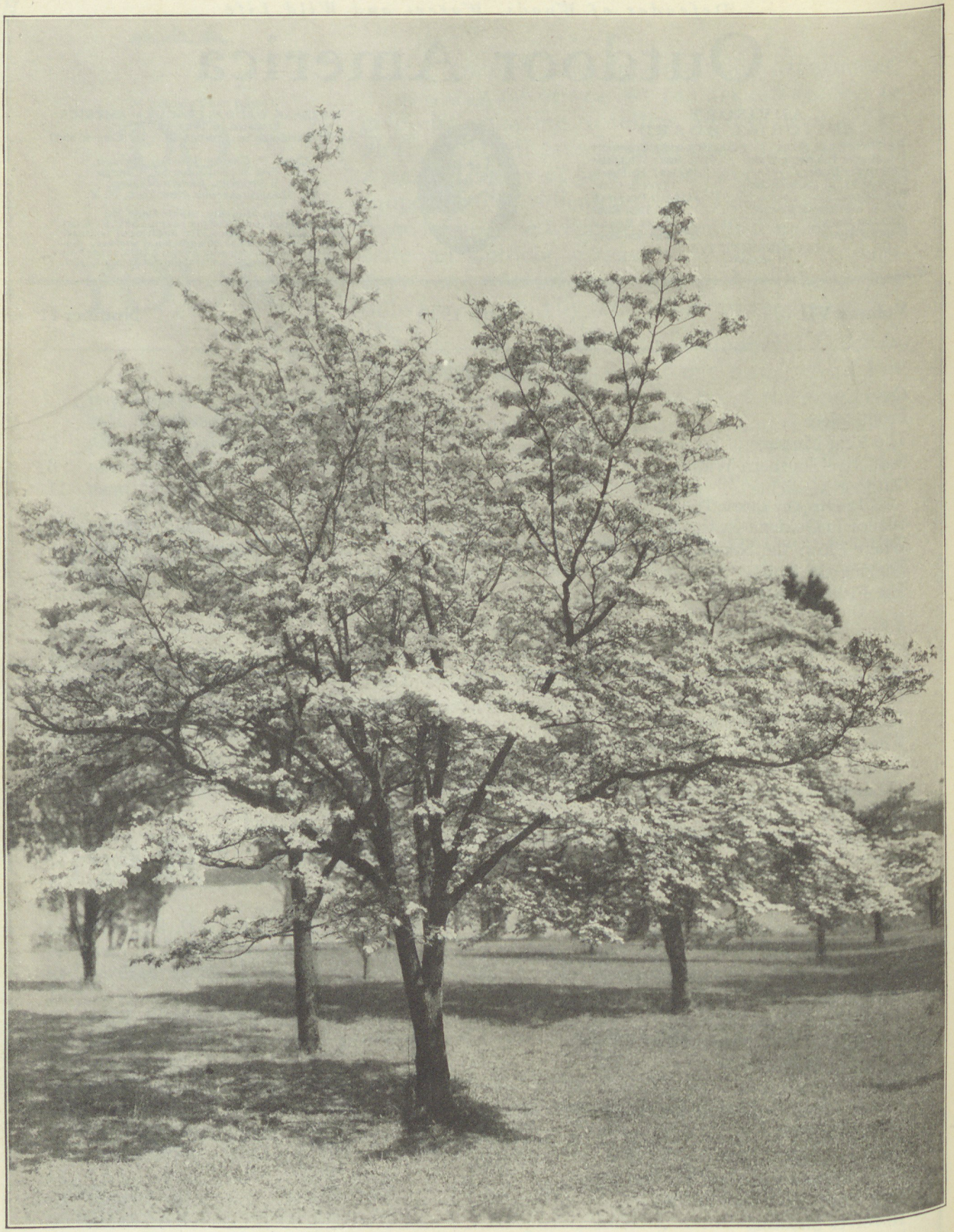


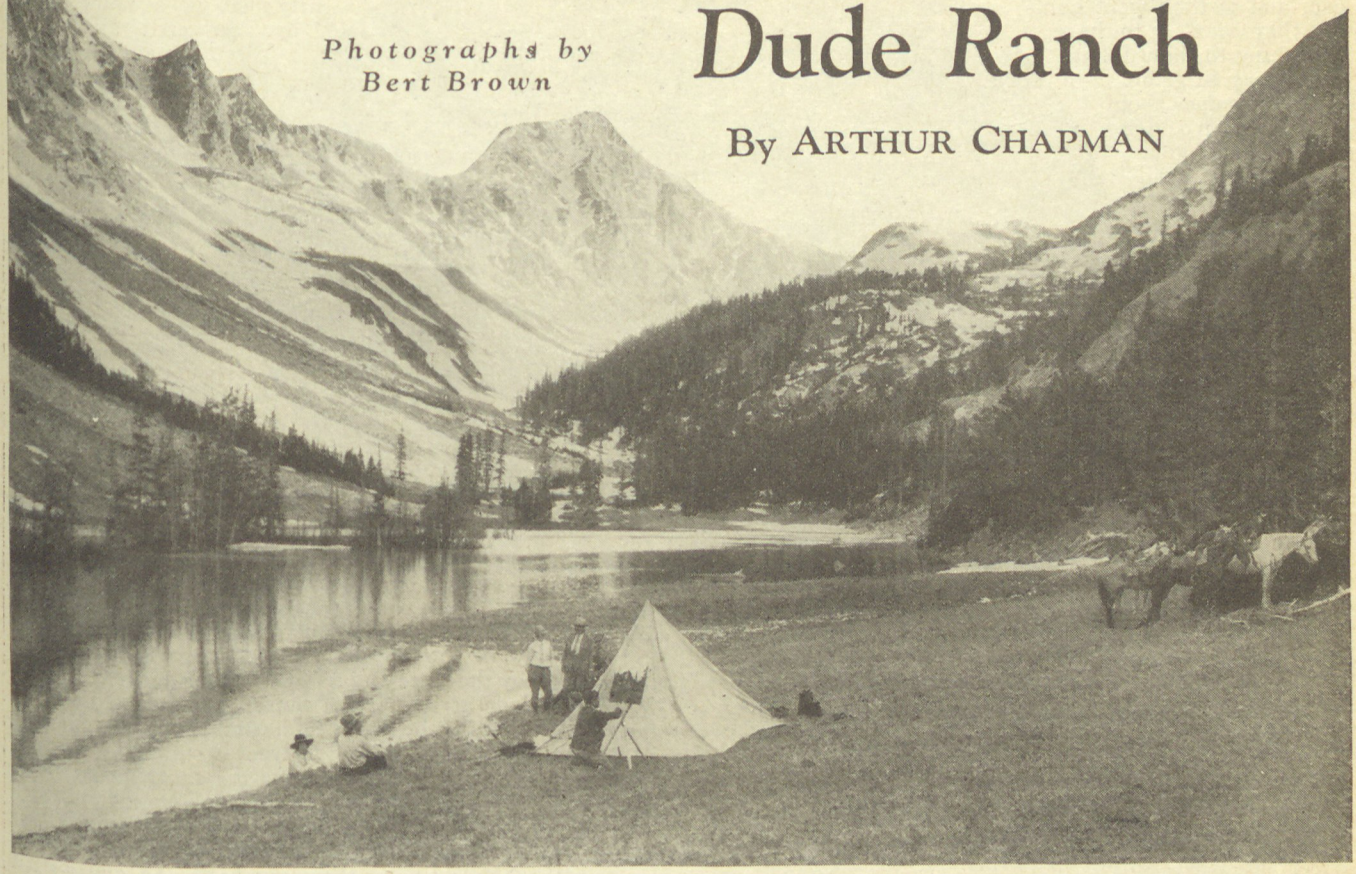
Dogwood Blooming in May

On Estate of Robert John, Atlantic Highlands, N. J.

The Real Message of the Dude Ranch

Photographs by Bert Brown

By ARTHUR CHAPMAN



Tenting in the very heart of beauty. Beartooth Mountains, Montana.

TWO summers ago I met a couple of horsemen on a high trail in the Wind River range in Wyoming. Between them was a string of pack animals, each horse carrying two milk cans, attached in an upright position to the pack saddles.

"Trout fry," said one of the riders laconically. "We're planting them at the headwaters of two or three creeks up here."

It was then and there that I got my first object lesson in what a comparatively new institution is doing for conservation in the West. The men were not forest rangers, nor were they employees of the state fish and game department. They were dude ranchers, doing their bit toward restocking public streams. The trout fry had been delivered at their ranch the day before—brought by one of their own trucks from a government fish hatchery. The fry had to be taken at once to a headwater region, where it would be out of reach of the voracious and cannibalistic big fellows.

To accomplish this meant a long, hard pack trip, with the horses constantly on the move to insure the proper aeration of the water in the cans. Yet the work was being done, and done well, at no expense to the state or national government—a small but effective example of what the dude ranch is doing for the benefit of sportsmen who turn to the West for recreation.

In fact, gradually and without any blowing of trumpets, the dude rancher has brought about a most heartening change in local sentiment in many western communities where game and fish abound. Twenty-five or thirty years ago in the West I frequently heard forest rangers and game wardens complain that it was difficult, if not impossible, to enforce the game and fish laws where a "native" was concerned. If a rancher wanted to stock his larder with elk out of season, or if he wanted to go out and catch twice the trout limit in a day, why he had a right to do it. He had helped settle the country, and he was entitled to whatever walked on four legs or swam therein, provided too many of his elk steaks did not come from the so-called "slow elk," or cattle belonging to his neighbor.

Because of this practical philosophy, it was difficult to secure convictions, unless the accused happened to be pilgrims from the high and narrow spaces of some eastern city, whereupon they got the limit from their brethren of the open spaces.

Then came the great recreational movement toward the west, speeded up by undreamed-of transportation facilities. The dude, meaning the temporary visitor, became distinguished from the tenderfoot, who is going to be a resident as soon as his feet quit hurting and his eye-teeth are cut. The dude came in thousands where the tenderfoot came in dozens. Furthermore, the dude brought along his fishing tackle and his hunting outfit, and he was willing to pay for a chance to use them.

"Dudeens."

The dude ranch sprang naturally from this unprecedented movement to the areas of recreation in the West. What it amounted to was that the rancher began "taking boarders." Not the kind of boarders that are content to sit around the front porch in rocking chairs and play an occasional game of golf or tennis. The kind that wanted to wear the Westerner's own kind of clothes and talk his language, and, in many cases, to take actual part in the doings of the cattle ranch. The kind that wanted to ride horses and explore

the distant trails and fish the streams and hunt the big game back in the mountain country. But, if they went fishing, they wanted to catch fish, and if they went hunting they wanted to have something to show for it in the way of game.

So it came about naturally enough that fish and game conservation and dude ranching went hand in hand. Nor is it intended to imply that the dude rancher is wholly selfish in this new attitude. I know of dude ranchers in Wyoming and Montana who have gone to the expense of putting in their own retaining ponds for trout. Only a fractional part of the streams thus stocked are on their own lands. They are putting in trout every year for the benefit of everybody above and below them. Nor do they keep their lands closed to any law-abiding strangers. They are acting in a spirit of unselfish and good sportsmanship.

Out for the breakfast trout on a Wyoming "dude" ranch.

One has to talk with veteran game wardens in the West to understand just what has been accomplished by this new attitude in the ranch regions. And one has to get a comprehensive idea of the rapid spread of dude ranching before he can realize what brought about the change. Start anywhere on the map three or four hundred miles from Yellowstone National Park and draw a circle around the park itself.

Here you can get dude ranch entertainment to fit any desires or any pocketbooks. There are ranches on the plains and ranches in the mountains, all with a certain appeal to visitors from distant places. When the Dude Ranchers' Association meets, it means the gathering of upwards of one hundred and fifty men, whose home places are scattered all over Wyoming and Montana. These men are a unit when it comes to questions of the preservation of wild life. Many of them are deputy wardens and all of them are ready to act in upholding the fish and game laws.

This means that the state and government have a volunteer service, the value of which cannot be measured. It means a leavening force of true sportsmanship in every game district in a region far too vast to be covered by paid employees. The hiring of deputies to accomplish the work being done voluntarily by the dude ranchers of the West would be too great an expense to be borne by the state and national governments.

When a dude arrives at the ranch he has picked out for his summer's outing, he finds that he must buy a state license before he can wet a fly in the trout stream that may be rushing within a hundred yards of the ranch house door. Generally the necessary document can be bought right there at the ranch. Then he is given instructions about the limit of fish to be caught in a day and necessary advice about wetting the hands before throwing back any under-sized fish that may be hooked.

Horseback parties from the dude ranches are welcome in the National Forests and the National Parks, for the

Reminiscent of the picturesque days of the old West.

Riders of the Trails. A smile and more fish for breakfast (oval).

rangers in these governmental preserves know that the dudes, who are always under the guidance of efficient "wranglers" are not going to make any bad breaks. Unlike the casual and careless automobile "sagebrusher," they are not given to chopping down live trees to make spruce-bough beds, and they do not have to be warned against the habit of throwing lighted cigarette stubs into dry underbrush in forest fire season.

The dudes have been told about such things before they start out. Perhaps they have been told at the nature lectures which are features of the evening life at most dude ranches. Or maybe they have been informed by the ranchers themselves or their keen-eyed "wranglers." At any rate the number of official complaints against dude ranch visitors, for game or fish law violations, is surprisingly small.

Perhaps a big game hunter arrives on the scene a few days before the official opening of the deer hunting season. He is "rarin' to go" and he hints that venison tastes just as well out of season as in. A few years ago, when ranchers were careless about such things, he might have got away with it. But there's no use trying to get the jump on the hunting season when your host is all in sympathy with the game wardens, even if he doesn't happen to be a deputy himself.

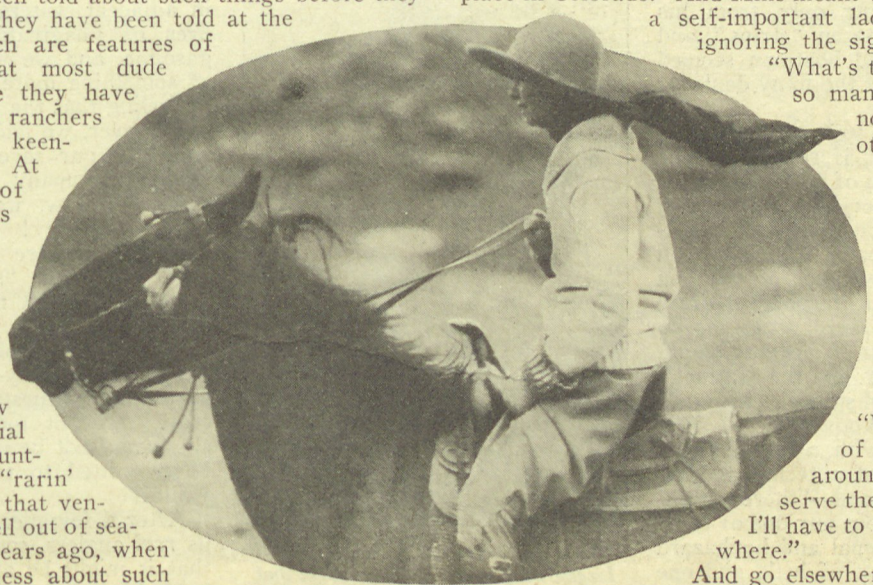
Nor is it alone with regard to game and fish that the conservation idea is running strong in dude-ranch land. The sign, "What do you want with an armful of wildflowers?" may greet you on a mountain trail. I first saw that sign, years ago, on a trail near the late Enos Mills' place in Colorado. And Mills meant what he wrote. When a self-important lady guest insisted on ignoring the sign, Mills said to her, "What's the idea of destroying so many columbines? Why not leave them for other people to enjoy?"

"I can't see what difference it makes if I pull up a bunch of wildflowers every day for my room," replied the paying guest.

"Well, it makes this much difference," said Mills. "We think just enough of the wildflowers around here to wish to preserve them from vandalism, so I'll have to request you to go elsewhere."

And go elsewhere the woman did, al-

(Continued on page 79)



Pure joy of life.

Seductive Southern Waters

By
HALFORD J. MORLAN

THE small but sturdy little "Miss Mildred" was well designed for the strenuous task which was her almost daily assignment during the fishing season off Florida's east coast. Adventure lurked close enough at all times near the exit of the harbor, where a strong tide, battling a heavy headwind, displayed large and significant boulders, in the path of one's craft, appearing first deep and then shallow. Many a story has reached its conclusion just here, where mingles the wake of the tide and the news. This was our fishing "ground."

During that exciting interval just preceding the annual awards of the Palm Beach Anglers' club, the day's activities are not confined to the "eight hour" limit. These men of affairs here for pleasure and a quiet rest, make play of long and laborious hours of toil, the equal of which would provoke an immediate strike in any one of their innumerable factories or plants. Boyish enthusiasm reclaims and conquers them, and again, as in the days of college sportsmanship, determination and zest are the masters of ceremony.

One March, I arrived on the day of the great annual banquet and was asked to participate with Ambassador Gerard, in furnishing the oratorical outbursts which were supposed to envelop with encomiums the fortunate winners of the thousands of dollars' worth of silver cups, represented by eighty odd of the most beautiful trophies ever displayed in one collection. It was a joyous affair and has few counterparts anywhere.

"Why do men always want to fish?" Ask any of these seasoned veterans who neglect business, risk life, and spend fortunes for the satisfaction of catching one fish that will measure an inch longer or weigh a pound more than the one some friend or fellow clubman has been fortunate enough to capture. The sport is wholesome and clean (morally), the adventure is as great as personality demands, and the result is always in doubt. If you want to see the largest assemblage of big business men known to sports, try Palm Beach and points south during "the season."

Vey, Nick, and the "Miss Mildred" had proven a rather formidable combination and "cut quite a swath" through the silver cups, rivaled only by Mr. Brown, who seemed to have the fish off the lighthouse feeding only from his selected and well chosen "strips," and the latter's guide and boatman seemed to have the habitat of the finny denizens "clocked" perfectly.

Mr. Brown was a welcome visitor to all of their dominion, if results may be taken as an indication of welcome. Sailfish, kingfish, amberjack, barracuda, jackcavalia, bonita, snook, bluefish, dolphin, groupers, pompano, whenever you desired, and shark whether or not you desired—anything but tarpon. Failure and disappointment were strangers to these waters if one knew his way about, which is equivalent to the farmer's knowing his soil—and subsoil. Knowing fish habits plus a knowledge of "the bottom," combined with a bit of experience with baits and a technique that is quickly acquired, and—"there's nothing to it." But without any one of these requirements, the casual and haphazard angler will need a lot of luck, and one can not always expect that.

—she modestly but decisively landed the largest king by ten inches, caught that season—

One morning when the season for "kings" was supposed to be about past, we walked along the beach, noticing many craft afloat far out from the exit of the harbor and many more on their way to the scene of action. They were miles north of us, but there was but one interpretation to be placed upon that scene: "Kings!" Plenty of them! I can feel the thrill yet, the urge to jump into the car and drive as fast as traffic would permit to the boat and hasten to the party. Never had the distance seemed so far, the traffic so congested, the boat so slow.

Eventually we were among the sportsmen in their trim little vessels and the market fishermen with all sorts of nondescript craft, hurriedly launched while "the run" was at its best. The chug! chug! of busy motors; the bob! bob! bobbing of the boats; the rhymthic play of line through the nimble fingers of experienced fishermen; the grace of the gulls overhead; the roll of the azure blue waves topped with emerald green and surmounted by the sparkling white mist, radiant foam, and seething bubbles; the sight of a king being landed and others "played" by sportsmen with light tackle; the sound of hilarious men contented with life—at present; the steamer far out passing by, its rails crowded with eager passengers whose glasses are trained upon the scene to give them their first glimpse of fishermen at home—and receiving; the sound of the waves splashing on the rocks adjacent the inlet; the sunlit beach and tropical foliage; the tug at the heart! the urge of emotion! the thrill of excitement! the satisfaction of triumph—oh, the joy of fishing! Even now I am fishing that water all over again as though it were yesterday, which is another prerogative of the angler.

One after another of those silver and opalescent beauties was landed on the once immaculate deck of our trim little craft until we felt that our share had been taken. Then thoroughly satisfied and relaxed after the fretful excitement, there seemed a unanimous desire for lunch. So, under the shade of protecting canvas, within sight of the "sheltering palms," we gratified the last desire of man—not by saying a mouthful but by swallowing many.

It was days before the kings again stirred our smoldering enthusiasm, and then the announcement of their presence in adjacent waters lighted the fanciful fires of imagination—and another of gasoline, and we were off on the crest of something more than waves.

Feeling that the season for kings was safely over, we had freely promised the ladies of our several homes that they might accompany us on the next adventure. Now, we must make good—and so did they!

We men were having fair success with the usual "strips" and catching some nice kings, not overly large, but eight to eighteen pounders. However, eventually Mrs. Morlan inquired—casually and sweetly—if the ladies were participating guests or admiring guests only. "If not too much trouble, and she would not be in the way, would she be permitted to troll for just a little while?"

After a few meaning glances between us *real* anglers, someone meekly replied that it might be all right if she would hold the light tackle rod over the star-

board rail and be *very* careful not to get tangled up. That seemed to be satisfactory with the lady amateur, and we very kindly and with considerable dignity (we thought) handed Mrs. M. the tackle, but considered a large "spoon" was quite good enough as a bait—though no one had tried it for weeks.

A few minutes passed in silence, which seemed ideally suited to the circumstances, but it was not long until we were rudely aroused and our retirement nearly made permanent by the awful smash a monster king took at that spoon. He missed! But how the water churned and splashed. With a knowing wink at Nick, I suggested that the spoon should be replaced by a strip, but the amateur seemed c o n t e n t e d to try the same outfit.

Twenty minutes passed, and the men began to feel secure; and then, bang! We thought it a monster amberjack. Down and around he went. Everyone shouted instructions simultaneously and differently, and the pilot was as confused as if he had been left alone to use his own judgment. The deck was slimy and wet—I mentioned we had had some previous success—and in the hurry to see what was going on and what "it" was, it seems that some of the party failed to keep proper distances and equilibrium. The amateur was cool enough, however, and the light tackle still held fast the fighting fish.

"No, thank you, I believe I can manage nicely. I'll try it alone a while longer."

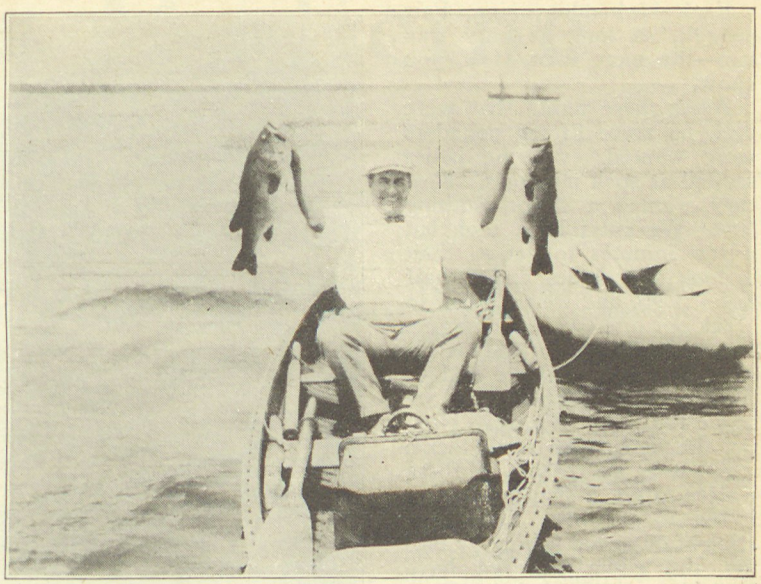
"Eh? All right, lose your fish, monkey around and let a nice hungry shark get him if you prefer." But somehow, the shark didn't do his "stuff," though the great fish that was hooked raced high in the water around the stern of the boat with a monster hammer-head in close pursuit, and plainly visible.

"What a shame to let that shark leave you with only the head of such a specimen; better accept our assistance."

"No, not yet, but thank you just the same."

The battle raged, and both fish and fisherwoman seemed to tire, but neither asked for quarter. Once or twice the light rod had suddenly bent until the tip touched water, and as it was again brought into proper position, the water ran down and wet the amateur's hands. It was not until then that she permitted even a light service from any of us who knew all about such things and could have —and willingly—been such a help. But now we were permitted to take a handkerchief (we could even use our own) and dry the rod—"but don't touch the line."

Now the fish was coming closer in and as he reached nearer the surface, we were surprised to observe that it was a king—a great one too. Business of great excitement all over again! Instructions were ignored, time wasted, the boat turned the wrong way, and all observers tried to usurp the angler's working space, but in spite of it all, she very modestly, but decisively landed the largest king—longest by ten inches—that had been caught all that year; greater by far than the fish which won the cup given a mere man a few nights previous.



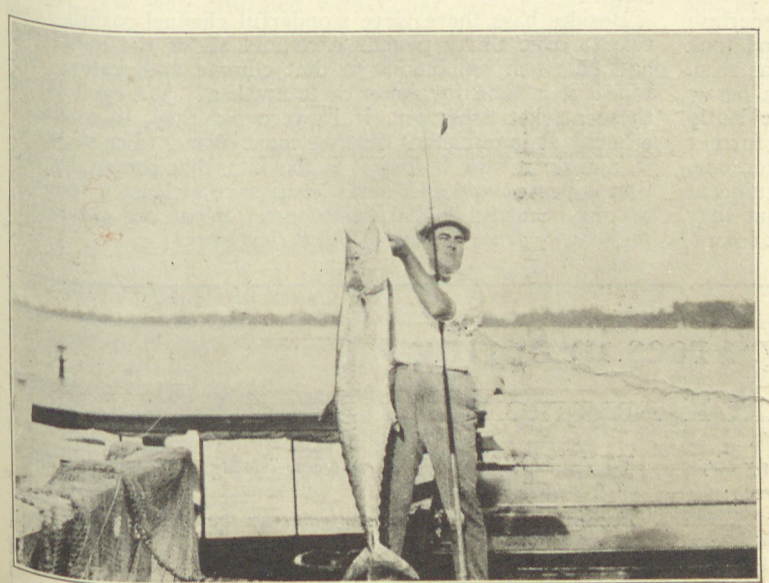
—with a pair of nice ones, (borrowed, alas, from commercial fishermen—)

What luck! Of course it just happened that a lady was in possession of the rod when the strike was made. It was the men who had assembled the outfit, selected the proper lure, taken the boat over the right course, and stood ready at any time to save the fish. Women are surely fortunate in going fishing with men who know *where* and *how* to get the big ones. Eh? Oh!

Well, it didn't look so promising just then for us. Our position was not enviable. We were profuse in our congratulations, and, of course sincere, but a woman's intuition is sometimes aggravating. Conjecture should be overcome by abiding faith, for no real angler would attempt to deceive anyone.

That hour seemed sufficient unto requirements of a most perfect day. We men were amicable, but seemingly not so happy; we didn't want to cast any aspersions, so we said nothing for fear of not saying the right thing, which we couldn't think of just then.

Nick, who has been taught by Mrs. Nick always to agree with the ladies, had done so, which failed to appease Bill and myself. But our happy hour of rejoicing came in quick retribution. Hardly had their hilarity begun to diminish when I, who had immediately begun to angle ardently for that "baby's" brother, was surprised to hook his "granddad." Wow! how he fought and with such persistence! All of the time we were hoping it was a king, but felt that it was not. Another shark showed up too, and for a time the possibility of losing my own fish, after all of the advice and warnings I had wasted on the amateur, was an added concern that brooked serious consequences. But we played our fish so fast and kept him so well up and close in that all danger was finally avoided, and when eventually we did land him, our surprise was greater than when Mrs. Morlan landed the record for the season. Mine, so the secretary of the Palm Beach Anglers' Club told me, was the largest kingfish ever caught there so far as his memory could recall, and other seasoned anglers acquiesced. My king was more than twenty pounds larger than the one caught by Mrs. Morlan, and more than ten inches longer. Some fish! You would have thought so could you have witnessed the interest shown by the natives who were privileged to see it. That evened the score, too.



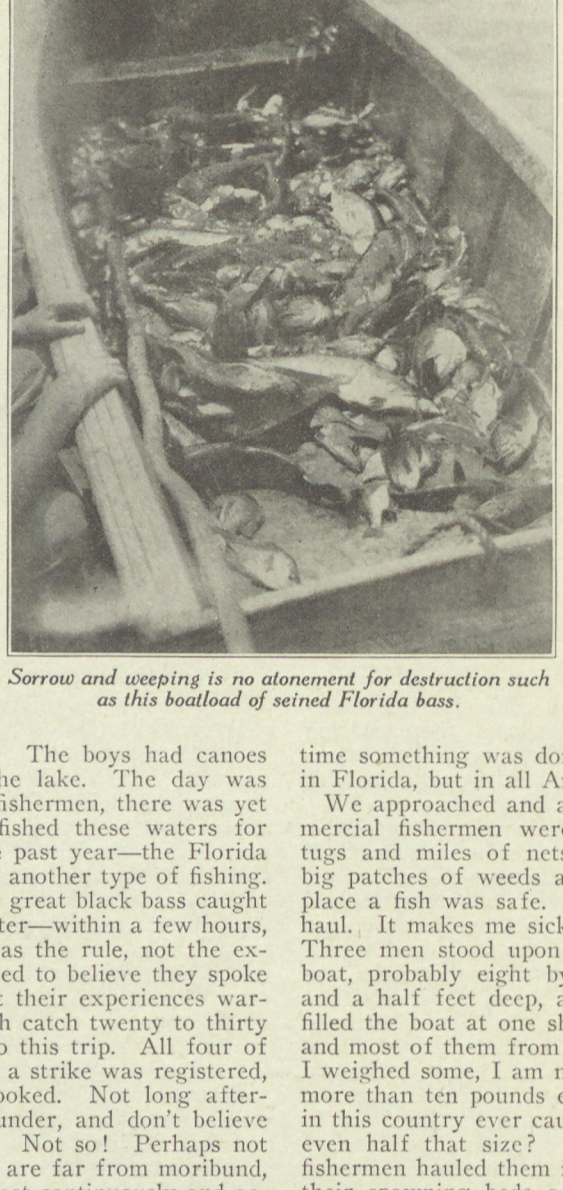
—less modestly, I fear, but as decisively, I landed the largest king that ever was—

Each side had his inning. Fair enough, so long as ours was last—the mere man of it, you know.

After these fights that were real, no more fifteen pounders were wanted, even the ladies scoffed at such minnows. Now they wanted a shark, nothing less. We got it! It took but a few minutes to get it. But it took two hours and a half to let it go, and we then had to break our line. We had no gun, but "played" him for the benefit of the guests until we had to leave for home, whereupon, we broke the line. We were playing the shark with small tackle too. It is no trouble in these waters to get a shark, the trick is not to get one. They spoil a lot of our good fishing by taking the game fish we have hooked, as ordinary bait. They do not seem to make a distinction and have no aversion to good fresh fish.

* * *

Lindsay, Watt and Nick had long wanted to introduce me to some friendly bass they knew in Lake Okechobee, and now was the time before it got too hot, I was told. We four started early on Sunday morning. The boys had canoes and the other paraphernalia at the lake. The day was ideal, and while there were many fishermen, there was yet plenty of room. The boys had fished these waters for years, but not so much during the past year—the Florida boom having kept them busy doing another type of fishing. I was prepared to see fifty or sixty great black bass caught—and of course returned to the water—within a few hours, according to their promises. It was the rule, not the exception, so I was told. I am inclined to believe they spoke the truth when I was assured that their experiences warranted a belief that they could each catch twenty to thirty nice bass before noon. But not so this trip. All four of us tried for some time before even a strike was registered, then a small one pounder was hooked. Not long afterward Lindsay caught an eight pounder, and don't believe that these southern bass are dead. Not so! Perhaps not so game as ours up north, but they are far from moribund, very far. We changed lures and cast continuously and accurately for hours, but caught less than six bass among us. Something must be wrong! We decided to ascertain the reason. We went further out into the lake and took observations. Not a mile distant a large tugboat was seen. Smoke was rolling from the stack, and the boat—a heavy and powerful tug—was scarcely moving though evidently using all power. We went nearer. Another boat further away was as laboriously doing its bit as the nearer one. Could they be seining? Certainly not in this magnificent home of the black bass and all of his cousins! But they *were* doing just that atrocious thing in the name of commercial necessity and under full protection of the laws of Florida, and at the expense of obliterating from the face of America's outdoors one of the few remaining truly great fishing resorts of the world. What a crime against posterity!



Sorrow and weeping is no atonement for destruction such as this boatload of seined Florida bass.

How will we, the trustees of a nation, answer for our crimes against nature and our once great and happy hunting ground? Sorrow and weeping is no atonement for destruction such as this. Devastation unwarranted and untenable has taken America's outdoors and will soon make of it a wilderness as valueless and uninviting as the barrens of the northland.

What are we doing to the children of the future? All this is being done daily under protection of the law, and no one seems to mind or raise a hand against it. A foreign war could sweep our country without doing as much damage to real America as we are doing ourselves, and few realize the consequences and scarcely raise objections. The greatest resource Florida has is its fishing—coastal and inland. It will soon be gone. What then? It is time something was done, something substantial, not only in Florida, but in all America.

We approached and after inquiry found that these commercial fishermen were spending their time with large tugs and miles of nets and seines, dragging right over big patches of weeds and lily pads so that there was no place a fish was safe. We waited and saw them make a haul. It makes me sick at heart to think of what I saw: Three men stood upon the edge of a large flat-bottomed boat, probably eight by twenty-four feet and about two and a half feet deep, and with large scoops, they almost filled the boat at one short haul. Hundreds of black bass and most of them from two pounds up to fourteen pounds. I weighed some, I am not guessing. Many, many weighed more than ten pounds each. How many seasoned anglers in this country ever caught a bass—after years of effort—even half that size? Not many! But here commercial fishermen hauled them in by the wagon load and destroyed their spawning beds as well, and we were powerless to stop it.

Besides bass there were wonderful channel catfish from two to over thirty pounds each and all of the usual pan and lake fish indigenous to that climate and water. We repeat it is time for America to awaken! We can't blame these market fishermen, if it were not they, it would be others. It is ourselves that we must blame. Let us see to it, and do it now before it is too late, that proper legislation is passed and enforced; let us save at least a remnant of our beautiful land of outdoors. *What are you doing to save it, dear reader? Think that over!*

Willow Trees in Spring

By MARY K. ARMSTRONG

WILLOW trees, willow trees, silver in the morning air,
Shining with the radiant sheen of their April green;
Like a group of maidens fair,
With a new Spring dress to wear,
They cluster round the mirrored pools and make a lovely scene.

WILLOW trees, willow trees, Spring brings trembling willow trees,
Bending where the sunlight gleams by the little streams.
Slender bodied willow trees,
Swaying with each vagrant breeze,
They set the heart a-longing and a-yearning after dreams.

Outdoor Medicine

By

ABNER ORCUTT

Drawings by Uldene Trippe

UNFORGETTABLY glorious had been our week at Tom Robert's cabin on the Au Sable.

Woods, water, sun and weather had been God-like in their generosity—what fish—what fishing! A poor trout fly had no chance at all. It could barely kiss old Au Sable's surface before a great big bruiser would hit it and literally fight for a chance to hang on the hook.

Long years Jim and I had been chums, in fact, since college days when as end and guard, we bucked the line together. But time and the treadmill of dollar chasing made our meetings ever less frequent.

Jim was in finance—with both feet and big. He had become a king among money makers. From law I finally developed a substantial civil and criminal investigating business. Our lives, our contacts, our viewpoints were dissimilar. But on one thing we agreed. That was our love of fishing.

Our camp fire smouldered, blazed and subsided to a steady, ruddy glow. Before us the lake with its weaving mist ghosts—swaying to the croon of trees. Over us stole that almost palpable feeling of insignificance which comes to a real man in the big spaces when dusk blankets and stars smilingly wink at his puniness. It gripped us. Silent and musing we sprawled. I found a new interest in Jim. He was still the same tall, copper-haired, lithely handsome stalwart. And yet he was not exactly the same Jim of earlier, leaner days. Somewhere, somehow he was different. While I sought to define that elusive difference, Jim spoke, breaking the spell.

First he talked about business and the city; his big deals and profits. In those surroundings such thoughts seemed almost sacrilege. Then rather grandly he talked about his newly built mansion and the money he was lavishing upon his children, Abner and Esther.

In a flash I knew what was the difference I had sensed in him. He was saturated with dollar and success lust. Self and money were his inner as well as outward Gods. He was veneered with a smug self-satisfaction which thickened as his wealth grew. Even when talking about his children his manner rasped me. Probably because my business had trained me to look under the surface and see the naked sordidness in human nature—to recognize the rotten spots regardless of paint or covering.

There in the midst of the forest's beauties and mysteries, Jim—millionaire Jim—blind to it all, could think only of dollars—greed—brag and show.

All Jim could see in or aim to make of his youngsters was a pair of goldplated monuments to his success.

In contrast rose from the ashes of the past a picture of two youngsters chance had thrown across my path years ago, Tony and Rosie. So vivid and significant was the comparison I must have spoken out spontaneously.

A yell from Jim, "Come out of it. What the devil are you talking about?" brought me out of my trance—nor was my mumbled "Just thinking about a couple of long ago kids" sufficient to sate his curiosity. Perforce I must tell him about them.

"Well, Tony and Rosie came into my life as merest accidents. Years ago when hobble skirts were the vogue and automobiles didn't wear selfstarters, Tony was sales manager of a news stand—Rosie, his sister, his delivery department to nearby offices. There was nothing remarkable about that. But there was more—so much more, in fact, that those youngsters will remain lifelong significant symbols to me, like Santa Claus or a Cross.

"You know their kind—skinny, scrawny, stunted, typical products of a cigar box existence in the festering slums of any big city. Age twelve to fourteen—frame of five or six and face of forty. Youthful editions of things life produces to make hell necessary. Yes, accident brought them into my life, but time and tractors could not take them out.

"One dank, dismal December evening, I left my office to catch the 6:40 to my home in the country. A traffic jam turned me south a block, and over a different route to the station. I missed my regular newsboy. I looked for another. A bump and a shrill voice, 'Why the hell don't you look where yer goin'?' A downward glance. I found what I sought—a newsboy—it was Tony. That miserable, spindly caricature of a boy—and his greeting challenged me. I squared myself with Tony by expressing my regrets in the form of a four-bit piece with a 'keep the change.' Another sale and his stock was gone. He was a rare young bird. So I lingered to talk to him while he waited, as I learned, for Rosie's return. About five minutes of chilly waiting exhausted the patience of his impoverished, raw nervous system. A flood of postgraduate profanity rolled from his childish mouth with the ease of a bedtime story. Frankly, I was case-hardened and hard shelled but it was too strong for even my world-toughened sensibilities. The gist of it was that Rosie was the double-dyed, blankety-blank-blank object of his ire.

"Then Rosie appeared. Though Tony had cooled about 80 degrees, his greeting still would have browned an egg on both sides with something to spare. During this I inspected her more closely. Now if this were fiction from a gifted pen and mind, Rosie would be a doe-eyed, vest-pocket Madonna who cooled rage to love by her gentle silence and bell-toned sympathy. But this is from real life—Tony and Rosie were real living guttersnipes.

"Rosie equaled Tony at his best. Her voice was as gentle as a racing fire engine's siren. Her eyes were expressive, yes, but their glint warned that a handy gun would have assured murder. I thought I knew human nature, but this pair of gutter spawn were a new experience. Thereafter, whenever possible, I patronized Tony and improved our acquaintance. Time came when Tony, Rosie and I had a snack in company at a nearby lunch counter. Pie—plenty of it—won their tolerant interest. For me each meeting was educational. It helped patch out a picture of the evolution of these human weeds. The death of their mother had left regret for nothing but the absence of the meals she had cooked. Their father, 'the old man,' was a drunken, petty thief, their life merely a span of bleak squalor without a single relieving ray of affection or sympathy. Little by little the workings of their mental processes and the causes came to light. Weighing these bits I could see as never before, how criminals were manufactured. Their scant play time was spent in the alleys and on the dumps. Their home life, filth and debauch. Nowhere a single compensating contact with beauty—idealism or unspoiled nature. Neither had ever seen a live cow. Dogs they feared because they bit if kicked. Horses were things to beat so they would pull harder. Birds were a 'damned nuisance.' Flowers you couldn't eat and only rich guys could buy them from the flower shops. Trees—yep, there had been a couple in the Public Square but Tony's gang broke them down. When I told them of trees as thick as Tony's body I was 'nuts'—and of trees as high as a five story house, I was 'Yuh big liar.' (Just that, and just that way.)

"Tony and Rosie were perfect examples of how children should not grow up and everything children should not be. I felt an increasing urge at least to try to change those young lives. In fact, I did try. Rosie seemed slightly more hopeful material. I determined to get her in good hands in the country. Now again fiction would make me reform the father—prepare Tony for president of a bank and develop Rosie into an operatic star. But this is real life—not romance. Just as I was ready to send Rosie away she developed a cold. In a month she was in eternity—not in the country.

"Then Tony's 'Old man' got 'scragged'—got a 'tough rap' and a 'two-year stretch up the river. The combination jolted Tony. He sorely missed Rosie—he couldn't curse her. He missed his father—that is, the cursing and beatings his father had delivered. Tony now spent his evenings in alleys and stables. He became even a bit more daring or reckless, for he was caught as he and his gang robbed a store. His story and frailness won the mercy of merely a severe reprimand from the Judge. Tony in his perverted way mistook lenience for weakness that justified scorn of law and authority. Caught again—haled before the same Judge, he was sentenced to a term in the reformatory. Intercession, a pledge to go straight and my promise to get him on a farm, away from wrong associates brought release.

"I did send him to a good farm family. For three days Tony was dazed and hypnotized by the wonders that surrounded him and the abundance of wholesome food and comfort. I was called out of town for several weeks. On my first night back I passed Tony's corner. Behold—there he was. I learned that the days and the 'eats' he had liked. But that the nights were 'Hell!' Craps—rough-house and other citified thrills drew him back to his old life and haunts. But, 'Gee, I did like those great big trees and that bird that used to sit in the tree under my window in the morning was a damned pretty singer.' Hopes of weaning him from the city to the country again rose high. Colorado required my presence for several weeks. My first night home I looked for Tony, intending to resume

—youthful editions of things life produces to make hell necessary—

where I had stopped the process of turning him 'back to nature.'

"He was not at his old stand. Another newsboy was there who knew nothing of Tony except that he had not been around for several days. Remembering Rosie, I traced Tony, fearing he might be in bad in several ways.

"The police sent me to the County Hospital where I learned the story. Tony, in an effort to kick a mongrel cur, had slid before a truck and in less than three hours had gone to join Rosie. And so the story of Tony and Rosie—the story of two more children comes to an end. Except for one slight echo from beyond the grave. One afternoon about a month later the Police Lieutenant of the district dropped into my office for a smoke and a chat. He had been looking for Tony's kin. He said 'Orcutt, you knew the kid pretty well, maybe you can help us.' So saying he produced Tony's cigar box cashdrawer. In addition to a few dimes, nickels and pennies there was the heading of a newspaper bearing a date five days before the fatal accident. On the wide blank margin was scribbled, 'Mr. Buggs (that was his nickname for me) I wanta go way agen.'

"So when you yelled at me, Jim, I was just wondering out loud how different Tony's and Rosie's end might have been if they could have enjoyed just a few of the worthwhile opportunities you can so easily give Abner and Esther."

There was a long silence. Then Jim said, "I'm not sure if you have been preaching a sermon under cover or not. And I don't give a damn. There's one thing Tony and Rosie have done for me which we'll not talk about. And there's several things they are going to make me do for Abner and Esther. I guess what my kids need is a pal, not a mere provider. I guess they need more outdoors so they can grow up like you and I did. All they know about nature is that you raise strawberries with a spoon. I'm going to teach them to hunt, fish and camp just like you and I. They are going to get first-hand and not second-hand doses of nature and practical religion."

(Continued on page 87)

—getting first hand doses of nature and practical religion—

Silence Is Golden— in the Woods

By DUSTY WATERS

"NEVER get married," advised a woodsman friend of mine, "until you have taken your intended wife on a camping trip."

My friend spoke with more wisdom than wit, and if his advice could be universally followed divorces would vanish from the list of mankind's ills. The catch is that marriage might also vanish, for if there is one common denominator which reduces everything to fundamentals and which might even be the one cure for the traditional blindness with which love is blessed, it is a trip into the wilderness.

Away from the convenient dodges of civilized life as we know it in the cities and towns, something in every man which closely resembles his real self comes to the surface. His soul, when he is washing the dishes after a hard day's paddle, or is carrying a sixty pound pack over innumerable portages, has about as much privacy as has Irvin Cobb's gold fish.

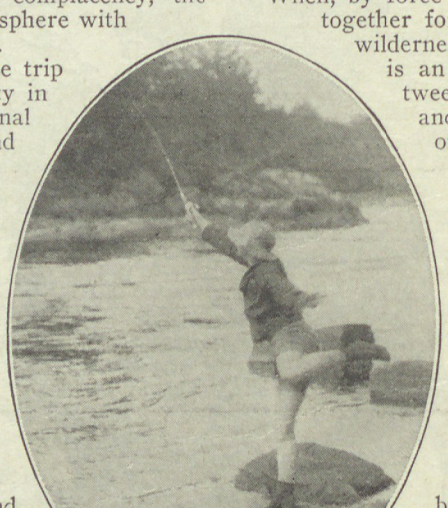
An argument, for example, means little in town. It is merely a clash of ideas, of opinions. It is easily brushed aside. But in the woods we find a clash, not of abstract ideas, but of actions. Ideas may be conveniently withdrawn, hidden under the hat when relations are strained, but actions always are obtrusive. They remain constant bedfellows. There is no escape.

A contributing factor to friction between personalities in the woods is the inevitable inferiority complex which seizes us in the face of incompetency at unfamiliar tasks. We like to imagine, for example, that we are something of a woodsman. Criticism of our business in the city we take with a smile, but I never have seen a man on a camping trip (unless he was an experienced woodsman who *knew* that he knew his stuff) who would grant that there was anything he did not know about making coffee, or who was willing to take a hint about stirring the soup or driving a tent stake without losing his temper.

Camping out is really a return to fundamental conditions of living, and it is sometimes with dismay that we see how this acts as a solvent for all of the oils that keep the world running smoothly. All of the complacency, the pompousness, all of the impressive atmosphere with which men surround themselves, is gone.

A couple of years ago I took a canoe trip with two men of outstanding personality in the world of affairs. One was a national figure, a person of broad experience and wide contacts; the other was a manufacturer of such success and worldliness that he often travelled by private airplane between his various business interests.

We set out for a journey of about two weeks through a forest wilderness of the north, in company with one other companion, a newspaperman, and a small army of guides. These men took the trip because they were physically run down, but after a few days one of them discovered, to his surprise, that he could wield a paddle all day long just as his guide could, and that he could carry a canoe over a portage, could help make the camp. He was delighted. But his friend was made bitter by this same fact. In the activities of the other he saw, not the exuberance of a newly found vitality, but a domineering sneer at his own weakness. The feeling went from bad to worse, although the one who was the cause of it was truly at a loss to account for it all.



—Take her on a camping trip and see if she can cast a decent fly—

One day we entered a small lake in which black bass were plentiful. The two men fished, and as luck would have it the energetic one caught all but two of the fish. The other refused to have his picture taken with the fish, which did not help matters any. That evening when the cook asked for instructions as to the manner in which the bass should be prepared, this man, in the absence of the one who had caught most of them, said that they should be fried in cornmeal.

At dinner time it developed that the other did not care for fish rolled in cornmeal. A bitter altercation followed when the one who had given the instructions to the cook accused his friend of refusing to eat the fish just to spite him, just to indicate that he himself had caught most of the fish and should have been consulted about them. The quarrel ended in a heated argument as to the respective qualities of fish fried in cornmeal and fish fried in flour. This quarrel persisted, and within a few days it resulted in our hurrying to town at full speed, cutting short our stay in the forest, while neither of these men spoke to the other.

Most such quarrels are temporary at their worst, fade away as soon as civilization with its divers interests is reached, but this one proved to be permanent. I had heard these men argue and quarrel over matters involving large interests, over matters of policy in business, yet it was left for the question of bass rolled in cornmeal vs. bass rolled in flour to split them forever.

Outspoken quarrels such as this one constitute one phase of the peculiar human relations of the woods, another is much less definite and is composed of variations of a form of bitter enmity, revolving around nothing at all and virtually inexplainable, which arises between two campers after they have been alone for some time. It is interesting to observe that previous relations have nothing to do with it. The best friends fall victims to it. It is because of this unavoidable antagonism that experienced forest travellers always try to make up parties of from three to six.

When, by force of circumstance or by choice, men live together for long periods in cabins or tents in the wilderness, the most bitter relations arise. This is an amplification of the vague enmity between temporary sojourners in the woods, and often results in fatalities. Like the other, it is based on nothing at all. The attention, hungry for variety, attaches itself to anything that moves, hence every action of the other man is under constant scrutiny. Movement always attracts the eye, and I often have wondered if these lonely hatreds between men who live together in remote cabins for long periods do not arise from sheer physical eye weariness: from actual want of variety in the field of vision. A slight twitching of the muscles of the face, a habit of squinting one eye, small personal mannerisms repeated a thousand times, have been known to incite murder.

Last summer I heard a story of two men who were caught in the deep snows of the Kaibab plateau in Arizona early in the winter and each, coming from a different direction, took refuge in the same deserted cabin belonging to a lion hunter. There they remained all winter. One of the men

—surely a garrulous companion is not essential to the enjoyment of a spot like this—

had a burro, and when food gave out they ate the burro. They faced death together, went through the extreme hardships of threatened starvation and freezing, yet when they parted in the spring, they parted with threats of death.

A friend of mine met the two of them at different points when they were coming out in the spring. They had left in the night—the same night—and each thought the other was still in the cabin. Each one said that they had not spoken since the first two weeks, and toward the end dared not sleep for fear of violence at the hands of the other. "If I ever meet him again, I'll kill him," said each one of them.

Thus men who go from the city to the forests are not the only ones who suffer from the peculiar effects of the wilderness on their mutual relations. But the citizen of the woods usually takes greater precautions in the matter. An experienced woodsman, visiting at the cabin of another, is more meticulous in his observance of the conventions than is the most earnest disciple of Mrs. Post in other circles. The man who uses the dipper and does not return it, not only to its proper nail on the wall, but either facing toward the wall, or away from it, as he found it, is in for disaster.

All men who have accompanied their guides to the cabins of woodsman friends of the guide have perhaps noticed that he sat unobtrusively aside, made no move to help his host get a meal. The man from the city, who supposes that a sharing of the work is the rule among woodsmen, has set this down as boorishness or ignorance on the part of the guide, whereas the fact is that the guide "knows his stuff" and is observing to the letter the dictates of the utmost politeness.

When woodsmen travel together they are so careful about their respective duties that often it strikes the uninitiated as comical. The inviolability of the personal belongings of the other is rigidly observed. A woodsman would as soon use another's toothbrush as to use his axe or his knife. And it is interesting to observe that the woodsman never does more than exactly half of the work on expeditions of this sort. There is a reason for this. The man from the city, in his eagerness to establish himself as a desirable companion, often strives to do more than his share of the work. But does he stop to consider that perhaps the other might consider his eagerness and industry an indication that he thought himself the better man?

Realizing the dangers of arguments in the woods, the experienced resident of the forests has his own way of handling things in a crisis. A friend of mine who is a timber cruiser in northern Minnesota once took a party of lumber company officials on a canoe trip for the purpose of looking over some timber holdings in a remote corner of the Superior National Forest. They overstayed their time, food ran low. Soon all they had left was flour and tea, and town was three days away.

One of the officials, a person of petulant temperament, observed my friend mixing up a batch of biscuits for the third successive meal of this staple commodity. He sighed:

"I'm getting so tired of these baking powder biscuits!"

A tense silence followed, but it was short lived. The cook knew what to do. He walked to the edge of a rocky prominence overlooking the lake in front of the tent, tossed the dough into the water. The flour followed.

"I can go without baking powder biscuits," he said evenly as he dusted his hands, "just as long as any blankety-blank in this country can!" And they lived on tea henceforth.

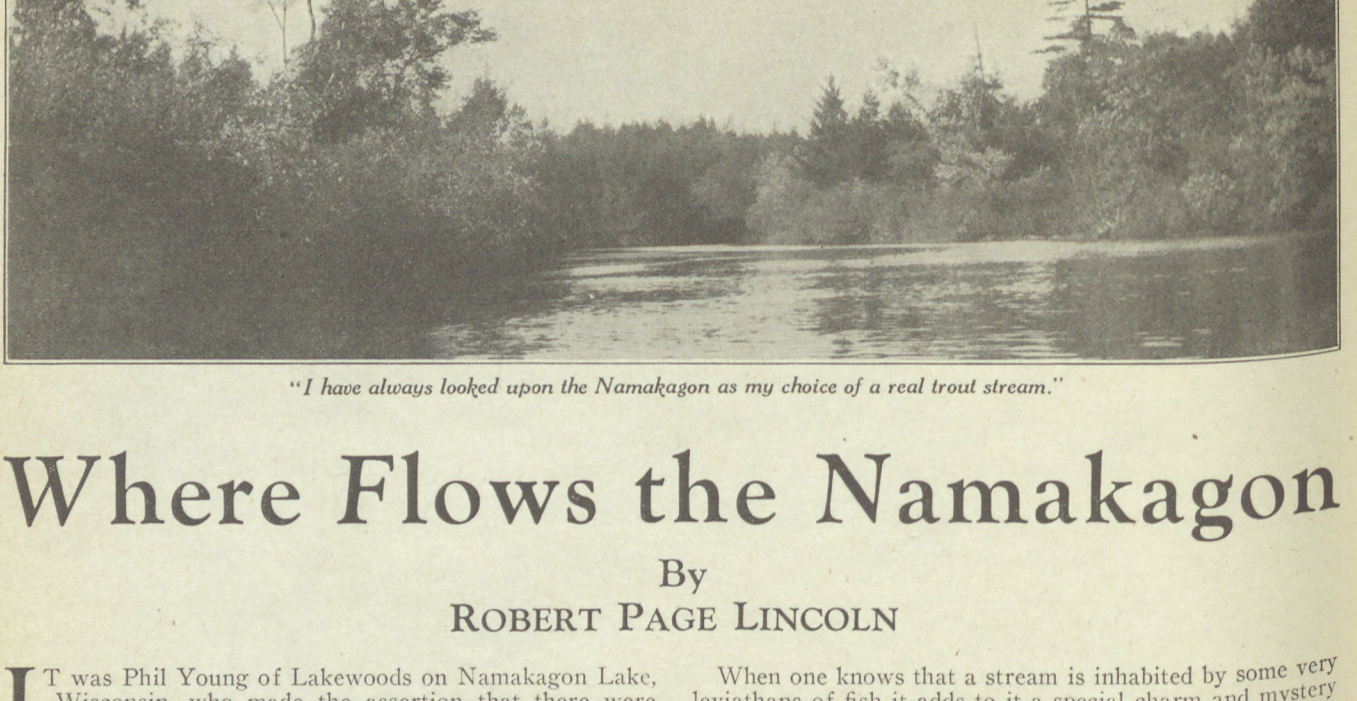
Trappers who live together for long periods far from civilization solve the problem by seldom speaking to each other at all. The state of mind of the successful partnership is perhaps typified by the following story:

Two trappers had lived together for some ten years. One winter evening one of them, recently returned from the trap-line, remarked, "Saw a cow moose track today."

The other said nothing in reply, but two days later his partner asked, "How did you know it was a cow moose?"

The first trapper uttered not a word. But a few days later he began to pack his belongings. The other watched him in silence. As he was about to leave, his partner asked him the reason for his sudden action. He hesitated a moment at the door as he shouldered his pack. "Going out. Too damn much argument around here."

Which represents exactly one hundred per cent efficiency in the art of getting along in the woods.



"I have always looked upon the Namakagon as my choice of a real trout stream."

Where Flows the Namakagon

By
ROBERT PAGE LINCOLN

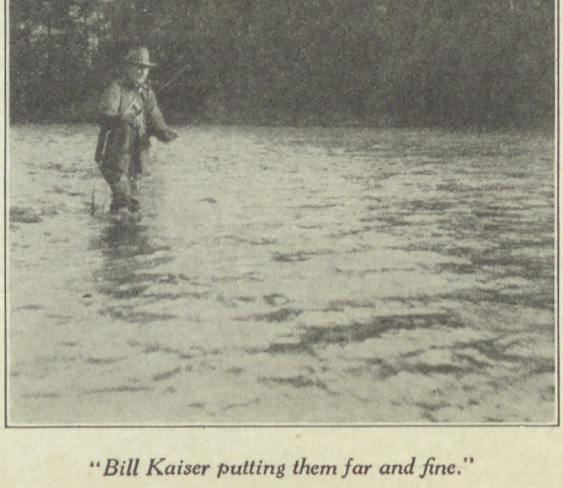
IT was Phil Young of Lakewoods on Namakagon Lake, Wisconsin, who made the assertion that there were brown trout in the Namakagon that would scale fifteen pounds. And he had some little proof, too, since a gentleman just previously had hooked and brought to the surface a brown trout which he claimed would go to no less than ten pounds although the fish broke loose and went his way on finny wings and the man was little short of heart broken.

Now you understand it did not budge me an inch when I heard this news about large trout in the Namakagon. Several whoppers have come out of its confines and some years ago a lad trapped one in some shoal water that was said to be twenty pounds in weight. These large browns may be few and far between but they are there. I knew this so it did not surprise me. But it did surprise me that the gentleman in question had caught the brown trout mentioned on no less than a plug lure.

Upon Phil springing the surprise Cal Johnson suggested that we make an expedition to lay some of these large fish low and he could think of nothing to use save plug lures in any one of several brands. Large lures for large fish, thought Cal, would turn the trick.

"I know where these large trout hang out," said Cal. "And just about dusk is the time to interest them in what we have. If they are in there we ought to get them or we will have to take lessons from the rest of the angling authorities and internationally famous Corona pounders. We're going this afternoon."

I was agreeable enough and did not need a second asking. Not only had I spent many days fishing on the Namakagon both for small mouth bass (on its lower reaches) and for trout near to its headwaters but the chance of nailing the one big spotted beauty of a life time injected enough fascination into the proposition to make it a never-to-be-forgotten event.



"Bill Kaiser putting them far and fine."

When one knows that a stream is inhabited by some very leviathans of fish it adds to it a special charm and mystery that belongs to no other water of lesser merit. This is not to say that only the streams with large fish in them are the noteworthy ones, the ones that we turn to in memory evermore and speak in regard to with that reverence only a dyed-in-the-wool angler knows.

Nevertheless where the possibilities are the greatest and the fish are the more prosperous and rotund there go the thoughts as fondly and surely as a homing pigeon bound for its inevitable destination. We like the thought of catching a large fish. It inspires us to new and greater efforts. Probably this fascination is innate with us and comes up to us from the early dawn of the history of man when the individual who went forth and slew the greatest mammoth or the greatest fish was the one who received the greatest applause and became the most important member of the tribe.

In any event it seems an inescapable fact that the large fish is too great an attraction to pass by. So I have always looked upon the Namakagon as my choice of a real trout stream. Added to which is a singular beauty along its length, a beauty which we hope the dread agencies of man will not corrupt and desecrate although already, lower down, there are stakes driven that mark the site of a dam that will utterly ruin the Namakagon, the Totogatic and the St. Croix!

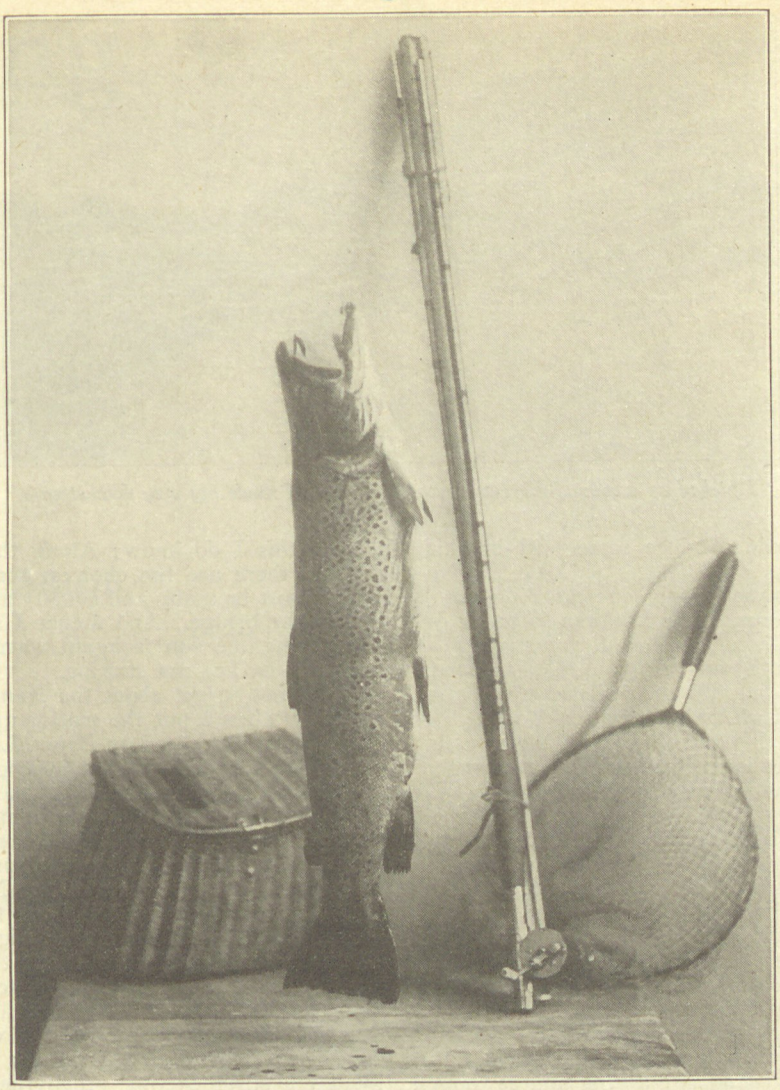
It was well on to three in the afternoon of a certain fine day that Cal and I slid over the highways and eventually crossed a certain little bridge with its spacious pool below where Cal concluded the big one was waiting for a tasty wobbler.

Cal was to go well below this bridge and fish up to it while I was to fish a length of the stream probably three quarters of a mile in length, with many winds and curves, down to it. So Cal drove on up and in due course of events dropped me off at a most promising bend which

he said was "almost good enough to eat." When he left me he told me to use a little of everything in the way of lures and not to be afraid of something a little larger than a No. 8 or 10 fly. I was using the fly rod while Cal was depending on the bait rod. I waved a farewell to this happy-go-lucky young man and then drew on my boots. Now then for that big brown trout. I was there to lay the iron into his jaw or know the reason why.

I started out fine and returned three trout to the water which would go between five and seven inches in length. They were unharmed. The water ranged from foot deep to wader-deep and crossed now to one side and now to the other of the banks. I fished in accordance.

In the midst of my engrossing sport I heard voices below me and remembered that we had seen a car run in off of the little road on which we had come but shortly before. The occupants probably were fishing in the stream. Indeed I just turned a bend when I heard a tremendous splash that broke the silence and made me pause with a throb of the heart.



"As fine a trout as ever separated oxygen from water!"

The next moment there was an excited cry: "I lost him. I lost him. I lost the biggest trout I ever saw in my life!" Probably my jaw sagged and probably there was an exclamation on my tongue. I don't know. But I do know that I waded due south with what speed I could make and brought up to where a very excited and breathless young man was bemoaning his fate and telling another young man on shore about it. He had been fishing with a cheap bait casting rod and a reel that clicked like a mower when he turned the handle of it. The line had a heavy sinker on it and a catfish hook. When he had sufficiently calmed himself he told me about it:

"I was wading here in the stream and I saw a movement in the water over there between those two logs that lie there in a triangle, you see? I just worked up to those logs and dropped the worms on the hook easily into the water. That fish popped clean out after it and dropped almost at my feet. It actually scared me."

"How do you know it was a trout?" I asked, a little skeptical. I had not heard of brown trout clearing the water in this fashion. "Are you sure that it wasn't a large bass, say, or a great northern pike?"

"Oh, but *man,*" exclaimed the youthful disciple of Walton, "don't I know a fish when I see him? It wasn't a bass and it wasn't a pike or any other sort of fish save a trout. Doggone, I *know!*"

After a few more explanations I found that he really knew what a brown trout looked like and the more he talked with "gee whizzes," "holy smokes" and "suffering cats" to back him up the more convinced was I that a real honest to goodness brown trout had made a pass at that lamentable gob of worms that had been waved in his face and was at that very moment headed downstream; for that was the course the fish was said to have taken.

After explaining a few things about fly rod tackle and giving the young man a few hooks I moved on downstream not a little keyed up. I admitted to myself that it really looked as though there were some big trout on the horizon of my endeavors. The waters about me suddenly became more than ever important. There was not a nook or insignificant cranny on the stream that did not take on a double-barreled importance in the light of past events. I looked back as I fished down and there was the young man with a super gob of worms standing there patiently dangling it between the two logs waiting for another brown trout to leap out at him. Such is life!

I had the world all to myself as I moved on downstream. Nothing save the light breezes rustling the leaves, birds singing and the waters lisping and gurgling around my boots. Cautiously, painstakingly I moved on making little if any sound by scraping the bottom as I knew this would never do. I tried this lure and that, now a small No. 4 bass fly with a tiny gold spinner and now a larger one, a Grizzly King.

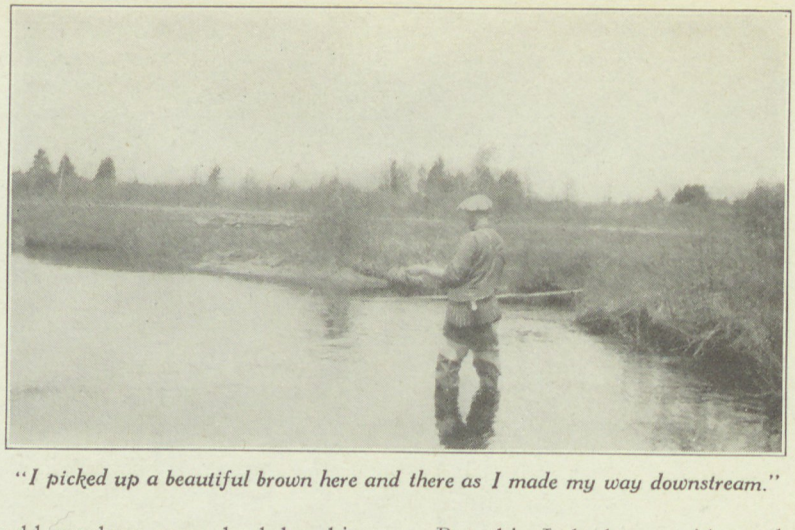
Finally with a reliance on floating lures I tried a dry fly and in due course saw a swirl in the water under an over-hanging tree. Also at that very moment there came floating by me a beetle of husky size that was struggling valiantly for his life in the wet grasp of the stream. With a smile I carefully picked him up and tossed him under the tree. He fell to the water, a swirl, the beetle was no more. I thought this over for a few minutes waiting for further demonstrations but none occurred to break the peace of the late afternoon.

Already the lengthening shadows of the trees were creeping over the water and an owl, sensing the approach of dusk, sent forth its call. After a little speculation I bent on a bass bug and extending it with a false cast finally placed it under the tree. It had hardly fallen and had floated no more than six inches when the water broke and a trout cleared hitting for the bug and missed it without even having brushed the same with his jaws. Had I left it there floating the fish would have whirled and hit it again, I am sure.

This was a disappointment for the fish would have gone between five and six pounds. To see browns clearing the water in this manner was little short of surprising to me. Again letting the waters still I returned the bass bug to the surface but no further evidence of the fish was there. And though I fished carefully on down to the bridge not another vestige of fish life told of big trout near at hand. I met up with Cal on the bridge and found that he had had no luck. I told my story. "Oh, they are in here, all right," said he cheerfully. "And we'll fool them yet!"

All of which may serve as an introduction to the second

stanza of this campaign to hang up a Namakagon beauty of both weight and girth. Cal suggested that we take two canoes and make a trip down the Namakagon for a distance of approximately twelve miles from the outlet at Namakagon Lake to the highway bridge. This section of the stream by reason of its wild character was rarely fished and the only way to negotiate the stream was by canoe. Both Cal and Phil Young thought some of the pools along this stretch of water would produce some back-breaking trout.



"I picked up a beautiful brown here and there as I made my way downstream."

So Phil and Cal and myself early one morning put in at the Namakagon bridge on a trip that was to prove one of the most energetic I have been on for many a year. For hard labor, mile for mile, this trip is entitled to honorable mention if not the gilted and tasseled badge of honor. The Namakagon starts off all right in its way to the Gulf but gradually come the rapids and the fall of the river becomes more pronounced. It is strewn deep with tremendous boulders between which the waters gurgle and hiss in their fury to be away on their trip to the sea. It is impossible to make the way seated in the canoe so the canoe must perforce be carried as best it may, sliding it over the rocks and the snags, the shallows and the riffles with ever the danger that you will go down between the rocks and break a leg or your neck. It is a scene of riotous beauty, more like a mountain torrent in places than anything else.

Once as we toiled with our canoe we looked down the be-bouldered path of the stream to see Cal skillfully handling his craft as he wove in and out among the pools or cast to right and left as the opportunity permitted. But there was very little opportunity for fishing and as though to throw a dank, wet blanket on our piscatorial endeavors there came a drizzling rain which increased to a downpour, alternated by miniature cloudbursts. We were wet beyond belief. It was only sheer will power that kept me from sitting down in mid stream to rest with my head upon my hand and elbow braced against a convenient boulder!

And how it rained. We ate our lunch in the middle of the stream and had to bolt it fast to prevent the pitchforks from knocking it out of our hands. Fishermen three we stood there soaked to the skin, wiping the dew out of our eyes and trying to figure out if, within the range of our individual remembrance, we had ever been wetter. It was unanimously voted the soggiest fishing trip on record; those twelve miles reached from Namakagon Lake to Memphis, Tennessee. Wet, bedraggled and fishless save for a one pound trout that Cal harvested from the deep and a wall-eyed pike that I hoodwinked. That was the extent of our triumph and it closed forthwith the second stanza.

But this I do know: Along that twelve mile reach of stream there are the choicest sorts of pools and in them there must be many and equally as large trout as there are below the bridge. And thence I shall take my steps when the springtime sun is again warming the northern world and the big fins are stirring.

I did not forget about the Namakagon brown trout and later on when I put the matter up to William C. ("Bill") Kaiser who is located on Round Lake, near Hayward, Wisconsin, it was decided that we should test out not only the upper waters of the stream but the waters around Hayward as well. We had caught some splendid small mouth bass out of Round Lake and some muskies and wall-eyed pike out of the so-called Chippewa Flowage so I was all primed up for a few more trials on the Namakagon browns.

There still lingered the hope that I would be able to bring to net one of the elusive big fellows. I do not think the brown trout a fish to excite the fancy or to call forth the need of praise that has been accorded the rainbow trout and the brook trout. But it will give the angler a good scrap and is always reckoned a valiant fish to deal with. They may stage their fight under water and refuse to leap with the sky-rocketing proclivities of the rainbow trout; they may take on flesh and may grow flabby in their old age and revert to bottom feeding, but far be it from the angler to turn them down.

The verdict seems to be, if the brown trout will live and rear his kind in our streams, encourage the event instead of discountenancing it. If this trout will thrive in streams that are too high in temperature for the brook trout to survive in, then establish brown trout in such streams by all means.

It was a typical trout fisherman's day in June that we

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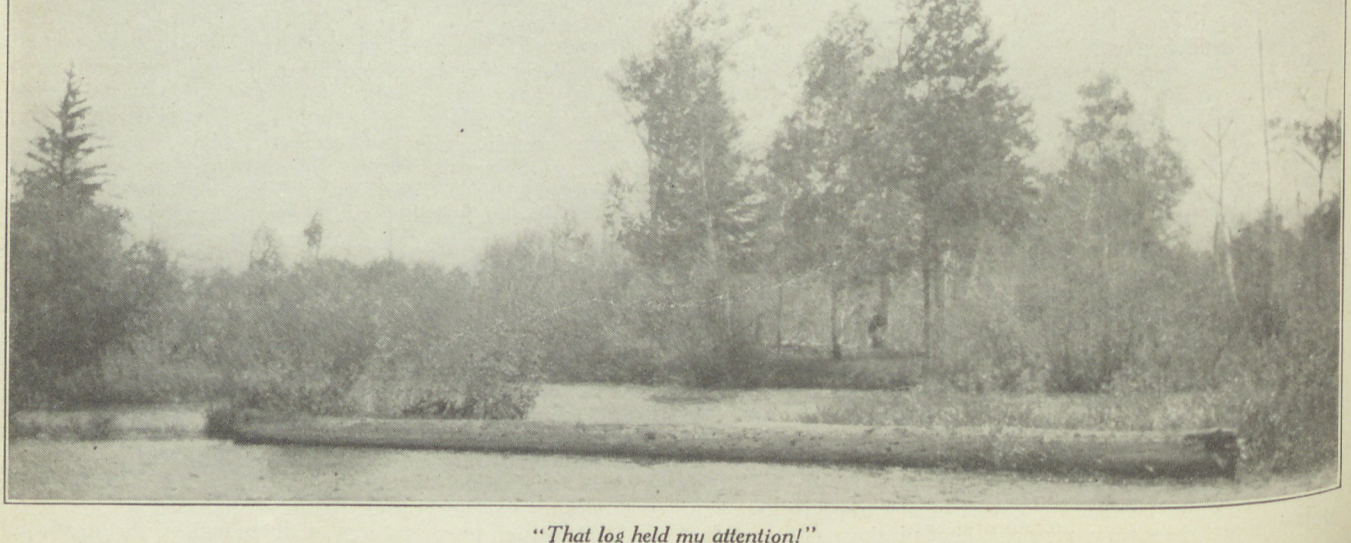


"That log held my attention!"

Bagging the Boys

The Story of Bill Small

By
WILLIAM M. McBRIDE

"Sportsmen", says Bill Small, "are bred early in life. Boys enjoy playing the game right if somebody explains the rules."

Bill Small.

BILL SMALL is a State game warden in New Jersey, but chasing pot-hunters is only part of his job.

He regards his office as an opportunity to make sportsmen of game law violators and good outdoorsmen of growing boys. And his work has been attended by a large measure of success.

This program, which he has followed for fifteen years in populous Bergen County, one of "New York City's bedrooms," is bringing results. When he took the job, he began addressing boys in the public schools of Englewood, Hackensack and Ridgewood. When broadcasting came into vogue, he made use of the radio period of Passaic Chapter, Izaak Walton League. Year by year his acquaintance and usefulness has widened.

Nowadays, when he goes afield during deer season or in trout angling days, he meets gunners and fishermen who remember the Bill Small who addressed them when they were schoolboys.

"I was a little shaver then," said one of them. "That was quite a while ago. Remember the day you asked us to bring in our sling-shots? And what a whale of a lot of them turned up?"

His territory, Bergen County, is just across the Hudson River from the towering offices and apartments of Manhattan, back of the Palisades. Bergen County has within its small territory more towns and boroughs than any of the twenty-one counties of New Jersey,—but fifty-four bucks were killed legally during a four-day season last December. Its 240 square miles run north from Edgewater to Old Tappan and westward from the Hudson to the Passaic River. Ferries, under-river subways and five railway lines carry its commuters to and from New York City every day. But pheasant, rabbit and woodcock abound there and anglers find trout and bass plentiful.

When William Henry Small accepted appointment as a State game warden on July 16, 1914, he succeeded another warden who had been killed in line of duty. John Reinbold had gone afield in search of men who were hunting deer out of season in the Green Woods, near the New York-New Jersey border. One of the hunters, facing arrest, elected to "shoot it out." Shotgun proved more effective than revolver in that duel behind trees. Reinbold was found dead, his head blown off.

When Bill Small took office, he inherited a troublesome situation and found a deep-seated disrespect for wardens. A large colony of aliens had been gunning for song birds. The game laws were a dead letter. To show their contempt for the new warden, the pot-hunters invited him to a "pot-pie" dinner in which insectivorous birds were served up. He went. He got acquainted with them. He trailed some of them. He put quite a few into jail. And he won over others and made fast friends and good sportsmen of them.

After that experience, he determined that his real usefulness lay in missionary work. So he proceeded to carry the gospel of the outdoors into the public and high schools.

(Continued on page 54)

The Fishing Fool

A story of the National Army

By

RICHARD V. AGETON

Drawings by Ferd Himme

THE evening meal in the officers' ward of the Army and Navy Hospital at Hot Springs, Arkansas, was over and, from the sound of the voices and the odor of tobacco floating down the hall from room five, every one was happy. Room five was the room assigned to Brigadier General Orlando G. Fotheringham, U. S. A. Retired, to give him his full title but better known in The Service as Old O-Gee. The patients gathered in his room every evening, for what he called "The War College." Because, as he said, no one could prove that what was said in there was wrong. The First Lieutenant of Aviation facetiously referred to the gathering as Indoor Target Practice because, as he had determined from a month's participation, every one in the room was always shooting—(the bull).

Be that as it may, every one seemed in the best of spirits, and this despite the fact that it had been raining continuously all day. No small part of their present good nature was due to a certain Lieutenant of Infantry who had braved the weather and returned with twenty-two nice bass, enough for one each for every one in the ward. The hum of voices rose and fell as the different individual arguments waxed and waned, while every one was waiting for some one to start up the impromptu topic of the evening, in which all could join with equal fervor.

Suddenly the clear voice of the aviator cut through the fog of smoke and conversation with the statement, "Yes sir," he said. "He sure is one fishing fool. Just imagine, why he only left here at one thirty and here he comes back at five fifteen with enough bass to feed the mess. Yes sir: he is one fishing fool."

"Oh, I don't know," spoke up the Captain of Infantry. "That isn't so much fish. Why, one time down at Pass A Grille, Florida, during the mackerel run, I caught exactly forty-nine mackerel in one hour, just sixty minutes." He then looked around with a glare as much as to say, "Beat that if you can."

"Wait a minute now, wait a minute," said the Major of Coast Artillery, who had evidently been doing some mental arithmetic. "That is a fish every seventy-three and four-tenths seconds. Some fishing, I should say. All I am wondering now is, why did you quit? Why, oh why, didn't you continue your piscatorial exercise at least long enough to establish a new world's record?"

"Well," replied the captain, "now that you've asked me I'll tell you. When the fiftieth fish ran away with the minnow I had been using for bait, it made me so darn mad I quit."

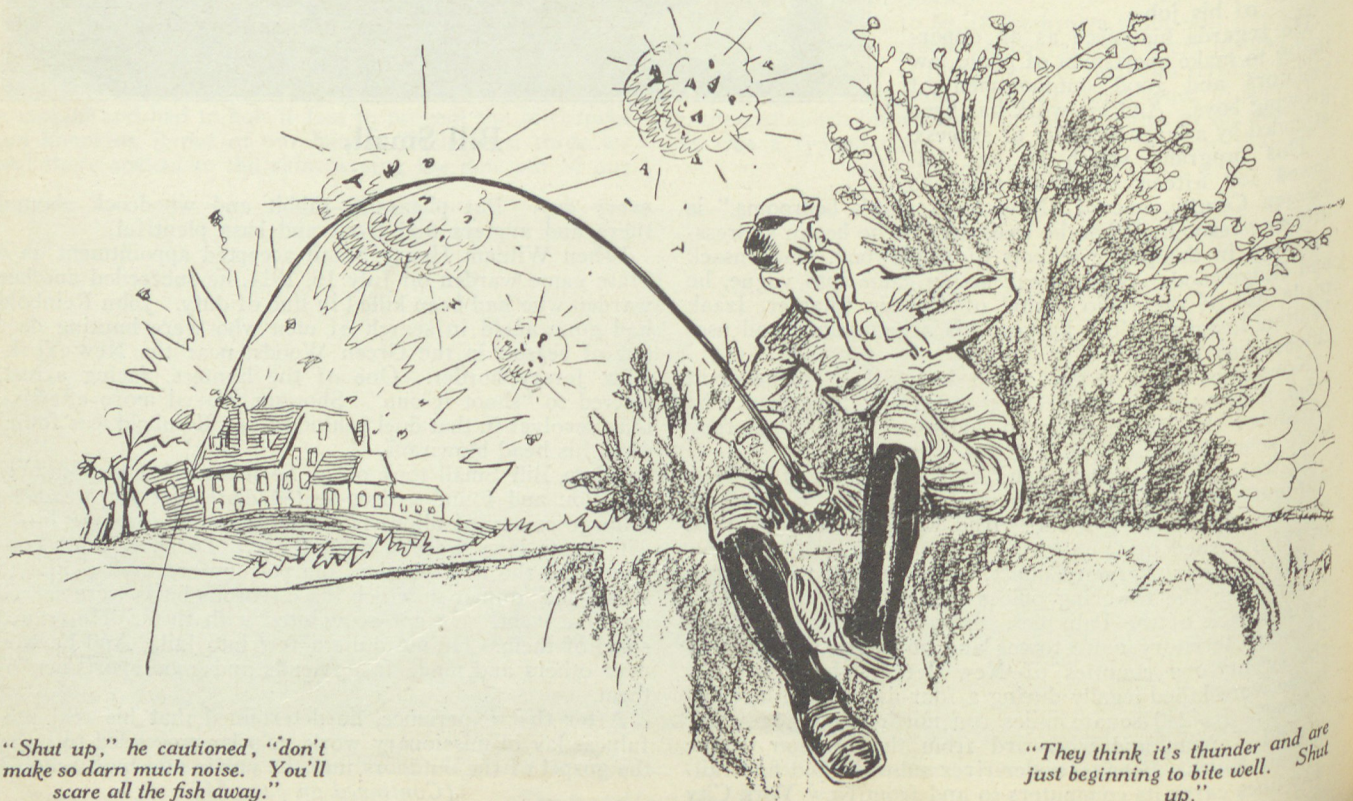
A stunned silence prevailed. Officers looked from one to another hardly daring to breathe. Suddenly the Queer Quartette, composed of two V. B. patients, a Major of Field Artillery and one aviator, and who were also and better known as the Psychiatric Philharmonics, burst forth with,

> "I'm going to get well. I'm going to get well,
> If he can live and lie like that,
> I'm going to get well."

Even the Major of Coast Artillery joined in the laughter.

When the noise subsided slightly the ward surgeon, who had entered before the story started, turned to the aviator and said, "Did I understand you to remark that some one was a fishing fool? Why, boy, that fellow doesn't know anything about fishing. I met the one and only original fishing fool.

"It was in August, 1918. Headquarters, for some reason



"Shut up," he cautioned, "don't make so darn much noise. You'll scare all the fish away."

"They think it's thunder and are just beginning to bite well. Shut up."

best known to themselves only, decided that I should take two operating teams with their equipment and establish an emergency hospital in an old chateau located on a creek which emptied into the north side of the river Aisne. We were about ten miles northwest of Rheims, and I had hardly settled myself in the front room of the chateau when, for probably the same reason they had established us where they did, they placed an Engineer Dump on the opposite bank of the creek about a quarter mile south of us. This creek, the name of which I never ascertained, flowed east and west directly in front of the chateau but came down from the north through the orchard in the rear. By some accident of fate it was full of trout and I was anticipating a few pleasant hours, once we were established.

"The next two or three days were hectic and particularly so for me because I was busy trying to get my two operating teams fitted up with rooms which would be suitable for their needs and to so lay out the grounds that the ambulances could enter and depart, both quickly and without being seen. Now, for some other equally important reason, Headquarters had foisted upon us a great big, lazy, southern Alabama colored boy and on the particular day in question I was out in front of the chateau attempting to get him to fill up a shell hole in the middle of the road.

"It was along about two thirty in the afternoon and the day had been exceptionally quiet. I heard somebody whistling and drowsily glanced up to see that approaching me was a Captain of Engineers. He introduced himself and told me that, having finished arranging the Engineer Dump across the creek and having noticed that the creek was full of trout, he had decided to attempt to catch a few in that part of the creek to the north of the house providing I had no objections. We chatted a few minutes and he departed.

"The hot afternoon droned on and I re-seated myself on the stump so I could observe Jake, the colored boy, at his labors without over-exerting myself. Suddenly the silence was pierced by the high pitched drone of a shell, which passed overhead and landed on the south bank of the creek very close to the Engineer Dump.

The next one passed over the Dump so I sat back feeling easy and waited to observe the effect of their shell fire, now that they had the Dump bracketed.

"Then something went amiss with the German range finders, or they thought the chateau was occupied by the engineer officers, or something, for the next shell landed squarely in the center of the building, which had hitherto escaped all shell fire. The force of the explosion knocked me from my seat and as I started to arise I noticed Jake take a high dive into the shrubbery and disappear toward the rear of the house. I decided to follow him and bring him back to his duties, so I unlimbered my pedal extremities and moved up the creek, to the increasing tempo of shell fire.

I noticed Jake take a high dive and disappear toward the rear of the house.

"As I was looking for Jake, at a pace not greatly exceeding a mile a minute, I passed the Captain of Engineers, but his absorbed posture arrested me and I stopped. He was sitting on the edge of a four foot bank overhanging the water and had just made a perfect cast into a little pool slightly downstream from him. To my horror and amazement no sooner had the fly struck the water than a sixteen inch speckled trout struck. Of course I was interested, but life meant more to me in those days than fishing, and I continued running. I hollered back, 'Come on, you darn fool. Don't you know they are shelling this place?'

"'Shut up,' he replied lustily, 'don't make so darn much noise. You'll scare all the fish away.'

"'Noise,' I gasped, 'noise! What do you call this bombardment?'

"'That is nothing,' he remarked over his shoulder. 'The fish think that it is thunder and are just beginning to bite well. Shut up!'

"Just then another shell landed about fifty feet to the rear of me and I continued my search for Jake, leaving this unregenerate, ignorant and bigoted engineer to his fate.

"Two hours later, after the shelling had ceased, I again saw the Captain of Engineers. He was in exactly the same place that I had left him and was again engaged in a battle with a big old speckle. His hat was gone and his clothes were covered with mud. The four foot bank upon which he had been sitting was a hole and the creek ran down through the remains of what Headquarters had told me to make an emergency hospital. Wreckage filled the landscape but the environs of the deep hole in which he had been fishing when I had first started out to look for Jake was untouched. Even the willows drooped lazily over the now almost empty stream bed.

I glanced searchingly around for my operating teams and noticed several of them approaching from different directions, so decided they were as well as could be expected. As I stood there I noticed that our auxiliary ambulance, which had been parked in an old shed near the road, was standing uncovered and apparently unharmed, but that the shed had evaporated. As I stood there pondering this so natural, unnatural result of shell fire, I heard the ambulance come to life with a snort and watched it as it gained speed and moved in my direction. As it neared me I beheld Jake upon the seat.

As he drew nearer I shouted to him and motioned for him to stop. I know he never heard me and I doubt if he even saw me. As that car flashed past I had a glimpse of two rolling white eyeballs and a red mouth set in a face the color of wood ashes, and he was gone. I stood aghast watching our only means of transportation rocketing northward straight for the Front Line trenches.

"'Well, Major,' remarked a cool and collected voice from

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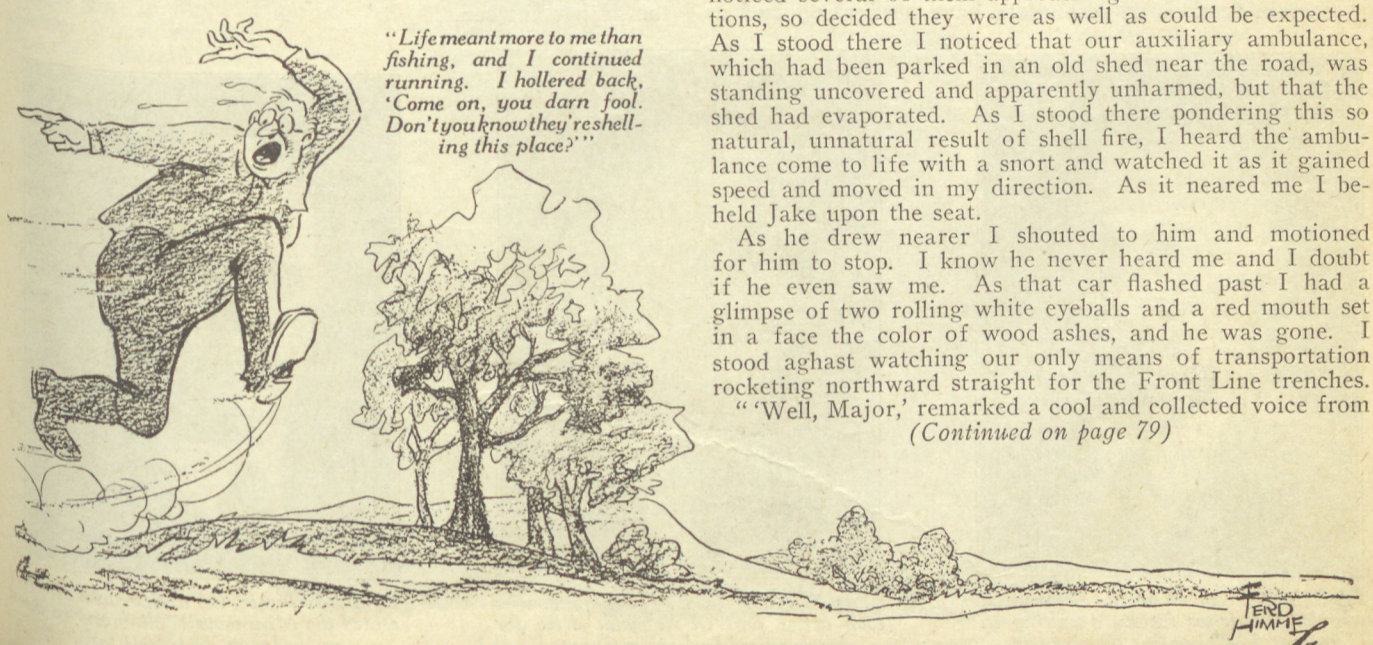


"Life meant more to me than fishing, and I continued running. I hollered back, 'Come on, you darn fool. Don't you know they're shelling this place?'"

A Successful $25,000 Experiment

By
DR. F. S. JAMES

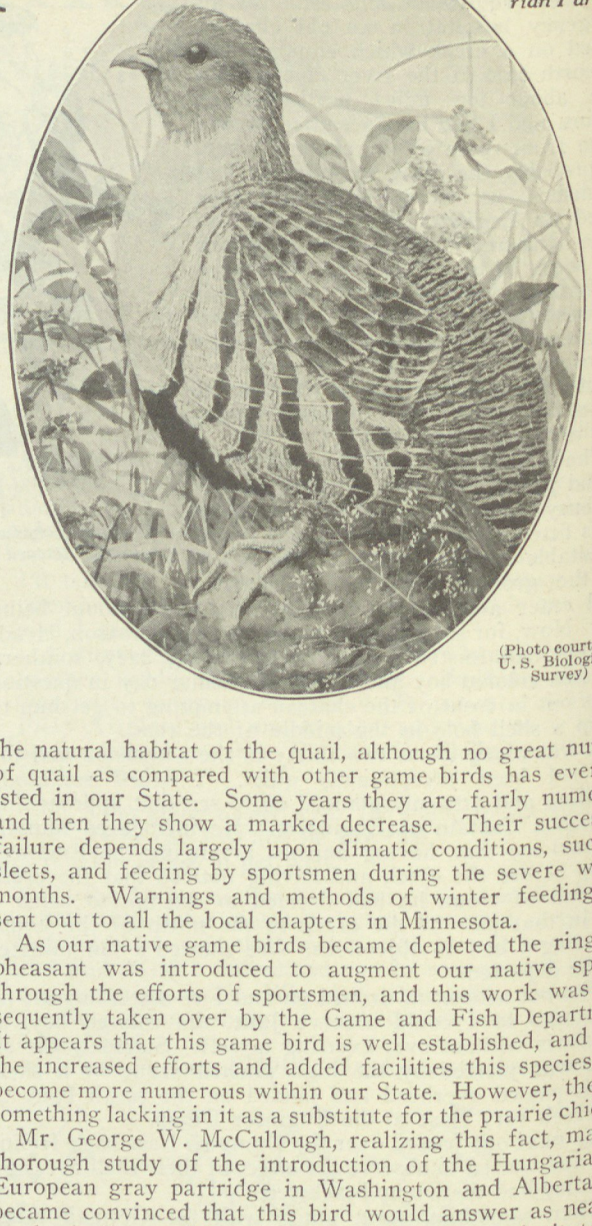
State Chairman Game Bird Committee, Minnesota Division,
Izaak Walton League

Would you risk asking your friends to donate $25,000 to try something your state hesitated to tackle? Just to prove your case?

If your native birds were on "their last legs," what would you do about it? Lament their passing and do nothing? Or would you work night and day to give some "hardy little furriners" a chance?

"Where there's a will there's a way," and the Minnesota Waltonians and their cooperating friends certainly found the way.

Read this story, and then lay your plans to tackle your own outdoor problems in a broad-visioned, aggressive manner. EDITOR.



Close-up of a hardy Hungarian Partridge.

(Photo courtesy U. S. Biological Survey)

OUR native upland game birds in Minnesota may be classed as the prairie chicken, sharp-tailed grouse, ruffed grouse, and quail.

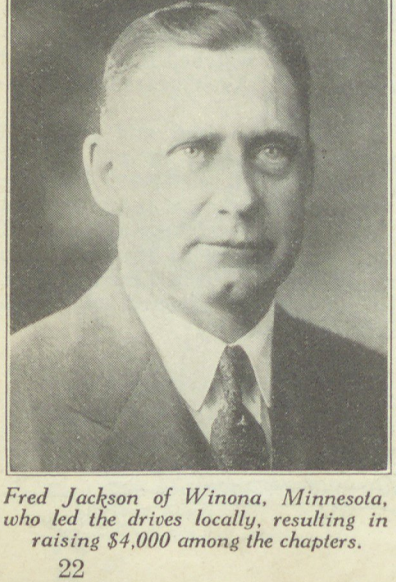
Before Minnesota became a great agricultural state there was an abundance of prairie chickens. However, as civilization advanced westward, the soil was extensively cultivated, which narrowed down the nesting areas of this game bird to such an extent that a gradual depletion has been experienced, but there are still many left in the State.

The loss of the ruffed grouse from disease occurred almost coincidentally with that in all states and some Canadian Provinces ranging from the New England States to the western slopes of the Rocky Mountains.

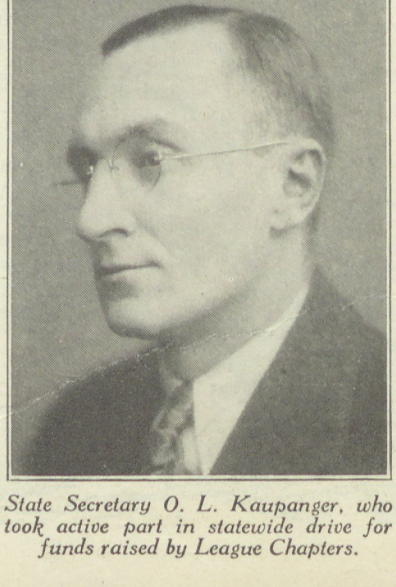
Certain sections of Minnesota have been recognized as the natural habitat of the quail, although no great number of quail as compared with other game birds has ever existed in our State. Some years they are fairly numerous and then they show a marked decrease. Their success or failure depends largely upon climatic conditions, such as sleets, and feeding by sportsmen during the severe winter months. Warnings and methods of winter feeding are sent out to all the local chapters in Minnesota.

As our native game birds became depleted the ringneck pheasant was introduced to augment our native species through the efforts of sportsmen, and this work was subsequently taken over by the Game and Fish Department. It appears that this game bird is well established, and with the increased efforts and added facilities this species will become more numerous within our State. However, there is something lacking in it as a substitute for the prairie chicken.

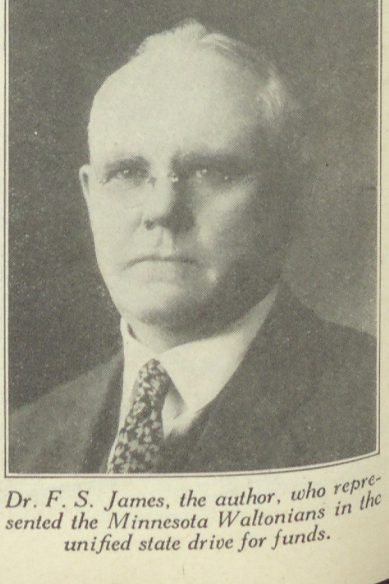
Mr. George W. McCullough, realizing this fact, made a thorough study of the introduction of the Hungarian or European gray partridge in Washington and Alberta and became convinced that this bird would answer as near as is physically possible all the requisites as a substitute for the prairie chicken.



Fred Jackson of Winona, Minnesota, who led the drives locally, resulting in raising $4,000 among the chapters.



State Secretary O. L. Kaupanger, who took active part in statewide drive for funds raised by League Chapters.



Dr. F. S. James, the author, who represented the Minnesota Waltonians in the unified state drive for funds.

This picture taken at 1-1500th of a second, gives some idea of the bullet-like speed of the Hungarian Partridge. The Winona Waltonians are here shown releasing a shipment of birds just arrived from Europe in especially constructed crates.

In 1925 Mr. McCullough reported the facts of his survey to the Hennepin County Sportsmen's Club through Mr. E. L. Eyler, its President, with the result that they agreed to raise a fund equal to the amount subscribed by all other sportsmen's organizations in the State for the purchase of the "Hun."

The writer was appointed chairman of the Game Bird Committee of the Minnesota Division of the Izaak Walton League in 1926, and through the assistance of Fred H. Doellner, State Secretary of the League at that time, the Hennepin County Sportsmen's Club offer was placed before the various chapters of the State. About fifteen clubs responded, about one-half of which were Walton chapters, the local chapters contributing a total of about $3,000, and 1,500 birds were purchased that year.

The Winona County Chapters, consisting of Lewiston, St. Charles and Winona, realizing that this was a generous offer, raised a fund of $1,600, receiving $3,200 worth of birds or about six hundred Hungarian partridges that were liberated in March, 1926. Later the campaign was again taken up and $1,000 additional was raised in Winona county alone.

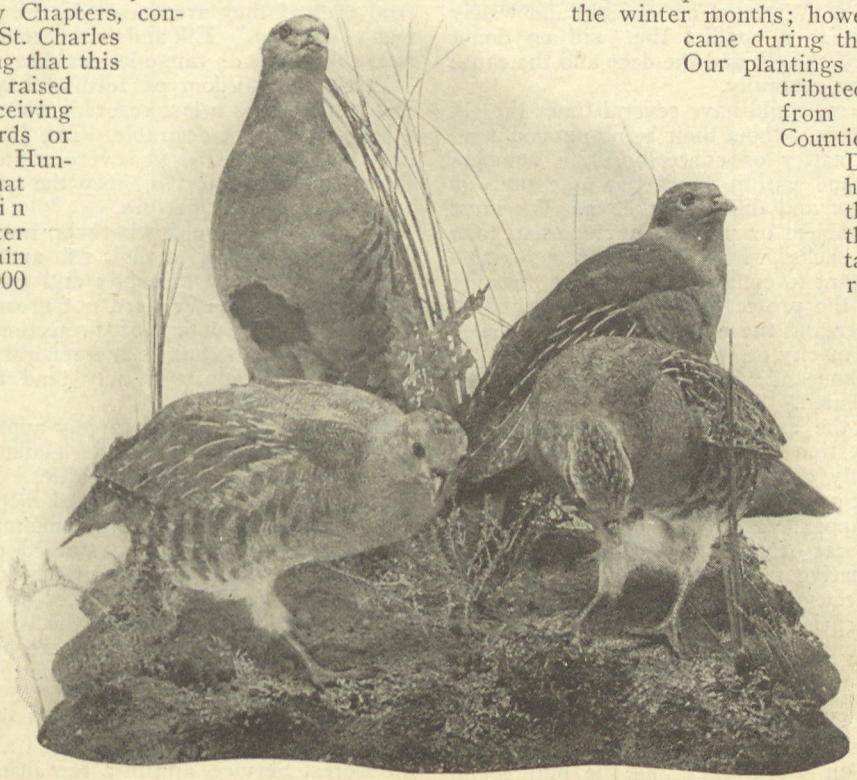
At that time Mr. George W. McCullough and the writer were appointed a joint committee to make a state-wide campaign for funds for 1927 and 1928. Through the excellent assistance of Mr. Doellner and his successor, Mr. O. L. Kaupanger, the League Chapters responded readily to our appeal for funds, and a total of $10,385 was contributed by the chapters. The Hennepin County Sportsmen's Club was assisted by the Ramsey County Club and the Minneapolis Outers Club in raising their funds; they contributed $1,000 and $1,250, respectively. The total amount raised by the three clubs was about $15,000, making a grand total of about $25,000 for the entire State.

Incidentally, this campaign for funds has brought the various sportsmen's organizations to a point of mutual understanding and has developed a wonderful spirit of co-operation between the Minnesota Game Protective League, the independent sportsmen's organizations and the Izaak Walton League.

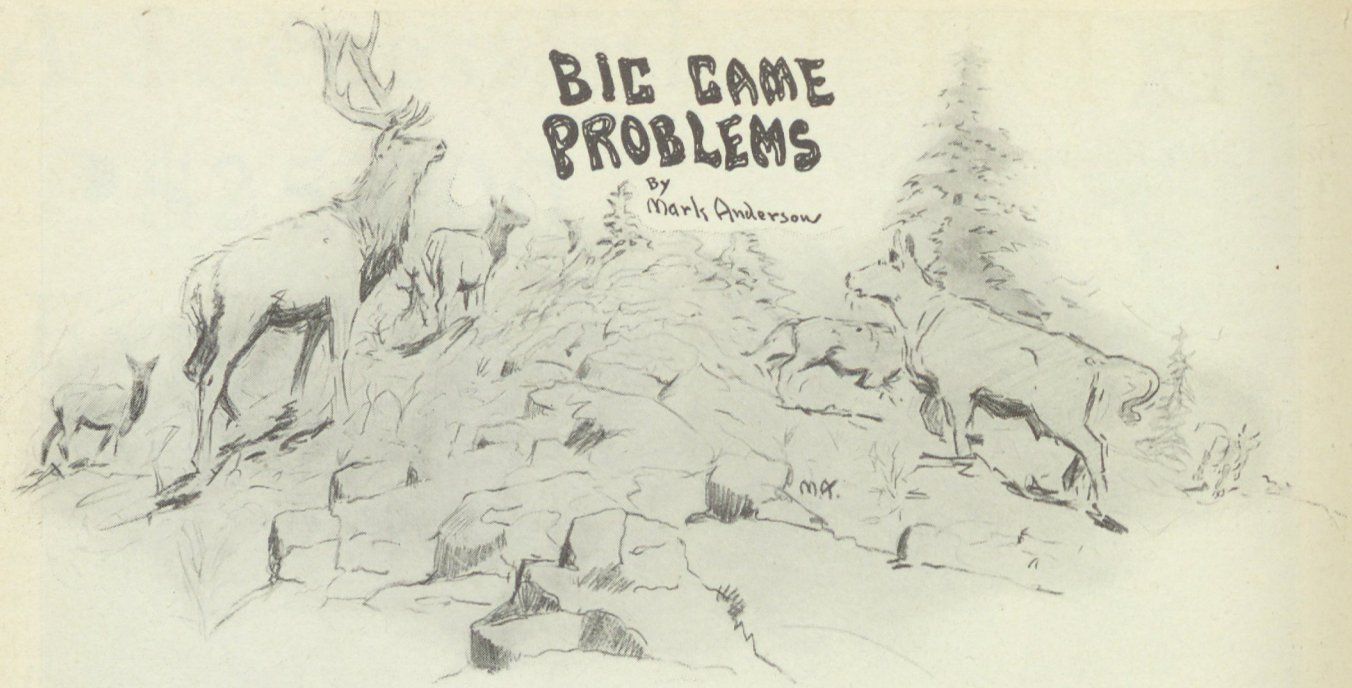
We have liberated to date about six thousand birds. For the most part these birds were received during the winter months; however, the last shipment came during the month of November. Our plantings have been widely distributed throughout the State from the southern tier of Counties as far north as Duluth, the Committee having in mind, through this wide distribution, that they would ascertain from actual experience what part of the State these birds would adapt as a natural habitat.

Through the experimental plantings we have discovered that a territory such as in the vicinity of Duluth, in which there is very little open, cultivated land, is not so well adapted to the Hungarian partridge, these birds apparently thriving best in such territories as have been affected by the glacial movement, by which cer-

(Cont. on page 78)



A family group of Hungarian Partridges. (Courtesy of Wallace Evans)



ONLY a few years ago elk were rapidly approaching the vanishing point and even our black-tailed deer were mighty scarce. Antelope were classed with the bison—doomed to extinction. Now the public does not yet fully realize the wonderful recovery that these big game animals have made within the past fifteen years here in the western United States.

Almost total protection in some instances, short open seasons in others, a bag limit of one animal, usually a male, the destruction of predatory animals such as the coyote and the cougar, systematic patrol of our National Forests and Parks, government and state agencies working in co-operation to protect and conseve wild life, and all of this backed by an aroused public has worked wonders and will accomplish still more wonders in conservation management if properly directed.

In the range states, where the raising of sheep and cattle is a major industry, a real conflict has developed in spots and threatens to spread as the elk and deer go on increasing in a geometric ratio. We must act quickly and wisely if we expect to minimize a conflict that will no doubt react to the detriment of the elk and the deer and the cause of wild life conservation generally.

If widely distributed we could have several times the elk and deer that we now have without their being noticed upon the range. But this matter of controlling the numbers and distribution of game within a given range unit or forest division is a new and difficult problem. We must learn to handle this problem or prepare ourselves to take some very serious "set backs" within the next few years.

Not only is it important to control the numbers and distribution of game for the protection of the stockmen but for the sake of the deer and the elk we must always keep in mind the carrying capacity of the range.

Surely a hundred thousand * elk is not many if they could be widely distributed. And even our deer are not numerous considering the extent of the range. But instances of local congestion are increasing rapidly. The stockmen, being directly concerned in an economic way, are quick to protest not only against what has happened but against what might happen. They lack confidence in our ability to keep the increase of game at a desired level without adopting exterminative measures.

Our elk have been accused of nearly every crime on the calendar. Don't be surprised if you find these noble creatures charged with robbing the ranchers' hen houses, eating the family washing off the line or kidnapping the ranchers' little children. Yes, and they will on occasion commit murder. Ask Ranger Christensen of the Uinta who slid down through the brush onto a wounded bull elk last fall. But Chris was quick on the trigger and the bull found it difficult to use his big antlers to advantage in the heavy brush.

Conservationists, it is up to us to handle this problem in such a way that we will be able to increase rather than decrease our big game.

We must guard against the adoption of state wide policies based upon conditions existing only in a few spots.

Where snow falls deep elk can be trapped and moved from congested ranges to other areas. This of course offers only a partial and temporary solution but is good policy until we get elk on every public range unit suitable for them. The removal of deer from congested ranges is as far as we know out of the question. Hunting then appears to offer the best solution. Often the driving of elk and deer is suggested. Driving elk with saddle horses has been tried in Jacksons Hole and on the Nebo range here in Utah. An attempt was made as everyone knows to drive deer off the Kaibab. Failure has resulted in every one of these instances. One might as well attempt to drive birds. And even if they are driven in the desired direction they won't "stay put." Elk and deer become attached to a certain range the same as range horses do.

While the wisdom of feeding hay to wild game in a few instances as a last resort is not questioned feeding on a big scale is not desirable. The Jacksons Hole and Yellowstone elk are fed in severe winters but even in these cases it is the object to keep the game wild and capable of hustling for themselves.

Legislatures should wherever necessary grant further discretionary power to their fish and game departments to enable them to act promptly and freely in handling these local situations. This need not greatly interfere with our present general policy of protection. While the public should be informed as to the general policy to be followed detailed legislation will only tend to make proper handling more difficult.

It appears that we are rapidly approaching the intensive stage of forest and wild life management. Conferences alone will not solve our difficulties. No amount of discussion will bring out all the needed facts. Careful field work must be done. Counts of big game must be carefully made. Range conditions must be studied on the ground. The habits of the game as well as the domestic stock must be closely observed. These factors as well as many others must not be left to guess or the whole matter will finally result in an arbitrary policy where prejudice will rule and the strongest group will have matters entirely their own way.

It is evident that the real hard work of handling this problem is in the hands of our fish and game departments, the Forest Service, and in a few instances, the Park Serv-

(Continued on page 56)

Estimated number within National Forests.

EDITORIAL

Bass Can't Read

THE bass are the last of our game fish to spawn. They are also the most important spawners there are. By important is meant that they require the greatest protection at that time, since they do not merely spawn and swim away to let the spawn get along as well as it can, but they stay right there, over or near the gravel or sand nest, until the youngsters are old enough to walk by themselves. At this time of year voracious fish are about, and without the protection of the parent fish the little bass would fare not so well.

For several years, in some states at least, the laws have been trying their best to keep up with the spawning season of the bass, but very few have actually set their dates far enough ahead to fully protect these fish. And those states which give the best protection to the bass have had to supplement this law with a ruling that the season may be still farther advanced by executive decree in the event of continued cold weather.

The bass must have comparatively warm weather for spawning. In many hundreds of our northern lakes they do not spawn until as late as July in backward seasons. Because of this, the welfare of the bass is largely in the hands of the individual sportsmen. Zoning of states, setting back the official open season in the more northern sections, and provision for summary postponement of the date, are intended merely to serve as guide posts to real sportsmen, and not to solemnly declare that the bass are through spawning on those dates. The real sportsman will not catch a bass that is guarding a nest or protecting its young. The fact that the season has officially opened does not affect the plight of the fish.

It is very simple to tell when the bass are still on the nests, as every angler with any experience knows. They can be seen on the nests, they are found in shallow, sandy or gravelly bays, and they are vicious when they attack the lure.

Not all sportsmen immediately leave such a spot, but the best ones do.

So don't watch the opening date as though it obliged the bass to stop spawning on that date. It does nothing of the kind. It means that the real sportsman may then start fishing if the fish are through spawning. The actual spawning season may vary one way or another by as much as a month. Don't forget this.

The bass are in your hands. The official open season will soon be here in most states, and in some it has already arrived. But remember that the bass can't read game laws, weather reports or calendars.

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MARGUERITE IVES
Editor

Less Killing Urged

HOW many fish, or quail or grouse or ducks, can we safely take, and how long should the seasons be?

Who knows what the limits should be? If further restrictions are to be imposed upon honest anglers and hunters, what steps will be taken to put fear of the law and common decency into that small but troublesome minority which wears bristles all the way down the back?

On one question everybody agrees—that we have long since passed the pot-hunting and killing-for-sport stages in our fishing and hunting, and that the prime objective is an enjoyable day afield regardless of the bag.

More and more inhibitions are not a permanent solution! The fundamental factors have mostly been ignored. The natural habitat for fish and game has been wasted and destroyed at an alarming pace; anglers and hunters, with fast automobiles, good roads, and constantly improved equipment, have increased at the same rate.

* * *

There are now fully ten million anglers and hunters in the United States against four millions a decade ago. Statistics compiled by Aldo Leopold, who is making a national game survey, show that in 1920 the licensed shooters consumed an average of 324 loaded shells, and that in 1927 the average was only 123 shells per hunter, a shrinkage of 62%.

These figures, the only index available, are most discouraging. We all agree that the annual take must not exceed the net annual production. The great difficulty is that every outdoor man claims to be an actuarial expert. And many of them want to clip coupons without first buying the bonds; others want to clip them before maturity lest other stockholders beat them to it.

To meet present day conditions the only solution is far greater production by both natural and artificial methods. It is clearly evident that our federal and state governments must be given ample funds to embark upon a far more intensive restoration and production program than yet visioned, if we are to supply sport for the masses and leave something for coming generations.

* * *

Until our producing programs catch up with consumption, the only sensible thing to do is to save the seed stock, even though it means self-denial. With that object in view, the members of the Izaak Walton League definitely expressed their wishes by resolution at the recent annual convention, and urged the government to further restrict the kill of migratory game birds.

The Waltonians urged a uniform possession limit of not more than thirty-five migratory game birds, such limit to include not more than fifteen each of ducks, coots, gallinules, rails, snipe or doves, and not more than four each of geese, brant or woodcock.

This in effect means a federal daily bag limit of fifteen migratory birds of all kinds except geese, brant and woodcock. Speakers at the convention presented figures to show that the average kill per sportsman is actually less than implied by this resolution. The convention also suggested the wisdom of shortening the season.

F. C. FLETCHER,
Pres., Ohio Division,
I. W. L. A.

Better Use the Tonic, Uncle!

Cartoon by Vic Zimmerman

The League's Greatest Convention

SPORTSMEN from every nook and corner of the United States—talks and lectures by the leading authorities on every phase of conservation and the outdoors—entertainment and exhibitions by the world's foremost experts in the outdoor field—a sportsmen's show and equipment exposition unequalled by any heretofore staged—action taken on every important conservation measure before the country—Dr. Henry Baldwin Ward re-elected president—good fellowship that culminated in one of the finest League banquets—education, information, entertainment and enthusiasm.

The President asks me to convey to you and all concerned his congratulations on your successful convention and his sincerest thanks for your co-operation. He deeply appreciates your services for conservation.
GEORGE AKERSON,
Secretary to President Hoover.

That sums up the Seventh Annual Convention of the Izaak Walton League which was held at the Stevens hotel in Chicago, April 18 to 20. The entire program was happily divided between serious business and entertainment meetings. The serious end of it, of course, was the primary one, and it got the right of way. From the moment Dr. Ward called the convention to order until the last tired thump of Chairman Edwards' gavel Saturday afternoon, the convention was in continuous session during the daytime and before it broke up the scope of conservation activities in America had been reviewed and discussed.

The afternoon sessions and the evening programs were held in the big main ball room of the Stevens hotel, the largest hostelry in the world. The delegates were grouped by states, each state had a standard showing its name, and these gave a lot of color to the assemblage. More than 500 delegates

This is a time when conservation of wild life is becoming more vitally important. Both the Federal and State governments appear to have awakened to the necessity for preserving and restoring the conditions which make our country attractive to the out-of-town world. Unquestionably the Izaak Walton League has done much toward accomplishing this measure. Still greater success to you.
RUTH HANNA McCORMICK.

and alternates were registered when the convention opened.

The convention was called to order by Dr. Henry Baldwin Ward, President, who two days later was to be re-elected to that office: the only man since Will Dilg to hold the office for more than one term. The invocation was by Dr. Thomas E. Winecoff, a national director of the League. Dr. Allen D. Albert, assistant to the president of the Chicago World's Fair Centennial, made

The platform of the Izaak Walton League states as one of the League's objectives—character building of boys through outdoor recreation. Here we find a real spirited unity between the League and the Boy Scout movement.
DR. GEORGE J. FISHER,
Deputy Chief Scout Executive of the Boy Scouts of America.

the address of welcome on behalf of Chicago. Dr. Albert outlined the plans for the 1933 exposition, and invited all Waltonians to be present.

Judge Frank B. Burford of Oklahoma City was named temporary chairman, and was succeeded by Ward B. Edwards, President of the New York state division, as permanent chairman. The first order of business was in memoriam to Charles W. Folds and Judge J. M. Dickinson, deceased former presidents of the League. Haskell Noyes, Milwaukee, spoke eloquently of the life, the characteristics and the works of Mr. Folds. "There is no doubt," he said, "but that his arduous duties as president of the League, undertaken at a time when his health was poor and the League was in an unsettled state, caused his death."

My best wishes and assurances of my deep interest in and earnest devotion to the conservation problems which confront us. Another important milestone has just been passed with the enactment of the Norbeck Game Refuge Bill for the passage of which we owe so much to the members of the Izaak Walton League. Let's go fishing, get the sunshine habit and receive dividends in health and happiness. It won't be long before it's "shorter between bites."
F. C. WALCOTT,
Senator from Connecticut.

Willoughby Walling, President of the Chicago chapter, delivered a tribute to Judge Dickinson. "We have had with us a man," he declared, "of a calibre so great that no single generation could compass what he had to offer. He was our great counselor, and his influence on this League is unending."

The convention unanimously passed a resolution to send a message to Fred H. Doellner, general manager of the League, who was ill at a hospital at the time of the convention. An expression of sympathy and a suitable floral offering were sent to Mr. Doellner.

Thursday afternoon the business of the convention began with an informal discussion of the League's problems by Harry Goodwin, Rochester, N. Y., chairman of the National Executive Committee. Mr. Goodwin told of the

The Izaak Walton League has become a very effective force in our national drive for conservation work. Congratulations and best wishes.
PETER NORBECK,
Senator from South Dakota.

progress of the League, its difficulties and the steps being taken to overcome them. He made the prophecy that 1929 will show no annual deficit at the end of the year. The League, he pointed out, had about 91,000 members on March 31.

Then came the reports on the progress and status of the main national projects of the League: the Superior-Quetico playground, the Cheyenne Bottoms refuge, and the Cumberland Falls campaign. Col. Mel R. Nyman, Minneapolis (author of "Halt, Who's

Greetings and best wishes. Virginia is rapidly becoming conservation conscious, realizing the fundamental principles of Waltonism upon which health, education, industry and contentment are founded. The importance of outdoor recreation and conservation is emphasized by an aggressive progress of the Waltonian movement in Virginia.
HON. HARRY FLOOD BYRD,
Governor of Virginia.

There?" in the May issue of OUTDOOR AMERICA), discussed the Superior-Quetico project. Passage of the Shipstead-Newton bill, he said, was the first requisite to a successful culmination of the campaign to save the Superior Forest area from desecration by private interests.

R. C. Russell, president of the Kansas division, in discussing the Cheyenne Bottoms refuge, pointed out that although the bill in Congress creating the refuge had been sidetracked to make way for the Norbeck bill of national scope, it was hoped to make the refuge one in the system to be developed under the provisions of that bill.

Tom Wallace, chief of the editorial staff of the Louisville Times, who has frequently contributed to OUTDOOR AMERICA, spoke on the beauties of Cumberland Falls, for several years a battleground of the power interests and nature lovers, the fate of which still

My warm regards to the Izaak Walton League of America and all its members. I have every confidence in the devotion and energy of those who have it in charge, and in the success of their efforts. Their work will be of much service to the cause of conservation.
DR. GEORGE BIRD GRINNELL,
President, Nat'l Parks Ass'n.

hangs in the balance. He showed a number of slides of the falls, and made an eloquent plea to save it for the sake of its beauty and its recreational value.

The annual message of the president, Dr. Henry Baldwin Ward, was delivered Thursday afternoon. Part of it follows this article.

Thursday evening saw the auditorium again full of Waltonians, but this time they were there to play. The annual fly and bait casting tournament was under way, under the direction of Frank

Leach of the Chicago chapter. The Englewood Boys' Band furnished music for the occasion, and a genial spirit of angling brotherhood pervaded the evening. The big attraction of the program was Art Young, famous internationally as the leading exponent of the bow and arrow, who staged a demonstration and then gave an illustrated lecture and showed motion pictures.

The first order of business Friday morning was a report by Mr. George E. Scott, president, Izaak Walton Conservation Foundation, on the progress and status of the Foundation. Mr.

Regret inability to attend seventh annual convention of Izaak Walton League of America. My greetings to members present and best wishes for success in the good work they are doing.

HENRIK SHIPSTEAD,
Senator from Minnesota.

Scott has succeeded in not only obtaining cash contributions and pledges for the work, but has persuaded a number of wealthy men to include the Foundation in their wills. The primary purpose of the Foundation, he explained, is to carry out the work of the Walton League in conservation.

Following Mr. Scott's report, Dr. George J. Fisher, Deputy Chief Executive, Boy Scouts of America, spoke on "The Izaak Walton League and the Boy Scouts." The Walton League, primarily a movement of adults, and the Scouts, primarily an organization of youth, have much in common, he pointed out.

"The two movements," he said, "are already interlaced. I have found many Waltonians among the Scout leaders. The great need in the Scout movement today is the need, not of boys, but of more men. Let the Walton League members do everything possible to supply them. More than half the Merit Badge activities of the Scouts deal with subjects related to outdoor activities

We preach game protection; we talk it; we have elaborate laws enacted, but these efforts, good though they are, avail little so far as wild life is concerned unless we go to the roots of the problem which are to be found in the roots of the forests.

GEORGE D. PRATT,
President, American Forestry Association.

such as you are not only familiar with, but expert in."

Dr. Fisher made an eloquent plea for the assistance of Waltonians in the capacity of advisors, counsellors on outdoor matters, and inspectors of Scout camps and other outdoor activities.

The convention took action to insure immediate and effective relations between the two bodies, and Judge George W. Wood, Waterloo, Iowa, editor of the Boys' department in OUTDOOR AMERICA and a long friend of the League and its magazine, especially in boys' work, led a discussion on the convention floor.

The average bag, per shooter, per day of club members of a great many of the most famous duck clubs in the United States is twelve.

DR. JOHN C. PHILLIPS,
President, American Wild Fowlers.

Following the discussion Mrs. Frank M. Warren, Minneapolis, led a discussion on the relation of women to conservation, stressing especially the part played by the General Federation of Women's Clubs, of which she is chairman of the Committee on Water and Waterways. She was followed by Mrs. C. A. Wheatley of San Antonio, Texas, who made an eloquent plea for more women members in the League and pointed out the vast field for this work among the wives of members.

"Co-ordinated Effort to Advance Wild-Life Legislation" was the subject of the talk by Dr. T. Gilbert Pearson, President, National Association of Audubon Societies. Dr. Pearson traced the origin of the Audubon Society, the bird refuge plan it initiated, its work among children, its present sanctuaries, the extent of the organization and its international efforts.

Carlos Avery, President of the American Game Protective Association, was

We contend aside from esthetic consideration, the saving of Cumberland Falls would bring more money and more people and prosperity into Kentucky than a pitiful little 40,000 H.P. hydro-electric plant which would have a couple of watchmen in the wilderness after it was built.

TOM WALLACE,
Chief of the Editorial Staff, The Louisville Times.

next on the program with a discussion of wild life and conservation problems. He made a strong plea for cooperation between the League and the Association. "I want to tell you members of the Izaak Walton League," he said, "that we will never accomplish our objectives unless we do cooperate and unless we do work together."

Mr. Avery objected strenuously to the practice of Congress in authorizing appropriations for conservation work and then failing to actually carry the appropriation through.

"When Congress authorizes an appropriation for a certain purpose," he said, "and then the Bureau of Budget or the President or anybody else, no matter how high an authority, denies that that is the policy of the government, I think he is going beyond any position that he has a right to take." He anticipated trouble along that line in

A great impetus may be given to the refuge program if the large number of men of wealth interested in the future of our wild fowl will seriously consider the conveyance to the government by gift of areas suitable for inviolate refuges, thereby making for themselves a distinguished niche in the annals of true sportsmanship and conservation.

PAUL G. REDINGTON,
Chief of Biological Survey.

actually getting the money to carry out the provisions of the Migratory Bird Conservation act. (The Norbeck Bill.)

In the afternoon A. E. Demaray, Assistant Director, National Park Service, Washington, made a complete exposition of the status of the National Parks and explained the plans and objectives of the Park Service. At this point Dr. Preston Bradley, pastor of the People's Church, Chicago, one of the original founders of the League and a favorite Walton speaker, was discovered in the gathering and he made an

To conservation associations we occupy a position of guardianship of the wild life worth billions of dollars in money and of fabulous value in beauty, sentiment and inspiration to the American people. To the men and women of America I make this appeal—give us your co-operation.

DR. T. GILBERT PEARSON,
President, National Association of Audubon Societies.

enthusiastic extemporaneous talk, inviting the delegates to his church the following Sunday, which he had designated as Izaak Walton League Sunday.

Next on the program was Robert Sterling Yard, Executive Secretary of the National Parks Association, who led a discussion on the National Parks and related conservation subjects. The following speaker was an old favorite with Walton audiences: Henry O'Malley, U. S. Commissioner of Fisheries. Mr. O'Malley, as usual, made a talk that delighted his listeners, explaining the further work and plans of his bureau in a way that kept his followers in excellent humor and on the alert. The discussion that followed was led by Dr. E. A. Birge, President Emeritus, University of Wisconsin.

"The Welfare of Our Migratory Bird Fowl" was the subject of a talk by Paul G. Redington, chief of the U. S. Biological Survey and an outstanding authority on migratory fowl and the

Congress is getting into a bad habit of authorizing appropriations for various conservation purposes, and then failing to come up to scratch with the money. The greatest sufferer in this respect is forestry because we have not had many other appropriations made in large amounts for conservation purposes.

CARLOS AVERY,
President, American Game Protective Association.

problems relating to them. Mr. Redington explained in detail the provisions of the Norbeck refuge bill and made a survey of the present public and private refuges of the country. Control of predatory birds and animals, fighting wild fowl maladies, recent general conservation measures adopted, and game law enforcement, were touched upon in the talk. The discussion was led by Stanley C. Arthur, Louisiana department of conservation.

Friday evening came the big annual banquet and program, always the outstanding event of a Walton national

convention. The big ball room was filled almost to capacity. Dr. Ward was toastmaster. The Englewood, Chicago, chapter band was on hand to provide music, and the Arion Male Chorus assisted. The first event following the dinner was in the nature of a surprise. The Chicago chapter, through its president, Willoughby Walling, presented Kenneth F. Roahen, an Illinois game warden who performed a remarkable feat in arresting four professional game poachers, with a watch as a token of esteem and in appreciation of his work among the lawless bands that frequent sections of the Illinois river.

I believe that in the years to come, the Izaak Walton League is going to be one of the very strongest and most powerful defenders of the National Park System when its standards are attacked. The National Park System is devoted, not to the prosperity of the country, but to its inspiration and education.

ROBERT STERLING YARD,
National Parks Association.

Roy O. West, former Secretary of the Interior, paid a tribute to Stephen Mather, retired National Parks head, in a short talk. He told of the long fight Mr. Mather made in behalf of the parks, and its successful conclusion in the vast Park organization existing today.

Telegrams friendly to the League and its objects were read from Senator Henrik Shipstead, Ruth Hanna McCormick, Peter Norbeck, Governor Pyrd of Virginia, Frederick C. Walcott and others.

Dr. T. Gilbert Pearson spoke on "Birds and Humanity," and Dean Shailer Mathews of the University of Chicago discussed "Conservation in the Future" in a brilliant and witty speech. He was followed by Dr. Wilfred H. Osgood, Curator Department of Zoology, Field Museum, who spoke on his adventures and experiences in Abyssinia obtaining specimens for the museum, and exhibited some remarkably fine motion pictures covering the subject.

When the White five-year fisheries bill again makes its appearance before Congress, the interest exhibited by the Izaak Walton League will, to a large extent, be the influence which will determine the success or failure of the bill to receive passage. Any angler who supports this bill will be doing himself a mighty good turn.

HENRY O'MALLEY,
Commissioner of Fisheries.

The convention went into the final session Saturday with lots of work left to be done. Before the reports of committees were heard, George D. Pratt, President of the American Forestry Association, spoke on "Forests in Relation to Wild Life," and the discussion was led by Major Robert Y. Stuart, chief of the U. S. Forest Service. Dr. John C. Phillips, outstanding authority on wild fowl and President of the American Wildfowlers, spoke on "The American Sportsman's Bag." The discussion was led by Aldo Leopold, nationally known wild life expert and at present in charge of the National Game Survey.

The time has now come when we should bend our energies towards putting into the schools the kind of material which will teach the boys and girls the value of the out-of-doors. We must begin at the top and work down until finally in every school we will have a teacher who is a conservationist.

MRS. FRANK M. WARREN,
Chairman of the National Committee on Water and Waterways of the Federated Women's Clubs.

The nominating committee was the first to report. The results of the report, which was unanimously accepted, are shown elsewhere. Next came the report of the committee on constitution and by-laws, presented by its chairman, Willoughby Walling. Presentation of this report brought forth considerable discussion. The national constitution was changed to discontinue the Executive Committee of the Board of Directors as the executive head of the League, and substitute an Executive Board, to be elected by the Board of Directors from among any members of the League, this board to have full power in operation and policies of the League. The report was unanimously adopted by the convention.

When you stop to think of what all this conservation effort means, you see at once that we are not working for ourselves, we are working for tomorrow.

DEAN SHAILER MATHEWS,
University of Chicago.

The selection of the next convention city provided some excitement, and when Palm Beach, Detroit and California withdrew, the convention was awarded again to Chicago.

THE National Convention unanimously passed resolutions to the following effect:

1. Pledged the active support and co-operation of the League in the work of Mr. George E. Scott in connection with the Izaak Walton League Foundation.
2. Urged the War Department, Congress and the President to carefully consider biological and recreational values in the Upper Mississippi Wild Life and Fish Refuge before approving or authorizing any power or navigation project in that area in connection with the proposed power and navigation development of the Mississippi River.
3. Opposed the granting of special privileges in the taking of wild life to owners or lessees of large marsh or water areas, and that fur farming be restricted to the legitimately fenced and controlled projects.
4. Favored restriction of grazing permits in national forests to the extent that domestic stock shall not deprive wild animals of adequate pasturage during any season.
5. Urged aggressive support of Englebright Bill in Congress, providing for more adequate fire protection in the national forests and advocating a substantial increase in state aid-fire protection appropriations under Clark-McNary Act.
6. Endorsed the American School of Wild Life Protection at McGregor, Iowa, and the Game Conservation School Society for Gamekeepers at Clinton, New Jersey.
7. Urged all power companies to correct unreasonable fluctuation of water levels existing below hydro-electric power dams and give rivers natural or more even flow.
8. Urged a conservation exhibit at the Chicago Centennial Exposition in 1933 and offered full support of League to this end.
9. Urged the passage of the Hope Bill by Congress to hasten the procuring of the Cheyenne Bottoms Refuge in Kansas.
10. Opposed any further National Park extensions in states already carrying national parks of magnitude until a thorough investigation is had relative to the merit of such extensions.
11. Extended Governor Cooper of Ohio a vote of thanks for his co-operation and support in the enactment of Ohio's first Conservation Measure. To W. T. Cox, Superintendent of the Upper Mississippi Wild Life Refuge, its thanks and appreciation for his unselfish leadership in making the Refuge a concrete fact. To Horace N. Albright, Director of National Parks, the confidence of the League and its active support in all his activities.
12. Reiterated its position favoring the restoration and preservation of Horicon Marsh and its opposition to the repeal of the favorable legislation passed in 1927.
13. Urged Congress to appropriate a liberal amount to the Bureau of Fisheries for the enforcement of the Hawes Bass law prohibiting the interstate shipment of these fish for sale and urged states permitting the sale of bass to enact remedial legislation.
14. Reaffirmed its unalterable opposition to the destruction of Cumberland Falls for the development of electric power.
15. Approved the work and program of the Quetico Superior Council and pledged continued co-operation toward its proposal to establish an international recreational area in the Superior Forest area.
16. Approved the Shipstead-Newton Bill for the protection of lakes, streams and woods in the Superior Forest area in Minnesota and urged its speedy enactment into law.
17. Expressed its approval for the fifth time of the project to make Isle Royale, in the north central part of Lake Superior, a National Park.
18. Urged federal bag limits of not more than thirty-five migratory game birds in possession, to include not more than fifteen each of ducks, coots, snipe, mourning doves, rails or gallinules, and not more than four each of geese, brant or woodcock, and that due consideration be given to the shortening of the shooting season.

The President's Message

By DR. HENRY BALDWIN WARD

Reelected President of the Izaak Walton League of America at Chicago, April 18, 1929

History

Just a little more than seven years ago a group of outdoor men met in Chicago and organized the Izaak Walton League of America. They were moved by a determination to resist the evil practices that they saw all about them in the needless destruction of beautiful woods and streams and the ruthless slaughter of game and destruction of fish. Noting the changes that had taken place under their own eyes they saw clearly that a continuance of these practices would soon put an end to all that was primitive and beautiful in outdoor life.

The movement started by these men who founded the first, the Chicago chapter, has spread until thousands of chapters are now scattered over the United States and the original membership has been multiplied more than two thousand times.

The road has not always been smooth, and yet the organization has passed safely over the rough places and finds itself possessed of a vigor that is rarely duplicated in so young an organization. Indeed, the League may rightfully claim to be the only nation-wide organization dealing with the problem of conservation in its manifold aspects. It is also the largest, and in public opinion the most powerful, organization of frequenters and lovers of the outdoor world that has ever been formed in our country.

The original 54 were fortunate in the variety of types that the group contained. Each man seems to have been just the one for some work that was needed, some emergency that arose or some difficulty that confronted the new movement. The evangelistic appeals of Will H. Dilg gave the movement a hearing that might have been wanting if a less magnetic talker had addressed the audience. The outstanding business ability of Charles W. Folds and James O. Heyworth guided the frail craft through tumultuous waters. The calm, clear mind of the great jurist and experienced statesman, Judge Dickinson, pointed out the way to quiet waters and instilled into the group harmony and a zeal to press forward in reunited ranks to attack the problems of the future.

Fully as we recognize the work of these men in their service to the common cause, we should err grievously were we to stop with that. No great movement is the result of the work of one man, or of a dozen men. Battles are won by the indomitable courage and the undying devotion of the common soldier. *The League has won because its members refused to be beaten and would not stop fighting until the goal was attained.* The success of our projects may be distinctly ascribed to the unanimity with which chapters and members, east, west, north and south, have responded to appeals and have made their views known effectively to legislative bodies.

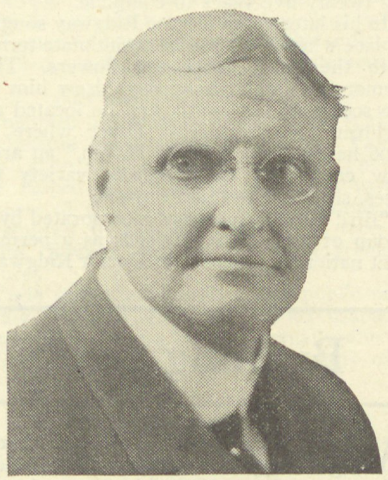
The success of the League rests in the hands of its members; will they work for it in the future as insistently as they have in the past? If they do, it will continue to be a constantly increasing power for good in the nation.

The League

The League is in the position of a great army that has made a brilliant advance despite fierce opposition and having gained a commanding position pauses long enough to close up and consolidate its lines before continuing the advance.

The League is fortunate in possessing as National Directors a considerable number of able and influential men who are deeply interested in advancing its interests as well as thoroughly devoted to its ideals. They have served the League effectively in many ways, but not in detail as constantly as they might have done because, as more than one of them has said, the group is not always well-informed or conscious of the needed assistance in carrying out projects.

It is inevitable that a body of men scattered as are the National Directors over the length and breadth of the United States would find it difficult to get together for personal conference. When one considers the time and expense and all the other difficulties involved one is compelled to recognize, though unwillingly, that we cannot at any time gather even a majority of the group for personal conference. In order to compensate as far as possible for this defect, I have sent this year seven communications to each of the National Directors and Officers. These letters have brought me many interesting and inspiring replies. The Directors are unmistakably alive to the responsibility of their position and anxious to discharge it to the fullest extent.



Dr. Ward

Personally I look upon this as a primary necessity. The strength of the movement depends upon maintaining constant relations between the different parts, and developing an organization of national scope in the fullest sense.

Izaak Walton Conservation Foundation

At the Omaha Convention last year Judge Dickinson proposed the establishment of an endowment fund for the League and, at the urgent request of the Convention, Mr. George E. Scott agreed to head the movement. The value of this undertaking cannot be overestimated and while its growth may be slower than our desires, it certainly faces great possibilities.

Up to date the chief outlet for funds of wealthy men has been in gifts to education. But the term education has a broad significance today and conservation is assuredly an important factor in education for service to the nation. Men of means are sure to appreciate soon the appeal that they should give back to Nature some part of the riches Nature has given them. Already great tracts of land are being given to the nation as game preserves and bird refuges, and the Izaak Walton Conservation Foundation offers rich opportunity for the establishment of special funds which will be an enduring monument to each donor and will serve America today and in the future in splendid fashion.

Stream Pollution

During the past year one of the major activities of the League has been less vigorously prosecuted than previously. I refer to the campaign against stream pollution. It was not abatement of interest, but lack of financial support which has compelled the League to limit its activities in this direction.

At present added evidences of the evil influence of pollution are being piled up with increasing rapidity. As your representative, I took occasion at the Fifteenth National Game Conference in New York City to deal with this problem. I endeavored to make evident the fact that the defilement of our waters is of primary concern and far from being merely a cause of damage to the aquatic life and a limitation of recreational activities, it has grown to be recognized by researchers in medicine and by public health boards as a genuine menace to human life.

While the League's intensive attack on the problem necessarily has been suspended, the general assault is increasing in strength and being multiplied in different regions by various agencies. The protests appearing in the public press and in periodical literature are increasing in number and range. Chapters of the League have been vigorous in prosecuting inquiries in their own localities and in demanding improvement of conditions. It is gratifying to note that manufacturers' associations are beginning to take cognizance of public demand and to consider how the pernicious practices which have grown up in the past, until now they assume gigantic proportions, may be modified and gradually abandoned. Municipalities everywhere are awake to their responsibilities and are moving with increasing frequency to provide for the purification of municipal wastes.

Industry must be educated to recognize the same obligation. A primary responsibility of any business is to care for its wastes. The attitude which would throw the burden on the public may justly be regarded as lacking in proper consideration for the rights of others.

State Division Conventions

As President of the League I was invited to attend a number of State Division conventions. I spoke in June at Milbank, S. D.; in October at Fort Wayne, Ind., and Toledo, O.; in November at Fort Dodge, Ia., and in February at Mattoon, Ill., for the respective State Conventions. In May last, I delivered the address at the dedication of a fine new sewage disposal plant at Bloomington. During the summer I was engaged in some biological studies on migrating fish in the State of Washington and spoke at several points on the League and its work. *(Continued on page 40)*

What's Happening

By SETH E. GORDON

Conservation Director, Izaak Walton League of America

Two Leaders Gone

MARCH saw the passing of two of the world's outstanding ornithologists—Doctor Edward Howe Forbush and Doctor Robert Ridgway. Both of these distinguished men stood at the top in their chosen field of endeavor, and their passing is keenly felt by the many thousands who knew them personally or through the product of their pens, their pencils and their brushes.

Doctor Forbush passed away at his home in Westboro, Massachusetts, on March 7 in his seventy-first year, and Doctor Ridgway died at his home at Olney, Illinois, on March 25 in his seventy-ninth year.

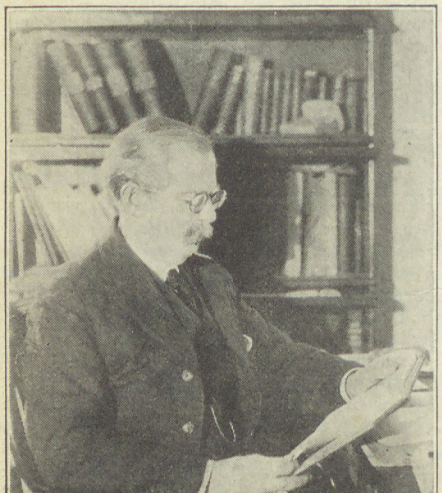
The work of these two men in bringing to the people of America an appreciation of our birds and their value to humanity constitutes a permanent monument far more enduring than granite. It will live on forever.

Both Active to the End

Doctor Forbush served as State Ornithologist of Massachusetts for nearly twenty years, retiring to private life about a year ago, but he continued working to the end. He wrote many books on the birds and their value to man, but none of them of so much importance as "The Birds of Massachusetts and Other New England States," in three profusely illustrated volumes. The first two volumes are in print, and the third was all but completed before he passed away.

Doctor Forbush devoted more attention to economic ornithology than have most bird students. He did not neglect the game birds, and devoted much time to enemies of bird life, and especially the depredations of the domestic cat.

No leading authority on the subject of birds ever did so much to help educate the people of America on the question of bird enemies. Dr. Forbush's bulletin on the domestic cat has been quoted repeatedly.



Dr. Robert Ridgway.

Ridgway Memorial Established

Doctor Ridgway was one of the founders of the American Ornithologists' Union, actively participated in international movements pertaining to ornithological matters, and in addition was one of Americа's leading botanists. He wrote extensively, and was the author of numerous books and articles.

A complete list of his writings would cover many pages, but among the most important were "A History of North American Birds" (With Prof. Baird and Dr. Brewer), "A Manual of North American Birds," "A Nomenclature of Colors for Naturalists," "Color Standards and Color Nomenclature," and various others. The most exhaustive of all was Color Key, containing 1150 different color shades, requiring twenty-five years to complete.

In his later years Doctor Ridgway sought a place where he could be on intimate terms with the birds, trees and flowers. The memory of his boyhood days drew him to the scenes of his youth, and he located an eighteen acre tract near Olney where in 1906 he established "Bird Haven," an area now containing an enormous variety of trees, shrubs, vines and flowers.

"Bird Haven" has been incorporated by a group of appreciative friends as a permanent national memorial to Doctor Ridgway.

Burning Gold

A FEW years ago the vast forest regions of the South were the principal source of supply for forest products; now the scene of operations has shifted to the extensive forests of the far West. This does not mean that the balance of the country is no longer producing, but it does mean that the industrial states must depend more and more upon the far West for their lumber needs.

The old South is still producing lumber but in the meantime the fire menace has been "eating the heart" right out of thousands upon thousands of young timber in the southern states.

Bad Practice Still Clings

In most of the southern states it is customary to burn all old grass, fern and weed growth each spring in the belief that it improves grazing for the domestic stock.

The American Forestry Association has undertaken an intensive three-year campaign of forest protection education in the southern states, and recently held its Eleventh Annual Convention at St. Augustine, Florida. Many of the conservation leaders throughout the South assembled and discussed ways and means to cure the red menace.

In April the Southern Forestry Congress convened at New Orleans and there considered many of the same problems. The South is gradually getting awake on this forest situation, and will surely shake off the stigma of "the worst forest fire area in the United States." The South has literally been burning its gold!

Do You Know:

1. Two conservation leaders have gone?
2. The South is burning gold?
3. Pheasants are winning?
4. Florida had a shake-up?
5. Outdoor enthusiasts need education in ethics?

See stories below.

Pheasants Winning

THE crow of the cock ringneck pheasant is now being heard throughout much of the northern half of the United States. During the past fifteen years these birds have been stocked extensively by the state game departments and organized sportsmen. At first there was much opposition to them lest they interfere with the native birds. That fear has been dissipated.

As a game bird, the ringneck has won his way. As a table bird he can't be excelled, and as a roadside attraction to the traveler the brilliant plumage and stately flight of the cock pheasant always makes a lasting impression.

South Dakota Premier Pheasant State

In no state has the ringneck done so well as in South Dakota. Favorable conditions there have produced unbelievable results. During the season of 1927 Director Johnson estimates that 2,000,000 pheasants were killed, and during the 1928 season the hunters are said to have taken a total of more than 1,750,000 birds, with plenty left for breeders. Nebraska had her first open pheasant season last fall and everybody was elated with the results.

Pheasants, being voracious insect destroyers, are one of the farmer's best friends. As an attraction to travelers they are unequalled. I shall never forget a trip through South Dakota during which I counted more than fifty cock pheasants, one at a time, from my train window in about twenty-five miles.

Add Beauty to Parks

At Rochester, New York, recently while driving through that City's beautiful park system, three gorgeous ringnecks flushed from the side of the road and made an impression never to be forgotten—they were the bouquet that set off the trip! The members of the Rochester and other New York chapters of the Izaak Walton League fed thousands of pheasants last winter.

The states are propagating these birds on a constantly increasing scale, and private breeders are increasing their outputs. New York State alone distributed 16,459 live birds and 148,920 eggs to farmers and sportsmen last year from her state game farms. The total number of birds reared annually by the states for stocking purposes is about 195,000, exclusive of the output from private farms.

in Conservation

Stop Vandalism

A number of Walton League Chapters are offering cash rewards for information leading to the arrest of vandals.

Why not try it in your community?

Florida Slipping

FOUR years ago Florida established her first real state game and fish department. The old obsolete county control system was abolished. Even though laboring under serious handicaps, the first commissioner, Jordan B. Royall, mapped a constructive course and made excellent headway.

But where is Florida heading now? Recently Mr. Royall was deposed by a new governor, and Mr. C. C. Woodward of Tampa succeeded him. The deposed commissioner was charged with "incompetence, neglect of duty, and misfeasance."

This is no place to discuss the merits or demerits of the charges or the wisdom of the governor's action, but it is to the governor's credit to say that the new appointee has had a broader business experience than the average man appointed to such a state post. What he knows about conservation matters has not been stated.

Warden Force Discontinued

But another cardinal principle of prime importance is at stake in Florida right now! In appointing Mr. Woodward, Governor Carlton is quoted as having "asked the new commissioner to call on the sheriffs of the state to enforce strictly the game and fish laws, *and to eliminate all deputy commissioners and wardens* who last year drew more than $90,000 in salary."

Ninety thousand dollars of whose money? It was money contributed by the hunters and anglers for just such work, not by the general taxpayers. Naturally there has been some question as to whether it was a political move, an economy measure, or a case of exhausted appropriations.

We are assured that it was the latter, and that it is to be temporary only. In any event, it is a deplorable situation. A warden force with a broken morale is useless, and nothing will smash morale more quickly than temporary lay-offs. Every sensible man knows that few sheriffs and constables have time or the inclination to enforce the conservation laws. In the meantime the Waltonians are stepping into the breach and rendering excellent volunteer service, but the sheriffs and volunteer service combined will never take the place of *an efficient, non-political, full-time staff.*

Is Florida going forward, or is she slipping?

Important information of national interest will appear in this department each month to keep our readers in touch with conservation activities

Outdoor Ethics

AN announcement from the Interior Department anticipating that 2,500,000 people will visit the national parks and monuments during the coming summer reminds us of a crying need—better outdoor conduct.

The various state parks and state forests will draw at least 37,500,000 visitors, or there will be approximately 40,000,000 people visiting state or national parks and forests during the summer months.

The average visitor seems to proceed on the theory that what belongs to the public belongs to him personally, and that if others do visit the same place they must expect to enjoy what is left! A terrible indictment, but experience proves this statement.

Appeals Help Greatly

Hundreds of chapters of the Izaak Walton League have placed permanent "Fair Play" signs at advantageous points. They have helped mightily, but wherever vast numbers of people gather careful planning is required to prevent damage to trees, shrubs, flowers, springs and even scenic features.

While carelessness with either public or private property is absolutely inexcusable, in some cases strong barriers actually must be built to preserve the natural beauty of our outdoor land.

Universal Code Suggested

Public education will do more than man made barriers or laws. The magazines and the press are doing fine work, but we need much more of it. No universal code of outdoor conduct has yet been adopted, but I have found the following to cover the need pretty well. If followed by even 75% of those who enjoy the outdoors, our outdoor land would be so much more attractive, and there would be far less "stay out" signs.

Outdoor Ethics Code

1. Your outdoor manners tell the world what you are when at home.
2. What belongs to the public isn't your own—play fair.
3. Respect the property of rural residents—ask before using it.
4. Save fences, close gates and bars, go around planted fields.
5. Do your shooting only where absolutely safe—see clearly before pulling the trigger.
6. Respect the law—take enough legal fish and game to eat, then quit.
7. Protect public health—keep springs and streams clean.
8. Clean up your camp and don't litter the highways with trash.
9. Carelessness with fires is a crime against humanity—prevent them.
10. Leave flowers and shrubs for others to enjoy—help keep outdoor America beautiful.

States Consent

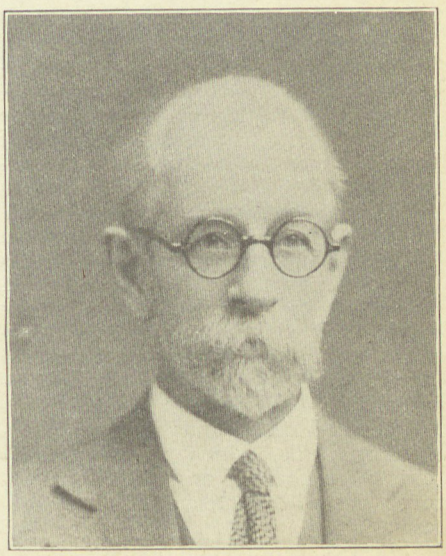
THE rapidity with which the state legislatures have enacted legislation approving the purchase of lands and waters for bird refuges under the provisions of the Norbeck-Andresen Bill signed by President Coolidge on February 18 is ample proof of the widespread interest in this measure.

The first states to enact such legislation following the passage of the refuge bill were Kansas and Montana. The Kansas act was approved eight days after the President signed the bill, and the Montana act was approved March 1. Fast work!

It has been announced that existing legislation in the States of Arizona, Colorado, Connecticut, Georgia, Illinois, Iowa, Louisiana, Maine, Maryland, Michigan, Minnesota, Nevada, New Mexico, North Carolina, Ohio, Oklahoma, South Carolina, South Dakota, West Virginia, and Wyoming is sufficient for the Federal Government to proceed with the acquisition of areas for refuge purposes. State enabling legislation, however, will be necessary in all other States.

Every other state with suitable areas for federal refuges should enact the necessary legislation without delay. The number of areas already submitted to the Department of Agriculture for survey is ample assurance that there will be no difficulty to spend the $8,000,000 authorized to the best possible advantage. If the states will do nothing to cooperate, or prices are exorbitant in any area, purchases can easily be made elsewhere.

The complete program contemplates 125 federal refuges, but in the meantime the states themselves should get busy. Don't wait for Uncle Sam!



Dr. Edward Howe Forbush.

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Izaak Walton League of America

National Headquarters, 549 W. Randolph St., Chicago, Ill.

FRED H. DOELLNER, General Manager

A NATIONAL organization of patriotic men and women, comprising more than 3,000 chapters throughout America, engaged in restoring and perpetuating opportunities for enjoyment of the great outdoors, protecting both wild life and our natural resources, thus insuring posterity such health, happiness, pleasure and prosperity as we have enjoyed.

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Significant Seven

SEVEN—much, almost magic significance, is imputed to the part that number plays in human existence.

On seven hills, Rome was built—seven days to the week; on the seventh day the Lord rested, after six days of labor—seven years to each alleged cycle in the development of a child—and when seven appears on the "bones" the devotee of "African Golf" gasps with glee or wails with woe.

And now, Conservation as an organized, nation-wide activity is ending its seventh year under the guidance of the Izaak Walton League.

Has Waltonism's seventh year been specially significant?

Let facts determine. The first five years of its life, beginning January 1922, Waltonism sought to find itself and a place for conservation in the minds of indifferent and unawakened millions of Americans. In its sixth year the League prepared for that rebirth, as a great National influence, which was proclaimed in 1927 by the late J. M. Dickinson, then President, as the beginning of the great "DO AND GROW" era.

He and other Waltonian leaders saw the League was more than merely a hunter and fisherman's hobby. From then on it was to be the watch dog and restorer of those health, prosperity and character-building treasures of nature which are the foundation of America's supremacy.

The dawn of the League's seventh year found Waltonians acutely conscious of its mighty purpose and value and the superhuman effort demanded of it was to measure up to its responsibilities and splendid destiny. Such leaders of thought as President Hoover, Ex-President Coolidge, and Dr. Henry van Dyke had long recognized Waltonism's momentousness in our National existence, but the masses did not. Then came 1928 with its glorious conservation victories, including the reclamation of the Bear River Marshes, the Colorado Royal Gorge, the enactment of the Woodruff-McNary and the McSweeney-McNary bills, which will ultimately change millions of acres of mere cut-over waste land into vast Federal forests.

Success begot recognition.

Sportsmen saw Waltonism as the sole salvation of their sport and outdoor pleasures. Individuals and communities came to love Waltonism as a great moral benefactor to youth, public health and social welfare. Commerce and industry suddenly recognized in Waltonism a godfather for those natural resources which assured them raw materials and prosperity.

Those who previously gave the League no second thought, but merely looked upon it as an association of game and fish takers, recognized its greater purpose. As a result, 1928 brought active co-operation from several prominent fishing tackle manufacturers with chapters in both their organization and constructive activity. To them Waltonism was the restorer of those outdoors upon which their industry depended.

Later the great National Broadcasting Corporation and seventeen of its most powerful associated stations saw Waltonism as a meritorious educational and public welfare movement. They donated their facilities on November 17, 1928, one whole hour, so the Waltonian creed of restoration and self-preservation might be carried into millions of homes.

The storm of public protest Waltonism roused against despoliation of Colorado's Royal Gorge by public utility interests stirred even the heart of the power company. Its attorneys, appearing before the Colorado Public Utilities Commission, said the applicant would not care to proceed unless the public could be satisfied there would be no substantial interference with scenic beauty. The determination of the scenic issue and the public's good will meant more than any economic advantage gained by the project.

Colorado's excellent Public Utilities Commission saw, too, and promptly refused the power interests the right to proceed. The Commission's utterance proved beyond question its awakening to Waltonism and its purposes. Amongst other things it said, "Colorado's climate and outdoors are its greatest and most invaluable asset. It is impossible to place a money value upon it. ALL REASONABLE CARE AND CAUTION SHOULD BE EXERCISED TO AVOID THE IMPAIRMENT OF THE SCENIC BEAUTY OF THIS STATE, PARTICULARLY SUCH AN OUTSTANDING FEATURE AS THE ROYAL GORGE." And the Commission further said, "Such unmarred and natural scenic attractions should be retained as a heritage to future generations. The great value of such attractions for the enjoyment of the great outdoors is an essential part of the character building and the spiritual and physical development of citizenship."

This episode and the League's participation interested J. S. Pyeatt, President of the Denver & Rio Grande Railroad, to study more closely the purposes and power of Waltonism as a factor of National life, and he was moved to write: "We are fully cognizant of the good work that is being done by your organization and APPRECIATE THE VERY MATERIAL BENEFITS WHICH ARE BOUND TO RESULT THEREFROM. Consequently, we are glad to do what we can to further your

(Continued on page 56)

Platform

1. **Reforestation and forest extension.**
2. **Elimination of pollution from all waters.**
3. **Restoration of unwisely drained areas.**
4. **More game and fish refuges and public recreation areas.**
5. **More fish hatcheries and game farms.**
6. **Scientific supervision of all wild life propagation.**
7. **Opposition to sale of game and game fish.**
8. **Scientific regulation of salt water fishing.**
9. **Encouragement of bird and wild flower appreciation.**
10. **Character building of boys and girls through outdoor recreation.**
11. **True sportsmanship, and opposition to unfair and illegal methods.**
12. **Nature study and conservation in all schools.**
13. **Cooperation with similar agencies, and with state and government.**
14. **Militant education to the needs and benefits of League objects.**

Right to left—Governor W. J. Holloway of Oklahoma signing the Fish and Game Commission bill that takes the Commission out of politics; Rep. R. H. Stanly; Chairman James Dyer of the House Committee on Fish and Game; Senator Gid Graham; Chairman Ira A. Hill, of the Senate Committee on Fish and Game; S. H. Harris, Chairman of the Oklahoma State Fish and Game Commission.

Oklahoma Locks the Door

By JUDGE FRANK B. BURFORD

WALTONISM in Oklahoma is happy. We are watching the dawning of a new day. Out in the "short grass" and the "Panhandle" the prairie chickens are clucking with a new delight and the old buffalo bull leader of the State herd lifts his head with added pride. Down along the Red river, Bob White adds new lustiness to his call. Over in the headwaters of Spavinaw, the bass breast the current with a new vim and down in the Kiamichi the squirrels frisk more gaily and the turkeys gobble with greater satisfaction than ever before.

All through Oklahoma Waltonians are smiling. Governor W. J. Holloway has signed the new Fish and Game Commission bill.

Only in those smoke-filled rooms where gather those who feed at the political trough are there frowns, and in the homes of the few political game rangers—dismay.

There have been bright days before. When dear old Uncle Billy Tipton, now gone to his great reward, organized the first Izaak Walton Chapter in Oklahoma, down in Westville, in 1922, a dawning in the cause of Conservation began.

As Earl Stapleton and his helpers pushed the new League to 103 Chapters before the first Medicine Park meet that sun shone clearly.

When Stapleton captained the hosts that won to victory in the fight for the first game commission bill, Waltonians thought they stood in the noontime of a perfect day, but darkness was coming on. Because of strong opposition to a limitation of the executive power, the provisions for removal of the Commissioners for cause, only, was stricken from the bill. The Commission appointed under it, led by Sam L. Morley, President of the Oklahoma State Division of the League, met with little political interference, but as time went on, the plums were too sweet to be neglected. Another administration came on—a new Commission was appointed. The politicians began their pressure. Governor Johnston himself could not resist the demand that even the Warden render political service. Subject always to constant removal, the Commissioners and officials, whether they willed it or not, were the objects and the victims of political pressure.

Not that all the good work was stopped. The program went ahead in spite of difficulties, but morale was lowered and enthusiasm lessened. Night was coming on, and then came the awakening.

The League and the Commission united behind a bill providing for broad administrative powers and for entire control of fish and game funds by the Commission, for six year terms for the Commissioners, one to be appointed every two years and removable only *by impeachment or by trial in court for cause.* House Bill 261, which the Governor signed, gives the Fish and Game Commission the right of eminent domain. They now have the right to condemn lands for fish hatchery purposes, game preserves, et cetera. Heretofore the Walton Leaguers were compelled to abandon favorable sites because they could not be obtained for anything like their real value. The bill also outlined more fully the duties of the commissioners.

The bill was presented to the House by Representatives Moon and Dyer. Speaker Nance opened the discussion by reading an earnest appeal from many of his constituents. The League Chapters and members poured in their appeals by letter, by telephone and by wire. The friends of the measure rallied and the bill passed the House without a dissenting vote.

Chairman Ira Hill, of the Committee on Fish and Game, brought the bill to the attention of the Senate.

Chairman Harris, of the Fish and Game Commission—that Grand Old Man of Conservation in Oklahoma—and his associates worked with a will. The League put its shoulder to the wheel, and the Senate, too, cast not a dissenting vote.

Then the bill went to the Governor.

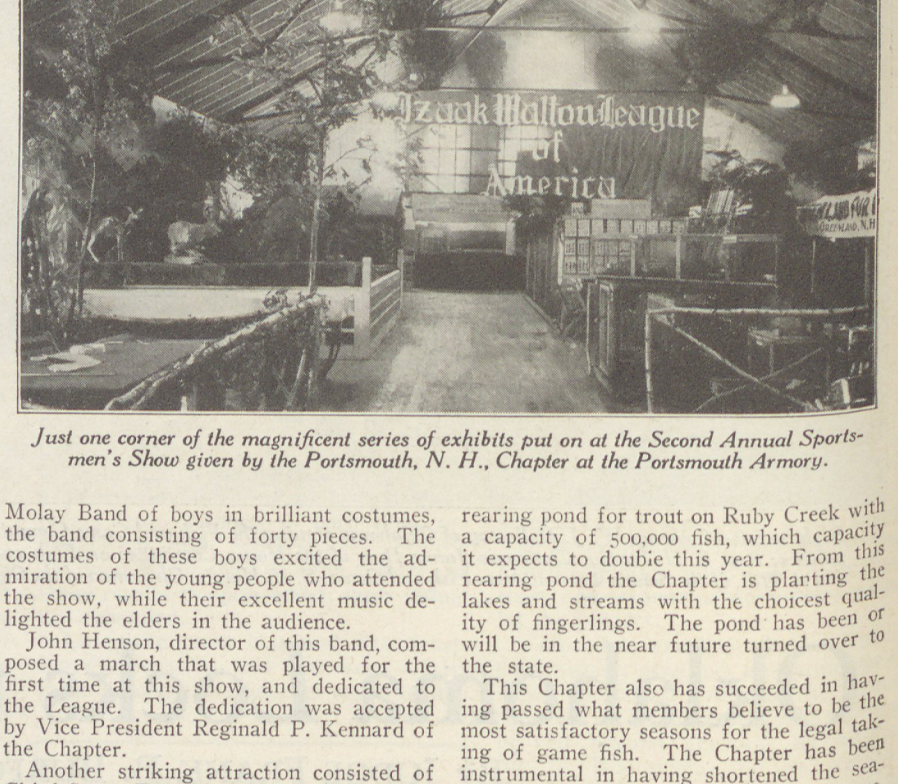
It takes a strong man, indeed, fully conscious of the public welfare, to limit his own power voluntarily in order to promote the public good. Governor W. J. Holloway is that kind of a man. Indeed, without his influence, the bill might have failed. Gladly, smilingly, he took in hand the quill of a mighty golden eagle and affixed his name to the bill, and every Waltonian loves and respects him for so doing. Then he

(Continued on page 38)

Waltonian Activities

News of Izaak Walton League Chapters

Portsmouth Chapter Put on a Remarkable Wild Life Show



Just one corner of the magnificent series of exhibits put on at the Second Annual Sportsmen's Show given by the Portsmouth, N. H., Chapter at the Portsmouth Armory.

THOUSANDS of people of New Hampshire, although attuned to nature by their own magnificent outdoor surroundings, flocked into the State Armory at Portsmouth, N. H., where the early Spring brought the Second Annual Sportsmen's Show, produced under the auspices of the Portsmouth Chapter, No. 23, of the Izaak Walton League of America.

Not only thousands of New Hampshire people patronized the show, but hundreds from the surrounding states came to see the magnificent specimens of wild life which this remarkable exhibit brought together.

Among the specimens were bear, raccoons, mink, rabbits, pheasants, turkeys, ducks, and fish of various kinds.

Among the most remarkable features of the exhibit and the various entertainments that were given in connection with the show, were the educational features that were conducted for the purpose of giving to the people of New Hampshire an insight into what can be done in restoring nature to former conditions through the works of mankind.

From the welcoming address given by the Mayor of Portsmouth, the Hon. Ferdinando W. Hartford, who was introduced by Mott L. Bartlett, Commissioner of the Fish and Game Department of the state of New Hampshire, down to the merest quips of music that filled in interims between a splendid musical program, the entire burden of the show was educational.

However, attention was paid also to unique features and in this respect the show committee certainly presented entertainment that was original, pleasing and in many respects decidedly unusual.

Foremost among the unexpected features was the presence of "Mellie" Dunham, better known as Henry Ford's famous fiddler from Norway, Maine. He proved a splendid entertainer and a wonderful drawing card.

Possibly next to him in the musical features was the interest shown in the De-Molay Band of boys in brilliant costumes, the band consisting of forty pieces. The costumes of these boys excited the admiration of the young people who attended the show, while their excellent music delighted the elders in the audience.

John Henson, director of this band, composed a march that was played for the first time at this show, and dedicated to the League. The dedication was accepted by Vice President Reginald P. Kennard of the Chapter.

Another striking attraction consisted of Chief Susep Tomekin, and members of the Penobscot Tribe of Indians of Maine. The Chief gave a demonstration of building a birch bark canoe as it was built in the days of our forefathers by Indians, using only the primitive tools known to them at that time.

Another striking figure was V. E. Lynch of Ashland, Maine, who is counted as Maine's most famous guide, hunter, trapper and author of books on outdoor life.

Splendid exhibits were installed by not only the New Hampshire Fish & Game Department, but by Nova Scotia. The New Hampshire exhibit was classed as really wonderful, comprising a scene which was a replica of a log cabin and camp in the White Mountains and had a background of mountains through which an artificial waterfall or cascade fell and passed on into a brook bordered by trees and green moss, the brook being filled with large adult trout. Major Bowman and assistants from Commissioner Bartlett's Department designed this artistic exhibit.

Waltonism certainly received a tremendous spurt through this magnificent exhibit.

IDAHOANS AFTER COYOTES

Sandpoint Chapter Protects Deer and Plans for More Fish

Working in conjunction with the sportsmen of the adjoining county the Sandpoint, Idaho, Chapter of the Izaak Walton League has established and equipped a rearing pond for trout on Ruby Creek with a capacity of 500,000 fish, which capacity it expects to double this year. From this rearing pond the Chapter is planting the lakes and streams with the choicest quality of fingerlings. The pond has been or will be in the near future turned over to the state.

This Chapter also has succeeded in having passed what members believe to be the most satisfactory seasons for the legal taking of game fish. The Chapter has been instrumental in having shortened the season for the hunting of ruffed grouse, which bird, by the way, was being badly decimated by disease and unfavorable hatching conditions.

Doing all in their power, both as individuals and as a Chapter to protect the deer and making systematic efforts to eradicate the coyotes, cougars and other predatory animals and birds, Chapter members have been making a real Waltonian record of achievements. The Chapter now is laying plans to close a portion of our streams, thereby making permanent rearing grounds for trout.

Fosters Game Refuges

During the past three years the Cushing, Okla., Chapter has reared and planted in Lake Cushing 75,000 black bass averaging six inches. The anglers now have a wonderful fishing hole of 400 acres. Rearing ponds cover two acres. This Chapter also has established 800 acres for four game refuges; cleared three miles of stream from oil pollution; planted elms, cedars and pecans; rendered aid to Boy Scouts and conducted essay contests in schools.

Glenns Ferry, Idaho, Chapter has impounded one acre for the purpose of fish rearing. It was done by building small dams in the neighboring river. The Chapter has stocked the place with 200,000 Trout; established 20,000 acres for two game refuges and it put on winter game and bird feeding campaigns.

Dam Gives Florida Chapter Long Sought Fish Rearing Ponds

Above at left, illustration shows one view of the private fish hatchery turned over by Mr. J. D. Smith, Pres., of the Marianna, Fla., Chapter, this view showing where the water is let out on the far end of a dam, the outlet being double-screened with so fine a mesh that small fish cannot escape. Upper right, a view of the Chipola river near the hatchery. Lower left shows the inlet to the main water, the inlet being controlled by a ditch 300 yards long with gates so that the stream can be turned on or off at will. Insert at center shows the Chipola river near the hatchery at a normal stage of water. Oval at the bottom shows a point at the middle of the hatchery.

FISH where fish could not live. Nature has been restored in at least one place in Florida through the generosity and sportsmanship of a citizen and the nearby Izaak Walton chapter profits accordingly. J. D. Smith, President of the Marianna, Fla., Chapter of the League, has established a private fish hatchery on his own lands, resulting in the propagation of many valuable fish. The lands, timber and cut-over, are situated among a chain of cypress ponds and wet lands. The small lakes generally have fish in them, but the lakes go dry during long arid spells and the fish are destroyed.

Mr. Smith ditched a running stream through his land, and dammed up the overflow, filling the fish-raising sites with fresh water the year around, and covering the vast acreage of wet lands that never could be used for other purposes.

Last year he planted about 500 large fish in the lakes, which, he said, thrived as they had no enemies to interfere with the monthly spawning during that season of the year. One thousand black bass fingerlings were raised successfully, so that now, about a year from the start of the "hatchery," the place has become filled with varieties of choice fresh water fish.

Those who have visited this wild life promotion claim that it is wonderful to see the stock of fish that has been propagated in these waters so quickly, for already it has become one of the best fresh water fishing grounds found in Florida. This hatchery has been turned over to the Florida Division of the League by Mr. Smith.

Mr. Smith is now fencing several thousands of acres of timber lands for a breeding ground or game refuge which will be turned over to the Izaak Walton League.

OKLAHOMA STATE CONVENTION
Muskogee, May 20 and 21.

WASHINGTON STATE CONVENTION
Spokane, May 16 and 17.

SOUTH DAKOTA CONVENTION
at Brookings, June 19 and 20.

MINNESOTA STATE CONVENTION
at Duluth, June 21-22.

NEBRASKA CONVENTION
July 4, 5 and 6 at So. Sioux City, on Crystal Lake.

Chapter Bands Ducks

Cooperating with the Biological Survey of the U. S. Department of Agriculture, various members of the Lakes Andes, S. D., Chapter have erected a duck trapping station for the purpose of catching and banding wild ducks.

The boys working under a federal license granted to the President of the Lake Andes Chapter banded six drake mallards and one pintail. The crew consisted of Warden Allgier, Merle and Harry Thompson, and J. W. Cluett.

The leg band is aluminum and upon each one in small type is inscribed "Notify U. S. Bio. Survey, Washington, D. C.," with the serial number printed below.

Omahans Feed Ducks

Izaak Walton members of Omaha, Neb., Chapter have taken first steps for the feeding of ducks and other birds at Carter Lake. City Commissioner Joseph Hummel, of Omaha, plans to erect three large feeding rafts where the feathery creatures can eat a la cafeteria. Until the rafts are built corn is being thrown on the shores. The few ducks at Carter Lake were frightened and flew away when the first feeding was started.

Joseph, Ore., Chapter reports having planted a few trees for decorative purposes; stopped 15 miles of stream from pollution by campers and barn yards; set aside a spawning area and closed 50 miles for nursery streams; put on game and bird feeding contests and planted food and cover for game.

Pittsfield Secures "Wild Acres" as a Sanctuary

By CLAY PERRY

President, Pittsfield, Mass., Chapter, I. W. L. A.

Top picture—View of lake and woods in Wild Acres-Walton Sanctuary of 83 Acres just secured by the Pittsfield, Mass., chapter. Below at left, view of Shaker Lake and at right, Klahowya cabin, one of the buildings already established in the sanctuary.

THE Pittsfield, Mass., chapter of the Izaak Walton League of America is reveling, during these mid-summer days, in its wildwood home which was unexpectedly turned over to the chapter April 1, 1929. It has been named Wild Acres-Walton Sanctuary.

It is a private estate of 83 acres, situated within the limits of the "Heart of the Berkshire Hills," as the city is known, including two lakes, two large log cabins, several brooks and springs, and all a heavily wooded hill and dale tract of white pine, tamarack, maple, elm, ash and other deciduous trees, accessible by motor in fifteen minutes from the center of the city.

Wild Acres was old Shaker property, for many years, belonging to the gentle sect which has one of its last strongholds in the Berkshires. C. Dudley Holman, nature lover, bought it, built dams, cabins, a spring house, developed roads and kept it intact as a summer home and bird sanctuary. In January, 1928, he died. His widow, Mrs. Clementine Holman, reading of the big all-Berkshire dinner Pittsfield chapter was holding on March 6, offered it to the chapter.

One month later a lease was signed giving the chapter the use of it for one year, with renewal privilege and option of purchase at one-half the appraised value. Mrs. Holman agreed to give the other one-half if the chapter would dedicate the tract as a memorial to Mr. Holman, to be used for "typical Waltonian activities."

One week after the chapter took possession the superintendent of the Federal fish hatchery at Hartsville, Mass., nearby, inspected the property and declared the larger lake, three acres in area, a natural trout rearing pond and offered to send 50,000 trout fry to be planted there.

The next day Commissioner W. C. Adams of the state fish and game commission, inspected it and confirmed the Federal man's estimate.

The first week of possession found (1) 25 new members for the chapter; (2) a campaign to double membership; (3) preliminary plans laid to finance purchase; (4) 200 adult trout planted in the smaller lake; (5) a shipment of adult pheasants released and "shot" by a moving picture camera and (6) a gang of volunteers at work replacing broken window glass, cleaning up cabins and grounds, repairing roads and engaging a caretaker.

Picture a tanglewood fringed by a hedge of hawthorne trees, with a road winding up beside a babbling brook to a clearing and a lake which spreads the forest apart for a view of South Mountain, 850 feet above the tract, majestic white pines, rising all about, a curving drive which crosses the sturdy concrete dam of the large lake and visits "Minnewawa" cabin "Under the Pine Boughs," and "Klahowya" cabin, "Greeting and Farewell"—the chapter club-house, with capacity for seating 75 men.

Across the lake from it is Minnewawa, which will be rented to members by the week for summer camping.

Over in one corner of the tract is the white sand spring, walled in, covered with a neat log cabin, flowing 13 gallons a minute at a temperature of 42 degrees, into a water-cress covered stream outside.

Bird songs and a chorus of frogs and the wind in the trees are the only sounds to be heard—but soon, in the open meadow to the west, man-made birds will light. It is Pittsfield's new aviation field.

Visitors come, look, listen, take a deep breath—and sign a membership application card. Prominent men volunteer to help the chapter purchase the tract, a tiny, miniature wilderness within sight of the city.

Mr. Holman, naturalist, rather than sportsman, did not plant fish, or release game birds, but he builded well, better than he knew, and the large lake, which is to be named Holman Lake in his honor, fish culturists say will care for 50,000 trout a year with little artificial feeding necessary.

Fifty-two varieties of song-birds have been counted by a Federal bird census man. A host of rare wild flowers and ferns abound in the sanctuary. A flat rock offers a surface for steak fries. Pheasants will be reared in pens, in a carefully segregated corner of the tract and, later, released in one of the chapter's proposed upland game bird sanctuaries. The trout will be planted for public fishing in the Berkshire brooks. Later it is hoped to develop a Hoover bass pond.

At the April chapter meeting, when the loan of Wild Acres was announced, a house and grounds committee was appointed with George E. O'Hearn, forester, as chairman and the members of the Wild Acres-Walton Sanctuary trustees, who are: Dr. G. W. Barrett, treasurer of chapter; W. S. Wollison, second vice-president; Fred D. Retallick, state vice-president and chairman of chapter fish distribution committee; Atty. J. Arthur Baker, chairman legislative committee; A. J. Pharmer and Ralph W. Emerson; also Henry Bower, chairman membership committee; Frank E. Giddings, Jr., first vice-president; George R. Brown, chairman upland game bird sanctuaries committee, Donald C. Tucker, secretary; A. K. Sloper, chairman reforestation committee; Frank Herbst and Merle D. Graves.

CLAY PERRY was sold on Waltonism last summer when he went to investigate the fight on the Superior National Forest, to gather material for a novel on the subject of "The Wasted Wilderness," then returned home and discovered a little wilderness going to waste in his own home town and was instrumental in having it handed to the chapter as its playground and outdoor workshop for Walton accomplishments. Eastern director of American Log Rolling Association and is negotiating to hold first eastern "roleo" at Wild Acres in August; member American Forestry Association, Massachusetts Forestry Association, and author of many tales of out-of-doors. Hobby trout fishing.

Akron, O., Chapter reports the following activities:

Fish: Stocked 600,000 fish of all kinds. During 1928, stocked 50,000 mature fish in Summit County lakes, and transferred 130,000 adult fish from Lake to Summit County lakes. In cooperation with Portage Fish and Game and Lakemore Fish and Game Clubs had 800,000 blue gills placed in Lake Rockwell where they will be held until matured then stocked elsewhere. Set aside 2,000 acres for 10 different spawning areas.

Orman Dam to Become Black Bass Fishing Resort

By R. L. RIPPLE
Superintendent of Fisheries of South Dakota

GETTING rid of an immense supply of carp so that the body of water created through the establishment of Orman Dam, near Belle Fourche, S. D., could be stocked with large mouth black bass, was a problem undertaken during the last season by the South Dakota Game & Fish Commission of which Mr. Fred H. Hildebrandt of Watertown is Chairman, and O. H. Johnson, of Pierre, is Director.

It is said that there is a shore-line of some 63 miles around this great artificial lake and the depth claimed through the deeper parts is 58 feet.

Ever since coming to South Dakota a year ago I have wondered why such a large body of water should not be providing fishing in the way of one or more varieties of lake fishes adapted to a lake of this kind. Nothing could fit in better in the vicinity of the Black Hills district than to have lake fishing combined with stream fishing to add spice to the latter, since you realize, of course, that the streams of the Black Hills are famous for trout fishing.

It has soaked into my hide, after spending some 34 years in fisheries work, that the black bass would find a most congenial home in that body of water, especially with the introduction of necessary vegetation, a feature that is altogether lacking at this time. No one will deny such a noble producer of fish-life as the black bass, which are nest building fish that bring off great hatches of their kind and protect the young for a long period of time after hatching—where conditions are right for such protection when they can make their home in a body of water much to themselves, especially in a body of water where natural enemies in the fish family are lacking in numbers.

My first job and a big one was to curtail the numbers of carp that had their introduction from the Belle Fourche river. These carp had multiplied for years in Orman Dam, unmolested of course, but since their natural food as vegetation was lacking they survived under adverse conditions and with a new crop hatched every season in this lake or dam their numbers became very great.

The work of thinning out the carp was accomplished with the use of over a mile of seine drawn at a time and this seine was 30 feet deep. This seining operation was of a very large order and since the waters of the dam were lowered for the repairing of the dam proper, there remained but 1,200 acres toward the last of our operations to seine. So that while the water was down to the above stated extent we were able to do a real job of netting out the carp. An instance was one haul of the seine that gave us 167,000 pounds of those half starved carp. In all a total of more than 900,000 carp were removed.

The aim now is to introduce the large mouth black bass and a start along that line will no doubt be a part of our program the coming summer at the time our State black bass propagation ponds will be producing such fish in the large fingerling size for stocking public waters.

Possibly we may introduce necessary vegetation among the bays of the lake for the protection of young bass, as they multiply there in years to come, also the vegetation is where nature brings forth the first food of young bass, in the way of water-bug life.

Some things will have to be determined as time goes on, for instance the possible lowering of the water for irrigation purposes at the time adult bass would be on their nests, etc. However, after going over matters in more ways than one with people who know conditions throughout the year and harking back to my experience in fisheries work, I hold out great hope that Orman Dam may some day be known as a black bass fishing water of the first order.

The black bass is the one principal fish and I believe only variety of fish that will take hold in that lake and provide real fishing such as black bass do wherever they find conditions right. Any suitable water used as dammed back waters are found real bass waters because, in most instances, such dammed waters do not contain so many other varieties of fish that are detrimental to young bass.

It cannot be expected that the work of getting black bass in that lake to the point where real fishing will prevail, can be accomplished in a year's time, or possibly several years' time in so large a body of water. However, this work started at this time will be a move along the right direction and I am very willing to let time tell the story.

Adult black bass will in time make use of the young of rough fish as a food supply and that will be the means of curtailing the numbers of any rough fish, such as carp, etc., that may remain in the lake or dam.

In fact, we found quite a number of small mouth black bass there during our seining operations that were in elegant condition of flesh, but they have not multiplied to any great extent, owing to the fact that the dam or lake is not the proper nesting grounds of the small mouth bass. This fish spawns and nests on gravel, whereas the large mouth black bass nests on low growing vegetation, old chips or most anything they find that they can use above the mud bottom of the lake proper.

I have high regard for the body of water for the things I have set out to do to make some use of the lake as a fishing ground, for if artificial lakes can be made such, here is one so vast that it is surely worth attention.

HERE *IS* PROOF!

Cushing, Okla., Tells a Fish Tale and "Shows 'Em" It's True

W. I. Usher, President of the Cushing, Okla., Chapter, rises up in all the majesty of a proud fisherman and proves by power of the lens that Oklahoma, supposedly an oil-polluted and sand-coated state, is capable of producing 5¼ pound black bass.

President Usher sends forward to National Headquarters of the League a photograph which shows Pete Peterson, Cushing, with a proud grin on his face, holding up a black bass which they declare weighed 5¼ pounds.

President Usher also points out that the Cushing Chapter is planting in Lake Cushing something like 75,000 black bass averaging six inches in length and soon can offer to the public a wonderful fishing hole of 400 acres.

TOWN, 400, MAKES RECORD

New London, Minn., Chapter Raises Lake Level and Stocks It

New London, Minn., has population of 400 and maintains a chapter of 70 members. They cleaned up the town dumping ground and converted it into a bass pond, 200x80. Twenty-two brood stock were placed in the pool, from which 25,000 healthy black bass were stocked during the fall of 1928. They also stocked 350,000 fry furnished by the state.

In addition they established a 7680-acre game refuge; raised the lake level and re-established old spawning grounds; conducted a predatory bird and animal control campaign; held a dog derby offering $35 in prizes and sponsored Boy Scout Troop.

Tradewater, Ky., Chapter members stocked 500 crappie and 200 large mouth bass, 400 quail, 50 pheasants and established a 1200-acre game refuge. They also put on winter game and bird feeding campaign.

Williamstown, Ky., Chapter members stocked 52 Mexican quail. Farmers owning the land signed for five years not to allow hunting of any kind. Quail have plenty of cover and feed, with plenty of native quail to start with. The Chapter also established a 1700-acre game refuge, conducted winter game and bird feeding campaigns and planted cover and food for game.

Pen Argyl, Pa., Chapter members planted 3000 white pine trees, stocked 48 rabbits and put on winter game and bird feeding campaigns.

Chapter Activities

MISSION AIDS LEAGUE

Fr. Schuster of Sisseton, S. D., Is Active in Waltonian Projects

Up in South Dakota a remarkable work is being performed by the Izaak Walton League Chapter at Sisseton, through the aggressive efforts of Father Schuster, who is in charge of a mission working among the Indians in the near-by reservation.

Father Schuster is winning over the boys to a junior form of Waltonism, inspiring them with a love of all that is produced by nature and educating them to develop themselves into full fledged Waltonians when their work as juniors has been completed through their arriving at adult chapter age.

Recently the Sisseton Chapter, aided by the boys working under direction of Father Schuster, put on a bird house contest that brought an immense crowd from outside Sisseton to the show, as well as arousing the interest of all of the people of Sisseton.

Fifty entries were made in the bird house contest by the youngsters, who exhibited many examples of real skill in construction. Prize winners in the grades were as follows:

Carmen Dale, 1st.
Forrest Larrabee, 2nd.
Edward Fonder, 3rd.

In the high school contest Lloyd Twitero won first; Clara Tystad, second; Howard Eagen, third.

Prizes were donated by local merchants and an entertaining program kept the interest at a high ebb throughout the evening.

View of bird houses and group of school contestants at Sisseton, S. D., entered in the bird house contest inaugurated by the Izaak Walton League Chapter at Sisseton.

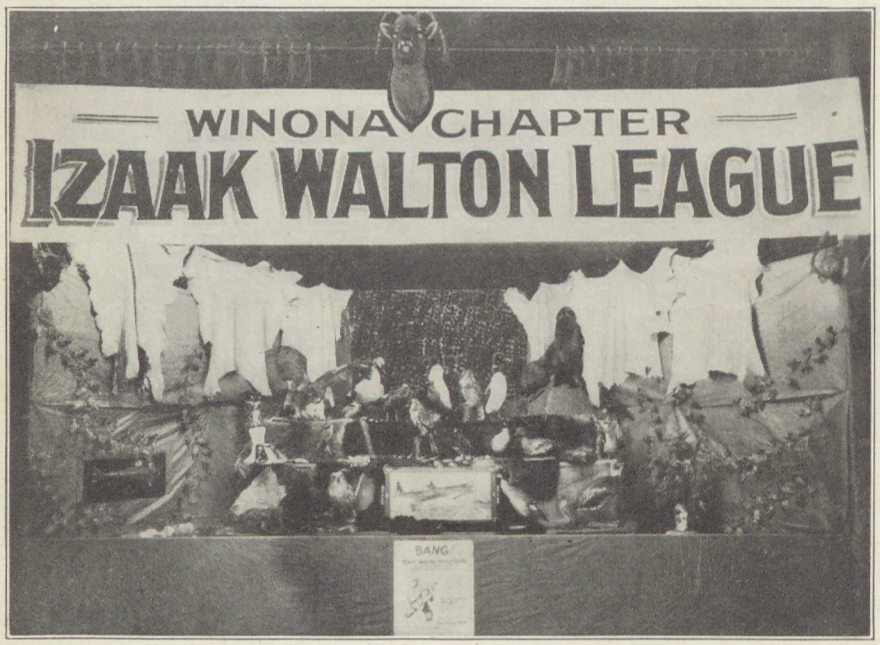
WINONANS AT SHOW

Hold Exhibit of Wild Life at Boy Scout Merit Exposition

One of the most interesting events of the early Spring was the annual Boy Scout Merit Badge Exposition held at Winona, Minn., in March. The Winona Chapter of the Izaak Walton League is a prime mover in this annual event and aided in making it a record success.

More than 1,000 of the Boy Scouts participated in this exposition. They came from all points in Southeastern Minnesota and showed a decided interest in the awards that were earned by members during the preceding year.

The Winona Chapter booth was a decidedly interesting part of the exhibit, as a splendid exhibit of wild life, birds and animals was set up. R. M. Rutherford, Secretary-Treasurer of the Winona Chapter, reports that the booth had the result of producing a fine list of new members, and exciting increased interest in Waltonism in this locality where Waltonism normally is exceptionally strong.



Above is an illustration showing the exhibit of birds and other forms of wild life set up by Winona Chapter of the Izaak Walton League at the Annual Boy Scout Merit Badge Exposition held at Winona in March. Photo by courtesy of Cutler's Studio, Winona.

Other Chapters' Doings

Royal Gorge, Colo.—Fish: Stocked 50,000 Loch Leven trout. Built rearing pond at Parkdale 28 by 80 feet. Had state aid. Plan to raise Lock Leven trout with an annual production of 50,000. Cost of project was $600 borne by members and funds raised by subscription.

Refuges: Set aside game preserve by connecting Royal Gorge preserve and Newlan Creek preserve by annexing strip.

Waters: Working on Arkansas River pollution caused from smelters at Leadville. Affects the river for 150 miles.

Orlando, Fla.—Fish: Responsible for building two rearing ponds. Annual production 300,000 bass. No cost. Plenty of food in lake. Responsible for setting aside nursery waters. Two nursery streams closed.

Game: Stocked about 30 quail. Established 1,000 acre game refuge.

Miami, Fla.—Game: Stocked 24 pheasants; 100 Bob White quail.

Refuge: Established over 600 sq. mi. for 4 game refuges.

Misc.: Winter game and bird feeding campaigns. Aid to Scouts.

Avery, Idaho.—Waters: Responsible for clearing 45 miles of streams of pollution from crude oil.

Fish: Set aside 50 miles of streams for nursery purposes.

Misc.: Winter game and bird feeding campaigns. Planted food or cover for game.

Oklahoma Locks the Door

(Continued from page 33)

followed it by appointing S. H. Harris, T. C. Chapman and Joseph Constant—all longtime enthusiastic Waltonians, as Commissioners.

So the sun is shining again in Oklahoma. Waltonians see the vision of a happy, useful co-operation between a non-political Commission and a newly enthused League leading to clear waters and singing reels, to free green playgrounds, to quail and turkey whirring amid the autumn leaves, and above all to happy boys and girls, eyes sparkling with the lure of the chase, filled with that unselfish sportsmanship that always makes for better men and women—those better Americans for which the Izaak Walton League so earnestly hopes and strives.

What's What and How

By SETH E. GORDON
Conservation Director, Izaak Walton League of America

Each chapter is entitled to one free copy of the League's Fish Rearing Bulletin. Do you want it?

MISSOURI SELLS BASS!

1. Here's an ad from a recent issue of the St. Louis Globe-Democrat offering bass for sale. Does Missouri law allow the sale of these fish? It hardly seems possible that the home state of Senator Hawes, the sponsor of the federal law to prohibit the sale of black bass, would allow the sale of these wonderful game fish.—A. E. R., Illinois.

YES, I am sorry to say that upon checking up I find that Missouri does allow the sale of bass taken in the waters of other states, but does not allow the sale of her own bass. When I failed to include Missouri in the list given in this department several months ago I was not aware that this state was among the few still legally allowing such traffic.

Can't Stop Bootleggers

I am informed that the wardens are trying to check up on the markets, but it is difficult to stop the bass bootleggers when they have a legal right to sell bass taken in neighboring states.

From what I learn, most of the bass coming into the St. Louis markets are taken in Reelfoot Lake in Tennessee and in Florida, but chances are that many of them are netted in Illinois and Missouri waters.

What I can't understand is why these fish dealers insist upon selling bass caught in other states when their own state will not allow the sale of bass caught there. One would think they would be ashamed to engage in such questionable traffic for the profit involved. I'll admit that at 45c per pound somebody is getting quite a profit.

These fish dealers are their own worst enemies. Such disregard for moral rights always brings about drastic laws. Some day they will wake up! The trouncing handed the saloon-keepers should be ample warning.

SPEED OF BIRDS

2. Have you any statistics showing the flight speed of birds? I had an idea the hawk was the most swift; someone told me the wild goose was faster. My idea was the hawk flies about 97 miles per hour, and can drop about 172 feet per second. My informant claims the wild goose can fly 103 miles an hour.—P. J. O'K., Illinois.

THERE have been many arguments about the speed of birds in flight. I took your inquiry up with the U. S. Biological Survey and am informed that there is comparatively little definite information available on the subject, but they say:

"We do know that some of the hawks can probably move at a speed in excess of 125 miles an hour. The canvasback and other smaller swift-flying ducks, like the teals, make usually from 60 to 75 miles an hour, but can probably fly as fast as 80 to 100 miles an hour. Some of the smaller gulls can make at least 50 miles an hour, but the smaller land birds usually do not move faster than 25 to 40 miles per hour.

"The humming bird can make at least 60 miles per hour. The fastest birds are in all probability the swifts, and two of the Indian species of this group have been timed accurately up to more than 200 miles per hour. Our own white-throated swift and the black swift of the West are probably nearly as fast."

Mr. Reader, if you have any authentic information on this subject, please send it in.

A BASS REARING PROBLEM

3. We put fourteen smallmouth bass, weighing from two to three pounds each, in one of our rearing ponds last year. A pair of largemouth bass got in. When we came to distribute, we had three largemouth bass to one smallmouth bass; we had just 1,500 smallmouth bass and 4,500 largemouth bass. I would like to know how you account for this peculiar situation. —H. H. H., Indiana.

WHY one pair of largemouth bass produced more bass than did fourteen adult smallmouth bass is a pretty difficult question to answer. The Superintendent of the Federal hatchery at La Crosse, Wisconsin, Harry Canfield, who is in charge of fish activities on the Upper Mississippi Wild Life and Fish Refuge, says that a number of things could have happened, but that ordinarily smallmouth would spawn a little earlier than the largemouth, and that probably the temperature of the water changed rapidly, killing the eggs, or that the eggs were devoured by other fishes.

Most fish culturists hold that largemouth black bass are easier to rear, but under certain conditions smallmouth black bass do best. Much depends upon the local conditions, the water, food, vegetation, etc.

FEEDING YOUNG PHEASANTS

4. Our chapter has arranged for three hundred pheasant eggs. They are to be hatched and reared in small lots by members and farmers. What do you recommend feeding them?—J. R. K., Nebraska.

DON'T feed the little fellows a bit for the first twenty-four hours. *Then never overfeed,* but feed frequently, say every three or four hours. Don't wait until midday to start, either.

The amount of feed required depends greatly upon the insect life obtainable.

Many successful breeders feed cup custard made of two beaten eggs to a cup of milk; others prefer finely grated hard boiled egg exclusively for the first week.

Hard boiled finely grated eggs mixed with twice-baked bread or unsalted crackers run thru a food chopper but not pulverized also makes a good combination. A little clean sand added won't do any harm. Don't feed sloppy food at any time.

The second week you can safely begin adding rolled oats or fine commercial chick grains, adding more as the birds become older but never change the feed abruptly. Cottage cheese or thick clabber is always good and if available should be fed at least once daily.

By the time the chicks are two weeks old, the number of daily feeds may be reduced to three, then to two. The amount must be gauged according to the size of the birds. Never feed more than they will consume within ten to fifteen minutes.

Keep feeding receptacles scrupulously clean. Never use sour food of any kind.

As the birds grow older you can gradually change over to chick grain, then regular scratch feed.

Plenty of greens and fine grit are essential.

Fresh!
FRESH Fish and Sea Foods make Appetizing and Healthful Meals—
Most Delicious NOW at MOLL'S
WED. AND THURS. SPECIALS
FRESH CRAB MEAT.....Lb. 55c
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WE CARRY A LARGE VARIETY OF FRESH FISH EVERY DAY
MOLL'S
Delmar at DeBaliviere
"If it comes from MOLL'S it's the Best"

How much longer will we permit the sale of black bass taken from our best angling waters?

The President's Message

(Continued from page 29)

During the last week in August the Western Association of State Game Commissioners, the American Fisheries Society and the International Association of Game, Fish and Conservation Commissioners held a joint meeting at Seattle, Wash. Concurrently with this there was held a Conference of Western Sportsmen and Officials under the auspices of the Izaak Walton League of America and under the chairmanship of Mr. Thomas E. A. Lally, Western Vice-President of the League. I participated in the Conference and also spoke in behalf of the League at the joint banquet which was held in connection with the meetings.

An occasion of great interest to the League was the dedication on September 11 of a memorial to Gene Stratton-Porter at Decatur, Ind. As President of the League I was invited to deliver the address.

On November 17, the Chicago Chapter staged a banquet which was in fact a national event. The program was broadcast and was heard from Massachusetts to California. Vice-President Charles G. Dawes made the principal speech, and his words have been widely quoted.

The Year in Conservation

During the past year Mr. Stephen T. Mather, first director of the National Park Service, has retired on account of serious illness. It is our heartfelt wish that a well-earned rest may give Mr. Mather many years to enjoy the beauties of the wilderness preserved for us all by his efforts and to hear the expressions of appreciation for his work so widely voiced. The nation is fortunate in having some public servants so unselfishly devoted to the public welfare.

National Projects Adopted

By executive order, President Coolidge re-established for the protection of native birds, the Pathfinder Bird Refuge, embracing 22,700 acres on the North Platte River in central Wyoming. This refuge furnishes nesting and feeding grounds for migratory waterfowl in a region where open-water areas providing a haven for birds are scarce.

The Bear River Migratory Bird Refuge bill, which has been pending in Congress for the last two sessions, was passed and approved by President Coolidge. It provides a valuable refuge and breeding ground for migratory wild fowl. Another conservation measure approved by the president authorized the acceptance from James B. Munn, of New York City, of a gift of 488 acres in Clayton County, Iowa, to become a part of the Upper Mississippi River Wild Life and Fish Refuge.

The outstanding event of the year was undoubtedly the passage and approval of the measure involving an expenditure of $8,000,000 for a nation-wide system of migratory bird refuges.

Foreign

The members of the League should certainly be informed of the world-wide attention now being directed to the essential importance of preserving scenery and protecting natural beauties against vandalism and destruction.

Last summer the British Association for the Advancement of Science organized a conference or section on the Science of Scenery. Switzerland has a society for the protection of her mountains against defilement. Other countries have been active along similar lines. Various nations have established great game preserves in Africa. New Zealand and Australia have taken similar steps.

In short, the intelligence and conscience of the world are being awakened. Wild life is worth preserving and man is responsible for passing on to future generations something of the natural world which he has inherited from his forebears.

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Work of Chapters

Space and time are wanting to report the work of Chapters. The record given me by the Director of Conservation is imposing. Here I may cite two instances of chapter work of evident national bearing. The loss of young trout and salmon in irrigation ditches has been deplored for many years. But it was left to the Yakima (Washington) Chapter of the League to do something. That Chapter secured the introduction of a measure that led to a grant of $25,000 by Congress and the investigation of the problem by a distinguished engineer under the auspices of the U. S. Bureau of Fisheries.

Changed conditions have brought about the excessive pollution of the Mississippi River in the Minneapolis-St. Paul area. Public discussion of the matter was inaugurated by the chapters, furthered by the work of the Minnesota State division and brought to a head in the creation by the Minnesota legislature of a Metropolitan Drainage Commission. This commission has conducted a thorough survey of the situation and plans are being rapidly completed for the improvement of the river. The situation is of particular interest to the League because of its possible relation to the Upper Mississippi Wild Life Refuge established a few years ago as a result of our campaign.

Research as the Foundation of Conservation

True conservation seeks to find the proper balance between preservation and utilization without neglecting either aspect of the problem. Careful, extensive and repeated study is essential if a solid basis of fact is to be secured as a foundation for laws and practices. Scientific research affords the only firm basis for legislation and personal conduct.

Prominent among several movements toward this are the investigations of the U. S. Bureau of Fisheries and the Biological Survey to determine the facts regarding the abundance, movements and distribution of wild life; and the proposed studies of the Game Survey on the relations of game birds to practical conditions of agriculture. Even more far-reaching is, in my own opinion, the establishment by educational institutions of departments such as the School of Conservation and Forestry at the University of Michigan, the College of Fisheries at the University of Washington, Seattle, or of courses of study such as those dealing with game breeding at the State Agricultural College, Pullman, and the splendid work on aquatic biology given at Cornell University.

Unfortunately, little of this important work is being done by state departments of conservation where it should be vigorously prosecuted. The fine work done in California is a pleasing exception to the rule.

In studying the record of the past year nothing stands out more clearly than the growing influence of the League except it be the opportunity for exercising such influence in the public behalf. There is an abundance of individual support for private enterprise, but all too often a careful study of the situation shows that the public interest is not equally well represented. Public officers, even though honest and earnest, are burdened with a mass of detail and often fail to realize the ultimate outcome of a project.

Because of the lack of public protectors in the broad sense, the League is constantly called upon to look into movements of all sorts, to determine their ultimate character and in some way or other to stand for the passive but truly important general welfare.

Headquarters Executives' Work

The conviction has been growing that the League has really exceeded the reasonable limits of activity under present conditions. The officers can do no more. The staff of experts at headquarters has been working intensively, in the effort to give due attention to all of the opportunities for service. With a growing financial deficit it became

(Continued on page 70)

Let's Talk It Over—

Letters

From Over the Sea

Dear Editor:
For some time past I have not received my copies of Outdoor America.
Will you kindly let me know why.
I do not want to miss seeing the best American outdoor publication. English and American anglers have much in common, and above all we are both engaged in the great struggle to save our rivers from pollution.

R. L. MARSTON.
Editor—The Fishing Gazette, London.

It Sure Should!

Dear Editor:
I am more and more impressed with the continued growth and development of Outdoor America. The April number proves it to be in my mind, one of the best outdoor publications in the country. It should have a circulation of a quarter of a million.

WILLIAM J. ABERG.
Madison, Wisconsin.

We Thank You

Dear Editor:
I should like to go on record as saying that I am very much impressed with the May issue of Outdoor America. The John Held cover is a peach, and the book is impressive from cover to cover, and shows that there has been a great deal of thought paid to its improvement.
I am quick enough to tear anything down, so I think I ought to be as quick to praise.
Congratulations and best wishes to all responsible for this progress.

FREDERIC C. FLETCHER.
Toledo, Ohio.

Glad to Broadcast It

Dear Editor:
If Outdoor America is for Sunday fishing, why not come out in the open and say so, instead of skulking behind a story like "The Better the Day" in your last issue? Your convictions are plainly implied in that story, and I am disheartened that a conservation magazine like Outdoor America should look favorably upon the concentrated slaughter of game fish perpetrated by Sunday indulgers in the sport.

A. C. KENDRICK.
Bridgeport, Conn.

Same Here

Dear Editor:
I hope that every blue nosed defender of anti Sunday fishing laws reads "The Better the Day"—by Elmer E. Rawdon in our last issue. There's a story with a fine purpose and principle. Good luck to you.

RAYMOND CLARK.
Pittsburgh, Pa.

Appalling but True

Dear Editor:
Until I read the Superior National Forest story by Mel R. Nyman in the May issue, I didn't realize the appalling destruction of shore line and natural beauty involved in the proposed dams in that region. I must assume that the article is accurate and true and not exaggerated, yet it is difficult to believe that such deliberate waste of the people's own outdoorland can be contemplated in this government "of the people, by the people."

JOSEPH WILLIAMS.
Cincinnati, Ohio.

Step Up, Boys, and Learn

Dear Editor:
I have always maintained that when a woman is a good outdoorsman she is a "better man than I am." The view is proven by Betty Benton Patterson's camping story in the May issue. She's a real fisherman and a real sportsman. Get some more stuff from her for Outdoor America. She can teach a lot of us red-blooded men to be better sports.

JAKE WINTERS.
New York, N. Y.

About Our Contributions

HALFORD J. MORLAN, *Seductive Southern Waters,* has contributed with the utmost generosity to this magazine. He is widely known as a writer, a sportsman, a golfer and a conservationist. Space permits our only touching on his many exploits and accomplishments. He is a Founder of the Izaak Walton League, an ex-President of the League's Illinois Division, and has spoken all over America and Europe on the subject of conservation. He was for years the President of the National Amateur Casting Association, and for six years the All-Round American Champion Fly and Bait Caster, winning eleven world records out of twenty. "I am happy to believe," he says, "because I have never had any proof to the contrary, that I was the first American angler to take salmon on the dry fly. That was in Labrador where the salmon and the black flies bite with almost equal vigor."

Dr. Morlan is acclaimed the most widely traveled sportsman in the world today, having in the last few years traveled 265,000 miles abroad and in America, the last year's mileage alone totaling over the 90,000 mark. Dr. Morlan is also an enthusiastic hunter and a golfer of international authority. Incidentally, he is a splendid physical example of the wisdom of spending one's life in the outdoors. We suspect he's forty but he doesn't look it.

OUTDOOR AMERICA is fortunate to have for its cover this month a reproduction of the magnificent painting of Emerald Lake in the Canadian Rockies, by the late **Oliver Dennett Grover.** The painting was loaned to us through the courtesy of Mrs. Grover.

For more than a quarter of a century Mr. Grover was acclaimed one of America's foremost landscape painters.

He was a pupil of Frank Duveneck, probably America's greatest teacher. He was a recognized member of that notable group of painters in Venice, which included Whistler and Sargent. For years he maintained studios in Florence and Venice.

He was deeply interested in the work of the Izaak Walton League and a few years ago loaned us his magnificent painting of Upper St. Mary's, Glacier National Park, for cover reproduction, which canvas has recently been bought by the Union League Club, Chicago.

Arthur Chapman, *The Real Message of the Dude Ranch,* spent twenty-two years in the Rocky Mountain country; he was a reporter and then managing editor of the *Denver Times;* he has written innumerable stories on western life and several historical and descriptive articles on the times of Kit Carson, Slade and other frontier characters. He has an intimate knowledge of cowboys, roundups and Indian reservations. His "Out Where the West Begins" was set to music and sung by Madame Schumann Heink. He is at present special writer for the *New York Herald Tribune,* and living in Summit, N. J., we suspect he is often lonesome for his loved west.

Abner Orcutt, in *Outdoor Medicine,* gives us another story this month. It is difficult to elicit from him much information about himself. In reply to our pressing and personal inquiries, he writes, "your's truly hasn't much to say for himself, except that Tony and Rosie and Jim are all out of life, and moved across the stage of my experience. Just one thing that I do brag about and that is a never ending love for and wonder at our great outdoors. To me, the outdoors offers wealth, fun, practical religion, and medicine to every man, woman and child. If you don't believe me, next time you feel weak in spirit or dark in the mouth, take a week in the woods or on the trail with no roof but the star studded sky—you'll be cured. Try it, and if I am wrong, I give you the right now, to tell me I am a liar—but you won't be able to."

In answer to our request for personal data on **Richard V. Ageton,** *The Fishing Fool* (no rude pun intended), who makes his first appearance in OUTDOOR AMERICA this issue, he sends us the following:

Born? Yes, Hitchcock, S. Dak., 1887.

Educated? Slightly, Washington State College, Pullman, Wash.

Profession? Mining Engineer.

Married? Once, same wife, three children, all boys.

Habitat? Alaska, British Columbia, all of U. S. except New England States and Arizona.

Favorite Sports? FISHING, hunting, penny ante, "Indoor Target Practice."

Training as a Writer of Fiction? Making out "Cost Estimates"; "Geological Reports"; "Replying by Indorsement Hereon," while in the Army; and justifying "Expense Accounts."

Habits? Good and Truthful.

Believe it or not, I once caught a 42-inch Muskallonge near Ely, Minnesota, on a five ounce trout rod but that—is another story.

(Continued on page 73)

The Angler's Notebook

Written at Odd Moments

By O. W. SMITH
Angling Editor OUTDOOR AMERICA

PRELIMINARY CAST

SO this is June, June the leaf-month. There are flowers, many flowers, there are birds, a great variety of birds, but it is as the month of leaves that I think of June. Just study the leafy head of some tree leaning over trout creek or bass river and discover for yourself whether or not I am right.

The Way of a Bass with a Fly

I AM a bit surprised that there are not more fly-fishers who quest bronze-back, for it is a fact that under proper conditions either species of black bass are good fly-fish. Naturally when any fish is feeding deep, and bass do at times feed upon the bottom, there is little or no use casting a fuzzy-wuzzy lure. Oh, a heavily shotted fly, trailed deep, will win a few fish; but after all, what is that but a species of trolling? In what way is it more enjoyable than trolling with a spoon, more sportsmanlike than Simon-pure live-bait fishing?

There seems to be a pretty well grounded belief in some sections that the largemouth is a better fly-fish than is his cousin, the smallmouth, but to my way of thinking all depends upon the environment, the feeding habits of a given locality. I have had smallmouth rise freely on a great number of widely separated streams, and I have had them refuse to rise in others; and were I to form my conclusions from either group of waters I would arrive at opposite opinions. How do I know, however, that under different atmospheric and water conditions the conditions might not be reversed? Today I am inclined to say that one species is as freely inclined to a fly-diet as is the other.

As intimated in the first paragraph, the angler must find the bass surface-feeding in order to enjoy real sport with artificial flies. Early in the morning, when you hear them splashing, back along the weed-beds or close in shore, be assured that an adroitly placed fly will not be disregarded. I am coming to think that more depends upon the manner of presentment than upon the color or tying of the artificial fly. The rise of the fish is not usually sudden and tempestuous as is that of the rainbow trout, in spite of the fact that they ordinarily "smash" at a plug. Oh, of course, there are exceptions to the rule, as there are rainbow now and then which hesitate before rising.

There is a difference between river fish and lake fish in their way of taking, whether they are smallmouth or largemouth. The river fish, especially if fish of rapid water, are much quicker, more positive in their rises than are fish of lakes. That is to be expected, if you think a bit. River fish are naturally more active, being compelled to fight currents all the time in their seeking of food. All else being equal, forever commend me to a small, wadeable bass stream, one which I can wade with ease and fish both banks. It is the swift current of the upper Mississippi and St. Croix rivers which makes their smallmouth fishing a sort of ichthyic institution. It is the river we have to thank for the acrobatic fish. Instead of talking about the bass of the upper Mississippi, we should talk about the upper Mississippi bass.

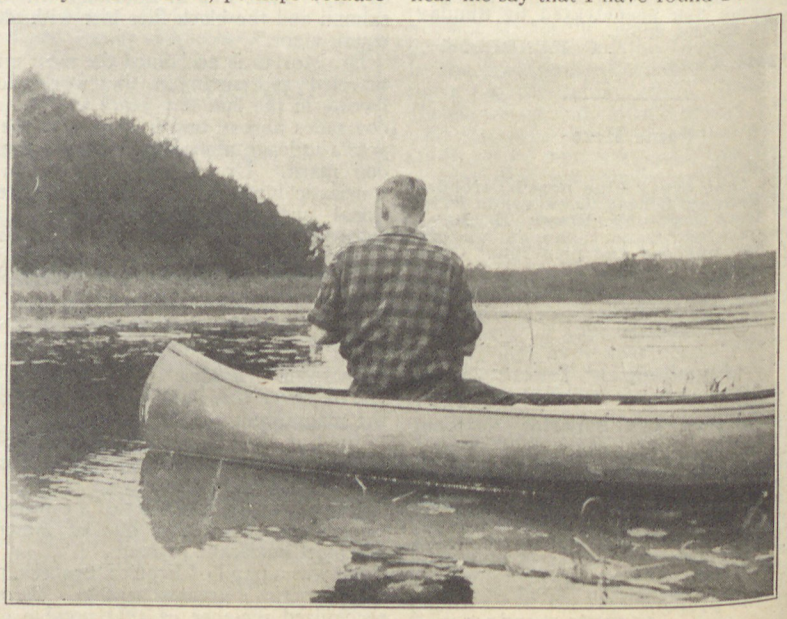
I remember some years ago fishing the Chippewa river above Durand, Wisconsin, a half mile or so below the mouth of Red Cedar river. There the east bank of the river was solid rock and off underneath the ledges the current had torn out great holes into which the water rushed with many a snarl and gurgle. I never could decide whether the hilarious gurgles or the angry snarls had the best of it, for there always seemed to be a war between them. Now off under those ledges, where the current and counter currents rushed 'round and 'round, many smallmouth were in the habit of hanging out. Plug fishermen, live-baiters too, were in the habit of visiting those rocks; but insofar as I know, I was the only fisherman to use artificial flies. I early discovered that a large, flamboyant fly, dropped into the water and allowed to trail back under those rocks, was sure to be taken. It was not fly-casting, per se, for I could not follow the feathers with my eye, neither could I see the fish take.

Which suggests a couple of things. First, are bass inclined to take a surface fly, a dry-fly, if you please? I have actually fished for bass with dry-flies, the theatre of my experiments always being lake shores, the hours from dusk to dark, or early in the morning. Just the same I am inclined to the conviction that the surface fly is not generally as remunerative as the one allowed to sink four or five inches before retrieving. When my fly touches the water and the bass comes with a rush on the impact, it is always a matter of surprise to me: they seldom do it, perhaps because the fly does not make enough commotion on the surface. We all know that a bass is pretty apt to strike with a smash an instant after the disturbing "plug" hits the water with a resounding splash.

Which brings up the second thing I have in mind. The small fly is not nearly so attractive as is the large one. I have come to the employment of a large brown and gray bucktail, tied with long trailing hairs, as Emerson Hough used to fashion his wonderful trout flies. Such a fly, dropped in among the weeds, or just off a bed of lily-pads, and allowed to sink for five inches or thereabouts before retrieving, if retrieved in a jerking, hesitating manner, is sure to stir any surface-feeding bronze-back, whether he be a lake-dweller or a river-denizen. The bucktail is a good lake lure, especially if tied with a tag of red, the hairs long and trailing.

I have made quite a study of flies for bass. Ten years ago I could have told you without an instant's hesitation the three most taking patterns. I am far from being cocksure today, indeed, I am not altogether sure there is any "best fly." I am more of an osteopath, or perhaps I should say chiropractor, than I am a regular practitioner these days. I think understanding and manipulation play a larger part in the success of a fly than do the color of the feathers or its form. I know this, a good caster, one who knows the ways of fish and how to handle the fuzzie wuzzies to tickle the fancy of bass, will take more fish with an ungainly, nondescript fly, than will the angler who depends wholly upon pattern and uses only perfectly fashioned flies.

All of which is not saying that I do not like and use the best of flies when I can get them, for I do; but I am coming to depend more upon my skill with the rod and line than upon my flies. The bass fly-fisherman who sends his flies out and waits for the feathers to do it all will not be apt to fill his creel too quickly. It may surprise some of the bass fans who use flies, to hear me say that I have found Parmachene



A caster intent on his job. Can't you just hear his reel?

Bell and Royal Coachman both good flies, with the edge I suspect in favor of the first named. Now neither of those artificials in anywise resembles a natural insect. I have found Brown Hackles good, especially on lakes, and here you have again the outstanding hairs. The commotion making fly is my best bet, especially for lake fishing.

On the rapid stream, especially where the fish are in the habit of feeding on natural insects to some extent, the flies do not need to be so large; though I suspect that day in and day out the large flies will be found more attractive. Even salmon flies, Jock Scott and that ilk, will take their meed of bronze-backs when regular patterns—bass patterns—fail. Always, of course, the flies must be properly placed, and I am thinking now of placing them where the fish hang out. While a fly cast any old place may once and again take a bass, it will be an adventitious fish.

I have found casting off under leaning trees, trees whose branches sweep the water, while hazardous, mighty remunerative. Of course, bass are back under those trailing branches in quest of insects, and when a medium to small fly comes dancing down with the current, or is cast to strike just at the edge of the tangle, he is not going to question long regarding its edibility. It appears where insects and bugs of various sorts have been dropping in from the branches, therefore the counterfeit presentment must also be a fly or bug of some sort. A hungry bass is seldom inclined to ask about variety anyhow. All is grist that comes to his mill.

I had a rather remarkable experience some years ago, an experience which knocked all my preconceived notions into the proverbial cocked hat. Bill Dilg, in conjunction with Dr. Henshall—though I do not know that the good doctor did anything toward the matter but lend his name—got out a series or set of flies, and running out of famous fishermen to name them after, Bill asked to name one in my honor, calling it, if I remember correctly, "O. W. Smith's Choice."

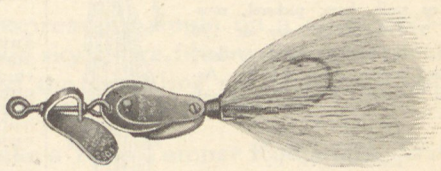
There was more reason than rime in it, too, for I have long had a predilection for black and white in all sorts and varieties of lure, and this fly was made of black and white buck-tail. Didn't look like anything in earth, sea or air that I have ever come across. Pulled through the water it looked for all the world like a miniature skunk. (Another reason, perhaps, why it was named in my honor!)

Now, the strange thing about the whole matter is, that time and again I have found the black and white fly a bass killer, in bass size. Up to the time of its appearance I was considerable of a formalist, demanding that my artificials be tied to represent some known insect or fly; but after the black and white went on the water and took bronze-backs when my perfectly patterned flies refused to attract a fin, I came to the conclusion that pattern was an overworked fetish.

After all, who will say without fear of contradiction, without fear that some experience to-morrow will cause him to change his mind, that thus and so is always true of bass fishing with a fly. The way of a bass with a fly is not the way of a man with a maid. Always, just as we get some perfectly arranged theory worked out, are ready to stake our reputations upon it, along comes an experience which knocks the underpinning from beneath it, and we must start all over again. Just the same, there is no sport to compare with it. Just because of its unreliableness and uncertainty, we are the more intrigued with it.

The Man— The Big Bass— and the Lure?

"as usual—a Shimmy Wiggler"



Shimmy Wiggler $1.00. ½ or ⅝ oz. Brass or nickel finish—different colored streamers.

H. O. BASSETT, of St. Petersburg, Florida, writes us, enclosing the above photo, and says:—

"I thought you might be interested that on February 10th, on Moon Lake, near New Port Richey, about fifty miles from St. Petersburg, I hooked—and after playing and fighting about fifteen minutes—landed a fourteen pound 'Grandpa' Bass.

"I was using, as usual, a half ounce Al Foss Shimmy Wiggler, with bucktail and pork rind.

"I am sending picture of 'Grandpa' and myself. You can use this any way you like, as I am ready to 'spread the gospel.' I have always used your lures, and shall continue to."

Yes, Boys, the real old-timers—the fellows who go out in the morning and come back with fish, not "weather reports"—will tell you that Al Foss Pork Rind Minnows absotively and poso-lutely "bring home the bacon"!

Don't jeopardize the success of your trip this year by getting away without a good selection of these real, honest-to-gosh fish getters!

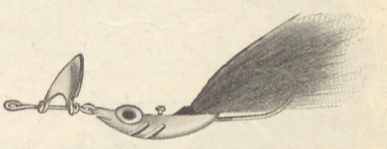
Just a word of caution: The success of the Al Foss Pork Rind Minnows has brought forth a host of imitations by men who do not have inventive ability enough to create anything themselves, nor sportsmanship enough to prevent them from copying the ideas of others. Rebuke them by not using their products.

Letters are invited from users of our lures saying frankly your experiences in different parts of the country. This is helpful in our designing work, and in helping fellow anglers select correctly among our lures in fishing new waters.

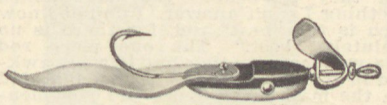
AL. FOSS

Originator, Patentee and Manufacturer of the Pork Rind Minnows

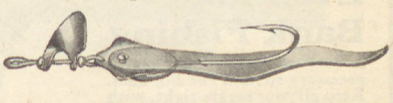
2891 East 79th Street, Cleveland, Ohio



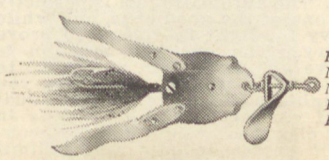
Dixie Wiggler $1.00. All brass, nickel-plated, or natural finish, if ordered. No. 13, weight ⅝ oz., 3/0 hook —different colored streamers.



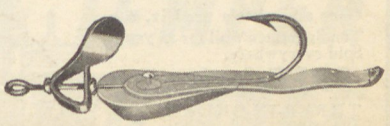
Oriental Wiggler $1.00. ½ or ⅝ oz. Black and White, Yellow and White, or Red and White.



New Egypt Wiggler 75c. Equipped with new spinner. Weight ½ oz.



Foss Frog Wiggler $1.00. No. 12—½ oz. 1/0 hook. No. 11—¾ oz. 3/0 hook. Larger hooks if ordered. Brass or nickel finish—different colored streamers.



Jazz Wiggler 50c. ½ or ⅝ oz.

MIN-NIX

WHEN a game fish sees that crab shape wobble and crawl through the water, he's going to strike. And when he does, he's hooked. Your line is taut every minute, you feel every wiggle of the Min-nix Crab. Ask your tackle shop first. If they have none, write for circulars or send your dollar.

Metal crab shown, 5/8 oz., 3 in., cast or troll, bass, pickerel, muskies, 5/0 O'Shaughnessy or 1/0 treble. Bright nickel, yellow, oxidized bronze, red and white. Assorted Bucktails. $1.00 ea. postpaid.

MIN-NIX
739 Clinton Ave. So.
Rochester, N. Y.

V.L. & A. tackle CATALOG

Spring-Summer 1929

Thousands of fishermen and campers—in all parts of the world—use V. L. & A.'s Catalog as a dependable guide for fishing tackle, outboard motors and boats, camping equipment, outdoor clothing, etc. Join them—to get the best. Save money, too. Prompt service.

Ask for Catalog No. 74-F

VON LENGERKE & ANTOINE
33 S. Wabash Ave. Chicago

Even For Bank Fishing

A rustless, free-running reel is necessary to land the big ones. Keep *all* your tackle right, with

3-in-One Oil

Guns and pistols need it, too. The Sportmen's oil for 35 years. Sold everywhere.

FREE: Sample and illustrated circulars.

THREE-IN-ONE OIL CO.
130 William St., New York

THIS question and answer service by O. W. Smith in an exceptional privilege to the readers of OUTDOOR AMERICA. Take advantage of it and ASK "OUTDOOR" SMITH

WE GET A HAND AND TWA THREE FLIES FRA A SCOTT!

Dear O. W.: Floating in the eddy just down stream from your NOTE-BOOK in the March issue you may have noticed a brief article on clear water trout angling, which—for their sins—was recently inflicted upon your readers. "Alexander son of Andrew" keenly appreciates the honor of appearing in at least one issue next door to O. W. Smith: whose quiet, canny humor and ever logical, but not too positive or boastful statements have endeared him to every thinking trout angler in this section of the trout country. Twa three troot flees, tied in Scotland by an old angling friend, are enclosed herewith, which please accept and use next summer.—A. H., N. Y.

Sir: Your letter and, as one Scott to anither, your "flees" very much appreciated. There is something about a Scott-tied fly that's different, beautifully different. Your true Scott never uses too many feathers or too much hackle! I sure do appreciate your good words, even as I enjoyed your wee bit article, and I am sure I voice the sentiments of other flymen when I say I hope you will make another cast soon.—O. W.

DOES HE IMAGINE I AM A BOOTLEGGER?

Dear O. W.: If it does not seem too personal, I would like to know what profession you practice when not fishing? Like your department very much.—C. H., Ind.

Sir: Your good letter just received via. the "Windy City." Haven't the slightest objection to telling you what my profession is, for I happen to be a Congregational minister—"when not fishing." And why not? Were not several of the Disciples fishermen? Did not Peter say, when the frightened group were all but distraught, "I go fishing"? No wonder W. C. Prime, himself a minister, seized upon the remark as a title for his inimitable book, than which nothing is more satisfactory to the appreciative fisherman. Was not Walton himself forever the companion and intimate of clergymen? The first book on Angling was written by a "prioress," a sort of female clergyman, if you please. Always angling has been closely bound up with "the cloth," and will continue to be so as long as ministers retain a bit of horse sense. Someone has said, "Cleanliness is next to godliness," which I think I could improve upon if I dared.—O. W.

A WHOLE GRIST OF QUESTIONS

Dear O. W.: You answered me so fully, and your advice was so satisfactory, I am coming again to the feed-trough. I am going to get a 5½ foot caster this time, which is the best rod? Would you advise a one-piece rod? Do you consider the automatic reel satisfactory in fly-fishing? Is it the best on the market to-day?—L. F., Ill.

Sir: I appreciate your compliment. You see, when I don't know, I say so; for today one simply just can't be familiar with all the rods and reels on the market, that is impossible. My collection is as complete as the average angler's I suspect, but many high grade casters and fly-rods are not in my battery. I think you will be satisfied, fully, with a 5½ foot caster for average bait-throwing. I find it works better than the longer rod, possesses more action than the shorter. The make you mention is perfectly all right, fine, I have one; but when you ask, "Can they be beat?" you have asked something I can't answer. I do not know which is the "best" rod, for there is no absolutely "best." The one piece rod gives wonderful action but is a bit awkward in transporting. I am unacquainted with the mail-order house rod you mention, though I am sure, for the price, it will prove all right. Personally I had much rather purchase a rod from the maker direct, but that is one of my fads, I suppose. The automatic reel is perfectly all right, one of the good ones, and while a bit heavy for light fly-rods, will prove satisfactory. The one you mention is fine, I have one, but when you want to know if it "can be beat?" again you have brought up the matter of individual opinion. I can only say the reel is in the upper class. (It would help me wonderfully if correspondents would limit themselves to one or two subjects, in writing, and I would be able to give better service. It is simply impossible to cover casting, fly-fishing, live-bait fishing, etc., etc., in a single reply. Know what you want to know, and ask for one thing at a time, and I will help you if I can.—O. W.)

THE ETERNAL PIKE QUESTION

Dear O. W.: The question of the difference between 'lunge, pike and pickerel is up again. Please tell me how I can differentiate them, and for Pete's sake send me some photographs!—E. H., Minn.

Sir: I suppose the matter of the difference between the various pikes will never be satisfactorily cleared up because of the great multiplicity of common or vernacular names. Eliminate at once the wall-eye, so-called "wall-eyed pike," he is not a pike at all but a perch. Then you have in the true pike family, pickerel, muskellunge and great pike, all sailing under various names. (I should have said, "swimming.") Forget all about coloration for the nonce, though that enters in to a certain degree. Take this one anatomical difference and hold to it. When cheeks and gill-covers are fully scaled, the specimen is a pickerel. When cheeks are fully scaled and the upper half of gill-covers only, your specimen is a great pike, or great northern pike, or whatever the local name. When the upper halves of both cheeks and gill-covers only are scaled, the lower halves being devoid of armor, you have a true muskellunge. The pickerel, true pickerel, is always a small fish, seldom running over a pound or two. The confusion is between the great pike and 'lunge. In my "Book of the Pike" I go into the matter quite fully. Am sorry I can't send you photographs, but I do not possess them; anyway, I doubt if they would help as much as the above remarks. Forget all about color, remember only the scaling, "squamation," of the cheek and gill-cover.—O. W.

WHO KNOWS THE DRESSING OF THIS FLY?

Dear O. W.: Some time ago, in one of the outdoor magazines, I noticed the name of a firm, in Montana I believe, who makes the Rock Worm Fly, but I have lost the address. Do you know where I can get in touch with those folks, or where I can pick up the fly?—I. W. S., South Dakota.

Sir: Your good letter has been forwarded me for answer, and I can't answer it. Well, even the best of us are stumped now and then, and I never claimed to "know it all." I thought my lists were quite complete, but I have no Rock Worm Fly catalogued. Why not write the Webb Fly Co., Stevens Point, Wisc.?—they are fly-makers and wise fellows at that. Of course the publication of this letter will elicit the requisite information, but it will be some time before it gets into print, owing to the stacks of letters ahead. Am sorry I don't know.—O. W.

HE'S MAKING A CASTER FROM HICKORY

Dear O. W.: I am building me a hickory rod and am new at the game. Is there anything I could do to keep the hickory from setting, such as soaking in oil?—O. W. L., Wisc.

Sir: I much doubt if the treatment you suggest would prevent setting, indeed hickory is pretty certain to set if the rod be over 4½ ft. long, which is a short rod, I mean of course in long tip, short butt construction. There is no disguising the fact, hickory, though tough, is a vexatious and disappointing material. I wish you good luck, however, and you may have an exceptional piece of wood. You know of course that the wood should be cut in December or January, when the sap is entirely out of the wood. As soon as cut, the white portions of the wood should be sawn into square sticks, and immersed in fresh water from six to eight weeks. It should be allowed to thoroughly season, which requires something like a year, if I remember correctly. If you can get hold of a copy of Well's "Fly Rods and Fly Tackle," you will find considerable information therein.—O. W.

Ask "Outdoor" Smith

HE WANTS TO CATCH TROUT FOR HIS WIFE AND BABY

Dear O. W.: I have been reading your fishing stories for a long time and I sure think you must be a good fisherman, and am hoping you will help me out. Now I don't care much to eat fish, but my wife and baby are very fond of them, and though I have fished faithfully with flies I have been unable to catch any as yet. Will you please tell me what sort of flies to use, what patterns, and which spinners are the best? I want to get all the dope I can and I do want to catch trout.—J. H. W., Wyo.

Sir: It is extremely difficult to advise you in the matter of flies, for unless one knows the exact stream conditions he can not be certain of patterns. For a tentative list I would suggest, Royal Coachman, Wickham's Fancy, Brown Hackle and Black Prince. You might also have a few Pale Evening Duns, Whirling Blue Duns and Western Bees. But as I said, much depends upon your stream conditions. I gather from your letter that you are a bit inexpert with flies and it may be of some comfort to you to know that when I kicked my worm-pail into the stream and turned to flies exclusively, I fished continuously for a week before I got so I could take a fish, and then only immature, innocent minnows! It was a year before I really became expert in taking fish. There is just one way to learn to fly-fish and that is by fly-fishing. Read articles and books, yes, but keep on fishing. Watch a man who has some skill if possible. It does not matter much as to what spinner you use so long as it plays freely and is bright. Get some in nickel and some in gold, the smaller the better. I sincerely hope that you will be able to catch enough trout for that wife and baby of yours.—O. W.

HIS STURGEON REACH A 1000 POUNDS!

Dear O. W.: I notice an inquiry regarding the how of sturgeon fishing in a recent issue. Many sturgeon of the "white" variety are taken locally from the Snake river. Contrary to general opinion they are highly esteemed as food fish. They are a different species from the European sturgeon, of which, though the flesh is not edible, the spawn is used in making caviar. During the spring of the year our sturgeon are taken on set lines. Specimens weighing a thousand pounds have been landed. That's a pretty good sized fish and if you don't think they afford a real thrill, just get a 250 pound beauty on the end of a line and try to "hoss him out." I have in mind an acquaintance who was taken out to sea by a large specimen and had it not been for the fact that he struck a sandbar the episode might have ended tragically.—H. L. A., Idaho.

Sir: Your sturgeon—**Acipenser transmontanus**—is a different fish from the one our Indiana correspondent had in mind, **Acipenser rubicundus**—lake sturgeon. Your fish goes to salt water, as is common with the species whenever possible, though of course the one he has in mind is "land-locked," so to speak. The roes of the lake sturgeon and the shovel-nosed, both species of the Middle West, is now regarded as delicious, as well as the meat bringing a good price in the market; but as I pointed out in my comment on the original letter, in some sections the taking of lake sturgeon is prohibited, and is everywhere being circumscribed. Your sturgeon, the white or Oregon, is credited with attaining the weight you suggest, though such fish are rare. I can well believe the playing of such a fish is real sport, especially if one could be connected up when using a rod and reel; not only would he be "taken out to sea," he would be taken out to **see.**—O. W.

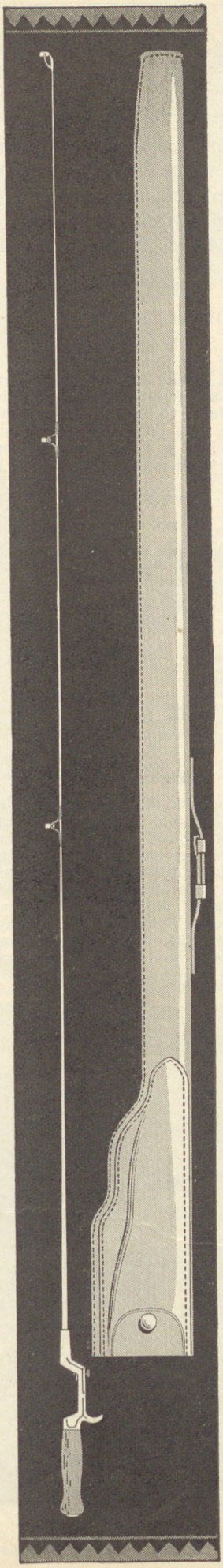
A REAL CONSERVATIONIST

"I don't suppose," said the League speaker, "that a single person here has ever done one thing to conserve the timber supply, notwithstanding the fact that our streams and lakes depend upon forests."

There was silence for a second or two and then a meek little man at the end table arose and observed:

"I once shot a woodpecker!"

Ask "Outdoor" Smith



"BASS *fishing* TIME"

A spreading ripple on a quiet pool—blue sky above, blue water underneath and the sparkling air of June—that's "Bass Fishing Time."

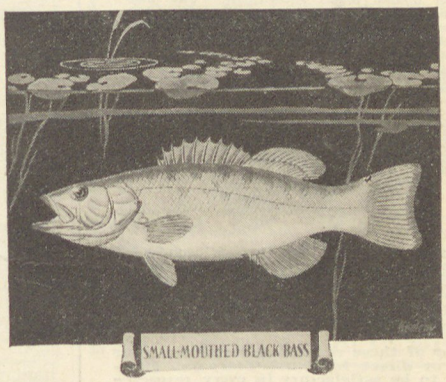
Take a True Temper Rod along. With it you can drop the bait, lightly as a falling leaf, on the very spot where a bass is waiting. Then, when he strikes and rushes or bores down or tries to overrun the line, this rod exerts a gentle yet remorseless pressure which foils every effort to shake the hook and brings him safely to the net.

The sensitive resiliency, delicate balance and delightful action of this rod have never been equaled. Its tip of rapier steel, with a clock spring temper, will not break or set in the most grueling battle. Fishermen have said, and rightly, that it's "the greatest rod ever made for fishing."

The Toledo, Cat. No. XA5: Finest grade True Temper Rod with offset reel seat handle, genuine agate guides and tip top, black nickel or special "Afco" finish. Lengths 4, 4½ and 5 feet. $15.00 at your dealer's. If desired with special leather case shown, add $5.00. If he cannot supply you, write us. Other True Temper Rods at prices from $5.00 to $15.00, described in our catalog. Free on request.

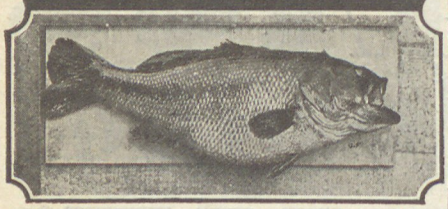
Made and Guaranteed by
THE AMERICAN FORK & HOE COMPANY
Sporting Goods Division
General Offices: 1931 Keith Bldg.
Cleveland, Ohio
Factory: Geneva, O.

Offset reel seat handle gives perfect balance. Reel cannot come loose.



TRUE TEMPER FISHING RODS

AGAIN—THE PIKIE GETS FIRST PRIZE



Fred P. Jameson caught this 7 lb. 11½ oz. Small Mouth Bass—on the old reliable "Pikie Minnow" like the one pictured below, at Summit Lake, Washington, last September! And won for himself first prize in Field & Stream's 1928 Fishing Contest!

The Famous Pikie Minnow

Weight, ¾ oz. Length, 4½ in. No. 700 Price, $1.00

When it comes to getting the big fish—and lots of 'em—the many World's Records for all kinds of game fish prove the "Pikie Minnow" is in a class by itself!

And Man, how the tricky little devil fools 'em—swimming peacefully along—like a natural, live Pike Minnow—smiling saucily to himself—turning his nose up to all of 'em—Pike, Pickerel, Bass, Muskie and even big sea fish—making 'em so all-fired fighting mad they rush viciously to kill him! And WHANG—the battle is on—reel singing—water splashing—but the "Pikie" tenaciously holds on — 'til they're landed!

All we can say is—if you want fish when you go fishing—take a "Pikie" along!

The New Wigl-y-Rind

Nickel Finish Series No. 510 Weight ⅝ oz. Price 85c

The newest development in the ever popular pork rind lure and beyond doubt the most attractive lure of this kind on the market. The body of the lure is weighted brass shell, highly nickeled and polished. Uses any standard pork rind. Single and double hooks interchangeable, making two lures for the price of one. Single hook is rigid and of conventional type, is easily removed and loose double hooks substituted. Can also use standard buck-tail or streamer fly. Big slow motion spinner gives the rind a natural swimming motion, helps prevent fouling in the weeds. A guaranteed killer.

Injured Minnow

Weight, ¾ oz. Length, 3½ in. No. 1505 Price, $1.00

With slow short jerks this "Bass Getting" wonder represents an injured minnow—lying on its side—just able to make a little fuss on the surface—right up where you get all the fun—where you can see, hear and feel each strike! No other lure like it! Also made in "Silver Flash" finish No. 1518, and new luminous day and night finish No. 1521!

Get any of these real fish getters from your dealer or direct from us! Every one guaranteed to be satisfactory in every respect—or money back! Our beautiful new colored catalog sent FREE upon request.

If you get some good fish pictures—send 'em in! We'll make it worth your while if we can use them!

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Manufactured in Canada by ALLCOCK, LAIGHT & WESTWOOD, TORONTO, ONT., for Creek Chub Bait Company

CREEK CHUB BAITS CATCH MORE FISH

Scientific Angling

Edited by FREDERICK J. LANE

Outdoor America is the official publication for the National Association of Scientific Angling Clubs. Our readers interested in tournament casting are urged to write in to Frank S. Leach, National Secretary, N. A. S. A. C., care of this magazine

The 1929 National Tournament

NOTE CHANGES OF DATES

NOW that Spring has arrived and the "Snap of the Break" and the "dull sickening thud of the back-lash" is again heard in the land, it gives us considerable pleasure to inform you of plans now completed for the 1929 National Tournament which will be held in Cleveland, Ohio, by The Cleveland Casting Club.

Committees

Committee Chairmen selected to date:

General Chairman	Al Foss
Ass't. Gen. Chairman	A. A. Trimble
Publicity	A. A. Trimble
Bait Events	F. J. Leonard
Fly Events	Wade M. Shrum
Program	A. A. Trimble
Tournament Secretary	W. T. Melcher
Entries	A. A. Trimble
Finance	Geo. S. Lockwood
Equipment	W. J. Buckwalter
Hotel Reservations	A. A. Trimble
Entertainment	Dr. C. W. Marriott
Ladies Entertainment	Mrs. W. J. Buckwalter
Prizes and Medals	Al Foss
Rod Repairs	A. M. Ellis

Dates

In a previous issue of this Magazine, the dates for the National were given as Aug. 30-31 and Sept. 1st and 2nd, but since that issue, we have received a number of requests for dates about the middle of August. We, therefore, at the April 5th Meeting of our Club, dropped the above dates and selected Thursday thru Sunday, August 15th to 18th. We sincerely hope that this selection will meet with the approval of the majority. These dates are final and those planning to attend may now arrange their vacations accordingly.

Events

Some misunderstanding has arisen among members of various clubs regarding the proposed new events mentioned in Mr. Peter's article in the January issue. They are of the opinion that the ⅜ oz. weight is to be used this year instead of the ¼ and ½ oz. weights and that the plug distance with unrestricted line has replaced the Official Plug Distance Event.

Such is not the case, as the Executive Committee has no power whatever to make any such radical changes, and it is necessary that these matters be discussed and voted on at the Annual Business Meeting of The National Tournament.

The Events to be cast this year at The National are listed below. In addition to these eleven (11) Official Events, we will have an Exhibition Event of the Plug Distance with unrestricted line, but this, of course, will not count in the "all round"; neither will there be an Entry Fee, nor prizes awarded. The scheduling of this contest is in accordance with our promise at the Columbus National, so that its sponsors may have an opportunity to show its merits.

Entries and Hotel Reservations

In order that we may have your entry and hotel reservations at an early date, we are listing herewith the schedule of Events and hotel rates.

The entry fee will be as usual: $2.00 for first event; $1.00 for each additional event; $10.00 for all events. Entry fee need not be paid until you arrive for the tournament.

Just a general view of section of Lagoon, club house porch with Sovereign Hotel, National Headquarters, in the distance.

Events Committee—1929 National Tournament

A. A. Trimble, Chairman, 1377 Vandemar Road, Cleveland, Ohio.

Gentlemen: You may enter me as a contestant in the Events checked below:

THURSDAY—AUGUST 15TH.
A. M.—Accuracy Fly.
Ladies' Plug Accuracy.
P. M.—Distance Fly 5¾ Oz. Rod.
¼ Oz. Distance Bait.

FRIDAY—AUGUST 16TH.
A. M.—Salmon Distance.
P. M.—¼ Oz. Accuracy.
½ Oz. Distance Bait.

SATURDAY—AUGUST 17TH.
A. M.—Plug Distance with unrestricted line.
Plug Distance (Official).
P. M.—½ Oz. Accuracy Bait.

SUNDAY—AUGUST, 18TH.
A. M.—Dry Fly Accuracy.
Dry Fly Accuracy—Unknown Distances.
P. M.—Plug Accuracy.

..... Name
.....Street Address
..... City

Hotel Reservation Committee—1929 National Tournament

A. A. Trimble, Chairman, 1377 Vandemar Road, Cleveland, Ohio.

Gentlemen: You may reserve for me, room as checked herewith:

1—Single Room with Bath.....$2.50
1—Double Room with Bath..... 4.00
1—2-Room Suite to accommodate 3 or 4 persons..... 8.00

..... Name
.....Street Address
..... City

NOTE: The number of single rooms is limited and the Hotel Management therefore requests reservations for double and two-room suites, when possible.

Medals and Merchandise Prizes

Medals and Merchandise prizes will be awarded in all official events. First place winners in each event will receive the N. A. S. A. C. Gold Medals. Second place, silver medals and third place, bronze medals.

In addition to this, the first, second and third place winners will be awarded the three best merchandise prizes in each event. The merchandise prizes for other places will, of course, be carried on down as far as the supply permits.

The N. A. S. A. C. Medals will be awarded for the four class championships and the N. A. S. A. C. Trophy for the "Allround."

Annual Business Meeting

The Annual Business Meeting will be held Saturday night, August 17th, and in view of the number of topics for discussion, it may be necessary to hold a preliminary meeting on the 16th.

Proposals likely to be discussed at these meetings are as follows:

1. Standardized National Tournament Program.
2. Changing of Distances for ½ Oz. Accuracy from 60-70-80-90-100-ft. to 65-70-75-80-85-ft.
3. Elimination of ¼ and ½ oz. weights and adoption of ⅜ oz. weight.
4. Casting of Plug Distance with unrestricted line.
5. Rifle Target System of scoring accuracy events.
6. Formation of a Circuit of Clubs, each to be awarded National Tournament in regular rotation.

We suggest that these matters be discussed at your Club Meetings during the months preceding the National, so that your delegate and executive committee representative may come prepared to support the wishes of the majority membership of your Club.

Entertainment

Plans for entertainment are as yet in the first stages, but you will be glad to know that we already have our National Come-

New!
in the South Bend Line
for 1929
The TEAS-ORENO
An entirely new bait sensation. Radically different in shape—very different in action.
Teas-Oreno is a surface lure. Has a wiggling, side slipping, crawling action entirely its own. Weight and size are ideal for accuracy in casting. 6 favorite finishes. Sell at $1.25 each.
The WHIRL-ORENO
The WHIRL-ORENO, an attractive bass or pickerel mouthful, rides atop the water. In action its riffle and swirling on the surface invites game fish in an unfailing manner.
Three standard combinations of hackle and buck-tail to sell at $1.00 each.
FLASH-ORENO
The DART-ORENO
A highly polished metal body—a masked hook of bright hackle and buck-tail—a quivering, sweeping pork rind riding over the hook. That's the Dart-Oreno—the liveliest pork-rind wiggler made. It is a semi-surface lure—practically weedless. Ideal for casting. Price $1.00 each.
The FLASH-ORENO
A flashy, metal spoon with a rolling, side slipping, wobbling action. Does not revolve. Good for either casting or trolling. Comes in new iridescent pearl and 5 other finishes. Sells at $1.00 each.
The PLUNK-ORENO
a new "plunking" bait. Very erratic in action. 6 colors. Priced 85c each.
Write for catalog!
SOUTH BEND BAIT COMPANY
1383 High St.,
South Bend, Ind.
Manufacturers of the Most Complete Line of Fishing Tackle.

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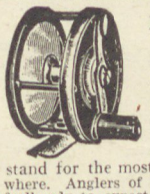
SOUTH BEND QUALITY TACKLE BAIT COMPANY

Fishing Tackle of all kinds . . . . . Rods-Reels-Lines-Baits

Fishing Tackle



Deal Direct With the Manufacturers

Wherever big game fish bite the world over, there you will find expert anglers voluble in praise of Edw. vom Hofe fine tackle. Since 1867, we have been zealous in having this famous brand stand for the most *dependable* line of tackle anywhere. Anglers of long experience will tell you it is foolhardy to expect to derive any "real thrill" with an inferior angling outfit. Practical anglers ourselves, we own and conduct our own factory. To deal with us is to experience ultimate satisfaction!

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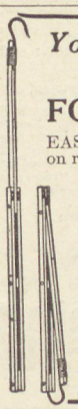
EDWARD VOM HOFE & CO.
96 Fulton Street New York City

You Can't Lose the Big Ones with Seibold's

FOLDING FISH GAFF



EASY TO CARRY. Weight 9 oz. Carried on ring attached to strap over shoulder. Full length 38 in.—folded 23½ in.

EASY TO OPERATE. Hook securely locked in guarded slot till you snap it open full length. Tested to withstand over 100 lbs. parallel pull.

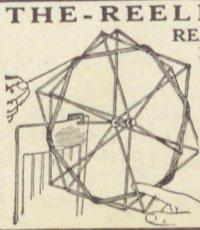
If your dealer cannot supply you, order direct

PRICE, postpaid, including carrying strap and ring . . $3.50

SEIBOLD & SEIBOLD
CAMP DOUGLAS, WIS.

THE-REELINE-DRYER

REAL LINE PROTECTION



No more Tangled, Cut or Sunburned Fish Lines. Set your line to dry in 30 sec. away from injurious Sun and Rusty Nails. Reverses and holds 1 or 2 lines without tangles. Collapsible. Always ready and everlasting. Packs in kit like a flashlight.

ASK YOUR DEALER.
PRICE $3.00
Circular on request.
W. G. GRANT, Mfr., Dept. O-6
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How to Catch Fish in 1929

Hildebrandt's Hints tells you—shows you some new baits and all the old favorites—tells you how to use them for any kind of fishing. It's one of the best books on fishing ever issued. FREE. Tell us where to send yours.

John J. Hildebrandt Co., 962 High St., Logansport, Ind.

Give 'Em What They Want When They Want It

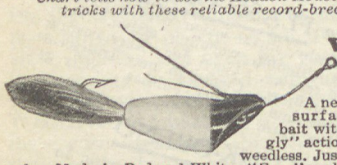
"Your bait catches fish where all others fail." Fred Godwin and party, Fairbanks, La.

Heddon's FREE Fishing Chart Tells HOW!

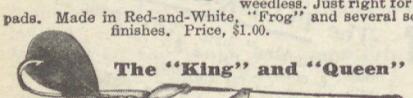
You'll catch more fish if you "give 'em what they want when they want it." Handy chart for your tackle box; tells just what bait to use on a dark day in a weedy lake, or on a bright sunny day in deep water. What to use in late summer when big ones lie in the deep holes. Get the benefit of all that the most successful fishermen have learned about fish habits. Chart is for all kinds of fresh water game-fish —Bass, Pike, Pickerel, Muskies, Lake Trout, etc. Send for Free copy and Heddon's 1929 Catalog today.

Meadow Mouse
New! A mouse that is a mouse. Flexible tail and ears. Floats, dives, swims. Double hook on body, single hook in rear. Three colors—Brown, White or Gray. Price, $1.00

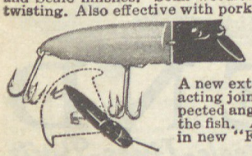
Chart tells how to use the Heddon Mouse and new tricks with these reliable record-breakers.



Weedless Widow
A new single-hook surface-skimming bait with lively "wiggly" action. Absolutely weedless. Just right for lily pads. Made in Red-and-White, "Frog" and several scale finishes. Price, $1.00.



The "King" and "Queen"
Two sizes. Triple luring flashing metal baits—Spinner, Spoon and Fly combined. Made in Gold, Copper, Nickel and Scale finishes. Semi-weedless — non-rotating — non-twisting. Also effective with pork rind. Price, $1.00.



Zig-Wag
A new extremely erratic and lively-acting jointed bait. Darts in unexpected angles and seems to hunt out the fish. All standard colors, also in new "Frog" finish. Price, $1.25.

Vamp—The old-reliable, famous everywhere for its consistent catches. Floats, dives when retrieved with rolling, swimming motion. Several sizes: Regular and Baby, $1; Jointed, $1.25. All standard colors.

Luny Frog—
Two sizes—Luny and Little Luny. Looks and floats just like a live frog, with head just out of water. Dives and swims when retrieved. A bait that "big bass prefer." Price, $1.25 each.

Write for the 1929 Heddon Catalog and Free Fishing Chart. (34)

JAMES HEDDON'S SONS
Dept. BA-6 **Dowagiac, Mich.**

Heddon Fishing Tackle
Genuine Dowagiac
"Heddon Made—Well Made"

James Heddon's Sons, Dept. BA-6, Dowagiac, Mich.
Gentlemen: Send me your complete 1929 Catalog and the new Heddon Bait Chart and Fishing Guide. I am especially interested in

☐ Baits ☐ Bait Casting Rods ☐ Reels
☐ Bass Bugs ☐ Fly Rods ☐ Tackle Boxes

Name _____

Address _____

dian, Mr. Leo L. Connelly, of Columbus (formerly of Cleveland), under signed contract to appear daily with an entire change of program. You, who have seen and heard Leo, know what this means without further explanation.

Also, Al Foss, between distance bait casts, is practicing diligently on his harmonica, and promises to render without discord, all the old time tunes as well as the late popular airs. Al will also show the motion pictures of the Columbus Tournament. You will, therefore, see yourself as others see you.

With these two stars of the stage and screen on the program, how can you consistently be absent even though you may enter but one or two events.

In the evenings, bridge and dancing in the glass enclosed solarium atop the Sovereign, will be indulged in, and "Curly" Moulton is getting his voice in trim for calling the old time barn dances.

And the ladies, God bless them, we fail to see how they will find time to powder their noses during the Tournament as Mrs. W. J. Buckwalter, our Club President's better half, has been appointed Chairman of the Ladies' Entertainment Committee. "Nuf sed" when Mrs. Buck is on the job.

Every member of the Cleveland Club will do his utmost to make this a memorable Tournament in all respects, and we sincerely hope that the spirit of harmony, good fellowship and good sportsmanship, so very necessary for a successful Tournament will prevail throughout as never before.

Sincerely,
The Cleveland Casting Club,
Per A. A Trimble,
Publicity Chairman,
1377 Vandemar Road, Cleveland, O.

Let's All Be There

Ohio State Association Will Hold Open Tournament

THE Ohio State Tournament will be held this year at Lima, Ohio, as the announcement will show. As this will be an open Tournament all casters are eligible to compete on the same terms as do the members of the State Association. All distance and accuracy casting will be played at the Lost Creek Country Club.

Thursday, July 4th.
9 A. M.
Distance Fly. Morning.
¼ Accuracy Bait. Afternoon.
½ Accuracy Bait. Afternoon.
Friday, July 5th.
9 A. M.
¼ Oz. Distance. Morning.
½ Oz. Distance. Morning.
Dry Fly Accuracy. Afternoon.
Dry Fly Unknown Distance. Afternoon.
7:30 P. M.
Banquet and Business Meeting, also a lot of entertainment.
Saturday, July 6th.
9 A. M.
⅝ Distance Bait. Morning.
Accuracy Fly.
⅝ Accuracy Bait.
Ladies' Plug Accuracy.

A. M. Herrett,
Pres. Ohio Division.

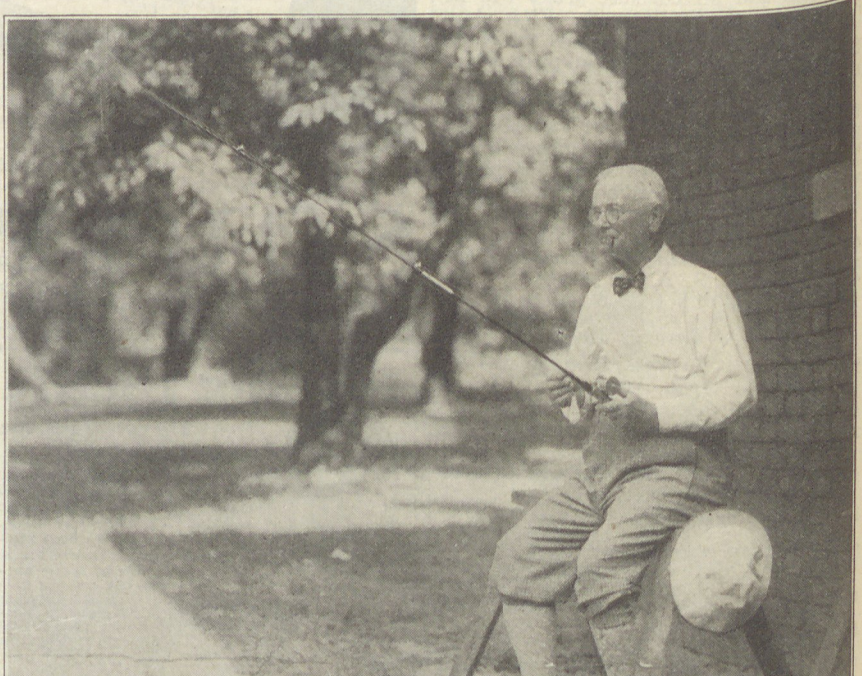
New Detroit Club Is Launched

DETROIT has again organized a casting club which has every indication of permanence, as it has been well organized and well financed.

The officers are as follows:

President.....Wayne B. Moulton
Vice-president.....Thomas MacClure
Secretary.....R. H. Crouch
Treasurer.....Lou Eppinger
Fly Captain.....Richard Knox
Bait Captain.....J. J. Brown

Write the Secretary for information. His address is 11025 Goethe Avenue.



"DAD" KAPPLER

Can you look at this picture and not get a kick out of it? If you can, you had better consult your family physician as there certainly is something wrong with you. This is none other than W. A. (Dad) Kappler—the Dean of our club and one of the best scouts the club ever had. "Kap" seldom misses a Sunday at the pool and when bad weather does keep him at home, we can imagine his pacing the floor—frequently glancing out of the window and wondering if it is ever going to clear up. Dad will be on hand to greet you at the National.

Temperament and Temper in Trout

By Dr. C. K. Stillman

A FEW years ago I placed four 4-inch brook trout in a large, shallow, carefully balanced aquarium and kept them under observation throughout the summer. They settled their domestic difficulties and established priority rights in a series of lively battles.

The strongest fish took the best spot, the next strongest the next most desirable and the others took up their abodes on the outskirts. After the first series of skirmishes the losers rarely fought among themselves, but now and then one of them would challenge the chief and after several whirling rushes be driven into the weeds to lie panting and frightened until composure was regained. The winner seldom followed up his advantage, and none was ever badly hurt.

The young of Salvelinus fontinalis are bossy and aggressive, but not ferocious. They demand three things,—an abiding place, freedom from close association with other fish, and food. We concluded that while the brook trout had a strong sense of domicile and was very pugnacious in asserting his rights, he fought to hold rather than from any innate desire to kill. Similar qualities when observed in human beings are rather admired, and the possessor of them is regarded as a "go getter" or "two fisted he man" that any refined human female may properly fall in love with and aspire to capture. It thus seems hardly safe to disparage the disposition of the brook trout. The steelhead (Salmo gairdneri) is another proposition.

A number of years ago the writer came into the possession of five small steelheads of about the same length as the brook trout which have been described. As these fish were more or less objects of interest in New England, it was thought that they might be worth studying to determine if possible whether there were any essential points of difference in behavior between them and Salvelinus fontinalis.

They were placed in a fairly large circular aquarium well supplied with washed sand and gravel, aquatic plants, rocks and a few small sticks and twigs. The tank was big enough to have sheltered several brook trout, but not so with these little fire eaters, for although they had previously travelled a long distance in company with many others without casualties, no sooner were they placed in the aquarium than they began to fight.

One of them promptly located the most desirable home site, but had hardly established himself there when another charged him. A brief duel followed in which they circled about head to tail or rushed to close quarters with hard biting blows that made them wince. Their method of combat especially differed from that of the brook trout in that a temporary advantage was generally followed up. They feinted, maneuvered and tried to catch each other off guard with lightning like rushes from a distance. One of the fish at length rolled belly up, and with a final flirt of his tail drove himself against the confining glass, gave a convulsive shudder and expired.

Another challenger appeared but was no match for the sturdy victor. I saw this pair fight three separate duels in each of which the attacking fish was so injured by the punishment meted out to him that he had barely strength to escape into the shelter of the weeds. Yet each time as

Smack! FISH hit casts from a Bull's-Eye Meisselbach

Straight-Casting Level-Wind Reel

LIKE a wounded lion for excitement is this famous straight-casting reel for *strikes*. Action! You'll get *plenty!* Casts that center a water dimple at long range. Spurring slam-bang, hair-trigger Big Boys poised *right there* to grab your bait first and think next.

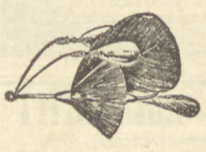
Do your real fishing with the Meisselbach Bull's-Eye No. 100 Level Wind. Get the sport you want *now!* Catches to make *your* eyes stick out—give *your* pride a gallop.

There's no other reel at all like this handsome Meisselbach. First to take your eye in any store. Green, red, brown, or black end plates of polished Permo. Nickel silver spool flanges, adjustable bronze bearings, best level wind made. Low-slung seat, deep-anchored pillars. Ample size, great strength, light weight. Free running, fine balance, genuine Meisselbach precision workmanship and high quality materials—famous nearly 40 years. Price only $5.00.

Get yours *today*. At your dealer's. Accept no substitute—if necessary please write to us. Catalog folder, of all famous Meisselbach Fishing Reels, and valuable "Bite Book," FREE.

The A. F. Meisselbach *Division* of The General Industries Co.
2923 Taylor Street Elyria, Ohio

CATCH BIGGER FISH with WEEDLESS LURES

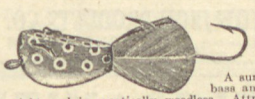


The Shannon Twin Spinner
Made under J. P. Shannon Patents

Fish the weeds—that's where the big boys hide. The Shannon Twin Spinner goes through all weeds without fouling—it's a dead sure fish getter any way you use it—casting, trolling—in deep or shallow water. Made with Red, Yellow, White, Black and Frog color feather Fly or Bucktail Fly—also Red or Grey Squirrel Tail. Each 90c.

The Shannon Weedmaster

A wonderful, new, effective super weedless bait for casting or trolling for bass, pickerel, pike or any game fish. Tail strip, equal to pork rind, attached. Dressed in Red, White, Yellow or Black feather fly or new less-wind-catching hair fly. Each 90c.



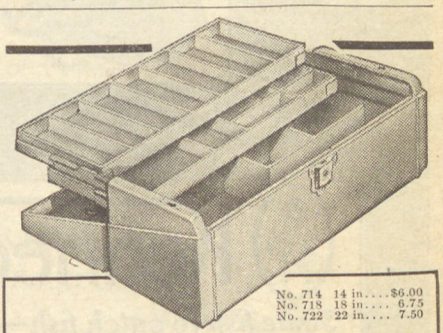
Jamison Weedless Coaxer

A surface bait unmatched for bass and pickerel fishing. Rides upright and is practically weedless. Attractive, exceedingly life-like and lively. Has white enameled body, red felt wings and red feather tail. Also made in frog color. Price 85c.

If your dealer cannot supply you, send direct. Write for handsome catalog of Barbless Hooks and Lures for every kind of fishing.

The W. J. Jamison Co.
Dept. 56, 739 S. California Ave., Chicago, Ill.

JAMISON BARBLESS HOOKS
TRADE MARK
SHANNON TWIN SPINNERS



No. 714 14 in.... $6.00
No. 718 18 in.... 6.75
No. 722 22 in.... 7.50

Just What Every Fisherman Wants!

A tackle box that is spill-proof, that makes everything easy to get at, and that is water-tight and rust-resistant. Here it is—

HOBART SPILL-PROOF Tackle Box

Made of lead-coated steel, seams soldered. Patented handle automatically locks the lid, preventing spilling of contents. Trays slide clear back and are interchangeable. No. 718 holds 4½ ft. jointed casting rod, No. 722 holds 5½ ft. rod.

From your dealer, or by parcel post prepaid. Write for catalog.

Hobart Metal Manufacturing Co.
805-16 Ave. S. E. Minneapolis, Minn.

Casting the "Roughs"
A STREAM boils its way through jagged rocks . . . your tackle has to stand the gaff.
Kennedy Kits protect hooks, lines, sinkers, baits, nets, reels, etc. Electric welded, rust resisting, finished in Kennedy brown baked enamel; won't chip off. Catch lock prevents spilling.
New 1400 series costs less than other kantilevers. Lures most needed are accessible when cover is half open. Solid brass fittings. At all sporting goods stores. Many types and sizes.
KENNEDY MANUFACTURING COMPANY
208 Harrison Street, Van Wert, Ohio
1400 series—3 sizes
12½" 16½" 21½" long
Kit No. 1117
17" x 8" x 10"
Kennedy Kits
Some fish to catch fish—but the fisherman fishes!

Alkali Waterproof Silk Lines

The best Black W. P. Silk line made. Strength, yardage and prompt delivery guaranteed. Write for our catalogue of lines for every purpose. We do not claim to make the cheapest, but we do claim to make the best.

PILOT BRAND LINES

No.	Test	Price per 100 Yds.
7	14	$2.86
6	18	3.23
5	23	3.94
4	28	4.30

Postage 10c Extra

THE BEVIN WILCOX LINE CO.
Dept. O. A. EAST HAMPTON, CONN.

HOLDS 'EM RIGHT
Non-corrosive metal
The "SIPCO-HOOK-UP" is the most handy device for carrying Fish-Hooks. Adaptable for all types of hooks, especially for hooks with snells.
Hooks can readily be carried in one's pocket when attached to the "SIPCO-HOOK-UP."
Don't be without one.
Order one today. Price $1.00.
SCHARTOW IRON PRODUCTS CO.
RACINE WISCONSIN

LIVE HELGRAMITE
FOR BLACK BASS
Shipped direct to your fishing grounds. Price $4.50 per hundred. Send money order or check with order.
GEO. O. STRONG, Willimantic, Conn.
P. O. Box 123

FISHERMEN KEEP YOUR REEL IN PLACE
With a Kawell Reel Clamp, guaranteed not to slip or loosen. Bolt permits it to be put on any fishpole.
At your dealer or postpaid, 75c.
KAWELL REEL CLAMP CO.
Box A Mankato, Minn.

HOW TO CATCH 'EM is told in books listed on page 64.

soon as he had regained his wind and some energy, he came back fiercely.

The final engagement between these two occurred several hours after their first set-to. The spent fish which had been lying on his side groggy and crippled, righted himself, made a lunge and struck the other near the tail with his wide open jaws. Meanwhile he caught on his flank the full impact of his opponent's simultaneous charge. This blow was so violent that trout number one was knocked several inches sidewise with spine paralyzed. He stiffened, rolled belly up on the gravel bottom and flirted about the tank upside down in a series of convulsive jumps. The victor was on him in fury, biting and bruising. Even death was not enough, the savage fish again and again rushed at and shook the lifeless body. A long twig stirred nearby in the commotion of the waters; he turned on that in a flash, seized it and violently shook it. Five days later the original champion was in solitary possession. Each of the others had challenged him and been slain in battle. Can any other species of vertebrate show an absolute 100 per cent average on the three counts of pertinacity, ferocity and courage?

The writer regarded the self sufficient and sullen survivor with mixed emotions. It was almost beyond belief that a fish no longer than one's middle finger could arouse the respect and horror that this atom now inspired. Our intention had been to have five quaint pets, and we had instead one indomitable murderer. We felt ashamed at our connivance in slaughter.

We did not attempt to execute judgment, nor could we take any pleasure in the possession of such a savage spirit. We liberated the trout in a nearby brook. But on returning homeward the clouds of our melancholy were rent apart by the sunshine of a happy and satisfying idea. Like most anglers, we have had occasional qualms over taking the lives of finny relatives for a little fairy often whispered that things were being overdone a trifle when innocent creatures were killed for amusement. We would counter with stock arguments and had evolved a kind of creed to use barbless hooks as much as possible, handle our catches carefully and return to the water all that we did not need for food. The spirit of pity is in itself a beautiful thing, but, overdone, it may become a pastime which like angling is based on primal instincts. If we were to angle and exult in primitive style, it was obvious that our choice of finny opponents would be limited to a few piratical or unregenerate types like the pikes or pickerel, barracouta, bluefish, eels, swordfish and sharks.

The happy idea referred to was that it might be justifiable to include the steelhead in this list, for judged by what we had witnessed, its disposition was not such as to call for any particular degree of sympathetic consideration on the part of the angler. Since that time, we have caught a few slashing, high jumping, hard fighting, adult steelhead-trout with all the blissful emotion of the savage and with eye undimmed by tears.

There is a fine river in nearby Rhode Island known as the Pawcatuck, that was once a salmon stream, but which is now polluted by manufacturing plants along its borders. We like to dream of the day when decent shame or the edict of an enlightened legislature will cause that river to be once more the beautiful thing that it was. Our imagination further peoples that stream with steelheads, lusty ten and fifteen pounders. We pray that this dream may come true in our day.

Cotton Thread and Tarpon

THE landing of a 13 lb. 7 oz. Tarpon on No. 24 Cotton Thread (sewing cotton) was the feat which won for Jimmy Jordan, now of Miami, Florida, the First Prize in that class in the National Cotton Thread and Light Tackle Fishing Club. This Tarpon had a length of 36¼ inches, and a girth of 17⅛ inches, and in his letter, referring to its landing, Jimmy says that he "had the thrill of his life." We can believe that, for he says, further, that the fish jumped six times, shaking vigorously each time; and anyone at all familiar with light tackle knows how easily that thread might have snapped at any of those leaps! It took real fishing to land the fish—the kind of fishing that is unknown to those fishermen who like to "horse" their fish in on heavy tackle, and whose only thrill is from the number caught, and not from the sport of the catching. This is the sportsman's type of fishing, certainly. That Tarpon would not have been half as much fun on heavier tackle. The fact that Jimmy Jordan is known as "the Dean of Cotton Threaders" makes his entry all the more interesting to lovers of light tackle.

The Tarpon has been donated to the Club, mounted, and will be exhibited so that all those who doubt the veracity of the "Cotton Threaders" may see and believe.

The new rules for the season of 1929 are now out, and are as follows:

Prize Competitions for the Year — 1929

There shall be three classes in prize competition for the year 1929, and three prizes in each class. (Open to all members.) Dues, $3.00 Initiation and $2.00 Annual dues.

(A) No. 100 cotton thread. First, second and third prize for largest three fish by weight. A member may enter any fish, exclusive of eels, skates, and rays, caught on rod, reel and line of No. 100 six-cord sewing cotton testing not over 2½ lbs. dry.

(B) No. 24 cotton thread. First, second and third prize for largest three fish by weight. A member may enter any fish, exclusive of eels, skates and rays, caught on rod, reel and line of No. 24 six-cord sewing cotton testing not over 4½ lbs. dry.

(C) Six-thread. First, second and third prize for largest three fish by weight. A member may enter any fish, exclusive of eels, skates and rays, caught on rod, reel and No. 6 Cutty-hunk fishing-line made of six threads of No. 50 linen yard, and testing not over 16 lbs. dry.

Tournament Rules

The following rules must be observed in catching and entering fish in competition, entries being sent to the Secretary, 1127 Munsey Building, Baltimore, Md.

(A) Entrant must hook, play, and bring to gaff or net, his entry, without assistance except insofar as the proper handling of a boat shall be necessary.

The boatman or other person may net, gaff, or otherwise land the fish for the entrant, but no one other than the entrant shall touch the rod, reel or line while the fish is on, except to grasp the leader when it is within reach.

No entry will be considered if caught while entrant is engaged in guiding for compensation, selling or demonstrating

(Continued on page 55)

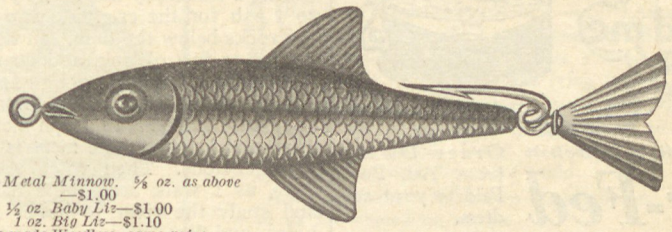
Ernest R. Viertel

"I am an enthusiastic booster for your Tin Liz. Have caught nice bass with it when other baits have been useless.

"My wife caught the thirty-one lb. Musky, shown in photo, on a Red Head, silver body Tin Liz. This fish took forty-five minutes to land and was caught last Labor Day in Madline Lake, Woodruff, Wis."

ERNEST R. VIERTEL,
Stevens Point, Wis.

TIN LIZ



Famous Metal Minnow. ⅛ oz. as above —$1.00
¼ oz. Baby Liz—$1.00
1 oz. Big Liz—$1.10
Also made Weedless, same price

You see above the top—side view of a new, better, more natural artificial minnow. Small but with a BIG ACTION. Designed to swim and flutter on her side, more like a real cripple than any other bait. No wonder she gets the fish!

FRED ARBOGAST
(World's Champion Bait Caster)
3 BARWELL ST. AKRON, OHIO

High-Grade Split Bamboo
FISHING RODS
Write for special booklet T-D describing
Thomas Special and Dirigo Rods
Made at the Rod Shop of
THOMAS ROD COMPANY
BANGOR, MAINE
Manufacturers of the Fishing Rod of Quality

TROUT
Big and little ones fall for Peck's Cricket. Sizes 1/0—6—8 or 10. 50 cents each.
Peck's Cricket
Peck's Floating Trout Midget another winner on trout. Send $1.00 for sample Cricket and Floating Trout Midget, and descriptive list of Peck's full line of real fish getters.
E. H. PECKINPAUGH COMPANY CHATTANOOGA, TENN.

THE DRONE
With the Lifelike Action Spells Success to All Who Use It. Ask Your Dealer for It
Use 3 foot leader as shown in cut
L. B. HUNTINGTON 115 Hopkins Place BALTIMORE, MD.

Catch Big Ones
The fastest running spinner in the world. Low in price, unequalled for results. Plain 25c; weedless 30c, 9½ in. long. At your dealer's or direct. Circular Free.
CHAS. H. STAPF, *Prop.*, Dept. A.
PRESCOTT SPINNER MFG. CO.
PRESCOTT — WIS.

OLD FISHERMAN'S 1929 CALENDAR
USED BY THOUSANDS
Best Fishing Days for 1929
PRICE 25c 5 FOR $1.00
H. G. FARR
Box 143-B HIGH STA.
SPRINGFIELD, MASS.

No bottle to break, spill or leak
SKEET-NO-BITE
(A cream in tube)
A cent a day keeps them away
K. O.'s Mosquitoes
Order by mail—pay postman 50c
H. L. KING, 1433 E. 63rd St., CHICAGO, ILL.

KEEP YOUR MINNOWS ALIVE!

At Last the Fisherman's Dream is Realized

NEW, FULL FLOATING **AIR-FED MINNOW BUCKET**

Keeps Minnows Alive and Frisky for Days in Hottest Weather and when Carried over Rough Roads No Other Bucket Can Supply Air Automatically

Air is essential to minnows' life. The Air-Fed bucket automatically feeds them. Constant bubbling supply of air. Works automatically. Just pump up once or twice a day. It is identical in construction as the 1928 Non-Floating Air-Fed Minnow Bucket with the two improvements of the "Full-Floating" Minnow container and the "permanent pump."

Full 8 quart; 50 to 100 minnows.

$4.25

Running board attachment extra 75c

West of Rockies $4.75

Only Live Minnows Are Bait

Air-Fed

At your Dealers or Order Direct from Ad, Post Paid to your address.

Air-Fed Mfg. & Stamping Co. 403 South 7th St., Quincy, Ill.

—But The Biggest Ones Take Live Bait

Ask any old fisherman; he'll tell you that he's caught them on all kinds of lures,—but the biggest ones take live bait.

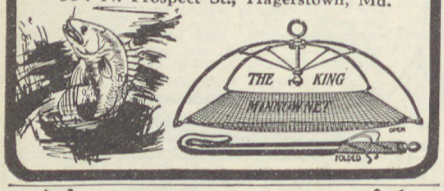
Every fisherman's outfit should include a King Minnow Net. Unconditionally guaranteed for one year.

KING MINNOW NETS

Size	Price
2 x 2 ft. sq.—21 in. long folded	$2.25
3 x 3 ft. sq.—31 in. long folded	2.75
4 x 4 ft. sq.—40 in. long folded	3.25

If your dealer doesn't carry them—write direct

W. H. REISNER MFG. CO.
354 N. Prospect St., Hagerstown, Md.



BAIT-CASTING

By WM. C. VOGT

Autographed. Only $2.50

Valuable Advice—100 Photos

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Trips Afield with Boys

Conducted by JUDGE GEORGE W. WOOD

Sketches by John D. Webber

Let's Go Fishing, Boys

WITH the coming of the bright, warm days, lots of my boys meet me on the street, and ask how soon I expect to go North fishing. It seems to be a generally accepted fact that the only fishing worth while is in Minnesota, where one may go hire a guide to row him out on a lake and catch pike. Each year there seems to be a greater number of these pike fishermen. I do not take time to explain to them that I have very little interest in that sort of fishing. I much prefer wading a stream, feeling the water swirling about my legs as I cast into the pools.

It is all very well for one who is willing to spend two weeks on a lake and be content for a year. I want the sort of fishing I can enjoy the whole year through, so I fish for the croppies who live among the rocks below the dam. In the summer I get up at five o'clock, and go to the river and can usually catch enough for breakfast. I take them home, clean them and how good they are rolled in corn meal and fried crisp and brown. The meat is white, firm and delicious. Then when the season is over, as I walk across the bridge I stop and study the river to better locate good holes, and live over in memory the sport of the past summer.

With the coming of frosty weather the river clears and standing on the bridge, the bottom of the river is in plain view, and the home of the croppies easily seen. During the summer, the water is usually discolored by the silt which is continually washing into the stream from the plowed fields. In wading such water, one must not only know the bottom of the river, but must walk carefully for the rocks become covered with moss and are very slippery.

No matter how early in the morning I go fishing, and start to wade to a little island through the swift water and over the slippery rocks, I can always look up at the bridge and see some one watching me with the hope clearly expressed on his face that I will slip and fall!

The croppies are usually found in still water over the rock just below swift water. One morning they will be feeding in the tail race, another will find them in the eddies below the bridge. One of their favorite places is in the bay formed by a moon shaped island of rocks piled up by the force of the water just below the dam. This little island has grown larger from year to year, making better fishing ground. Each year I watch its growing length with great interest, especially since it is approaching the bank, and becoming more accessible.

When I start fishing, I go from one place to another until I locate the croppies. I had rather prided myself on my ability to always discover their feeding ground, until one morning when I almost failed. I had promised to have a good supply for breakfast for some company. I got up earlier than usual. Conditions on the river seemed ideal, yet I fished all my favorite pools, changed from one fly to another, until I had tried all my favorite pools as well as all of my flies, without a strike.

It was getting so near breakfast time, I felt I must go home, and admit my failure. I walked down the bank, and chanced to see a number of large carp sucking in the scum which had accumulated in a bit of back water. I wondered whether I could cast a fly into the mouth of the carp. I picked out a small dark fly on which I had never been able to catch a croppie and cast it at the open mouth of a large carp. I missed my mark, but as the fly hit the water a big croppie took it. I continued to fish this pool, until I had well filled my creel. I took them home and claimed I was able to get them by applying the principles of scientific angling to discovering their whereabouts.

The croppie is a captious fish. Some days they will be biting well, and again when conditions seem the same, I cannot coax them with any lure.

When the water has been high and roily for a few days, you will find them feeding just as the water commences to clear. What fly to use is always a question.

I tie my croppie flies on barbless hooks. One catches many undersized fish which must be returned uninjured. With a barbless hook, you do not need to touch the fish. When they are tired out take hold of the end of the hook under water, raise it, and let the croppie drop off.

I had read much about using a fly similar to the natural flies which are falling on the water. My own choice ran to brighter colors, but in view of the often expressed views in favor of natural flies, I did not give my own choice, but secretly used the bright colors in violation of angling traditions. One day at noon, I stood on the bridge looking down into the still water of the mill race. Just where the shadow of the bridge fell across the water, the croppies were rising to a small insect with transparent wings, silver gray body and two hairlike tails. So anxious were the croppies for these insects, that one would hardly strike the still water before I could see the shining sides of an approaching croppie. I began to plan for the next noon.

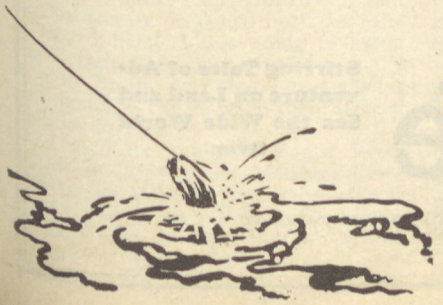
On my way home, I caught several of the little gray insects.

That night I worked until I had what I considered an exact duplicate of the insect. The end of a snipe feather coated with celluloid rod varnish duplicated the wings, which were cocked at exactly the right angle. A rare bustard feather contributed the two hairy tails, and a light grey hackle the legs. When I had tied this on a small hook, I was proud of my workmanship, and confidently expected to fool the croppies, and have a fine meal. I could hardly wait for court to adjourn before I was in my boots and on the way to the dam. As I put my rod together, I noticed that the croppies were still feeding. I used a very fine leader and dropped my fly on the water as lightly as I could. I saw the flash as a croppie started for it, saw the fish turn just before he struck, disdainfully flip his tail, and disappear in the dark water.

Again and again I cast with exactly the same result. I could not understand it. I tried everything I knew with that fly, but caught no fish. Just a few minutes before I had to return, I decided to go back to my old favorite which did not in the least resemble the little insect upon which the fish were feeding. It is a fly of my own devising. For the wings I use a small bit of flue, yellow, red and the end of a turkey feather. I pull my winding thread close behind these wings to hold them almost upright. The body of silver tinsel I cover with Dupont's Household Cement, to keep it from tarnishing. A bit of the barred black and gray wood duck serves as the tail, and a blue hackle the legs. What do I call it? I have no name for it.

One day I was tying some of these flies in order to get croppies for my family, when my son stopped to watch me. He asked, "Dad, what do you call that?" I replied, "Silver Doctor." He said, "That is not a 'Silver Doctor,' it looks more like a 'Whiffenpoof.'"

No matter what it is called, it is a deadly croppie lure and when I could not get them to rise to my carefully studied



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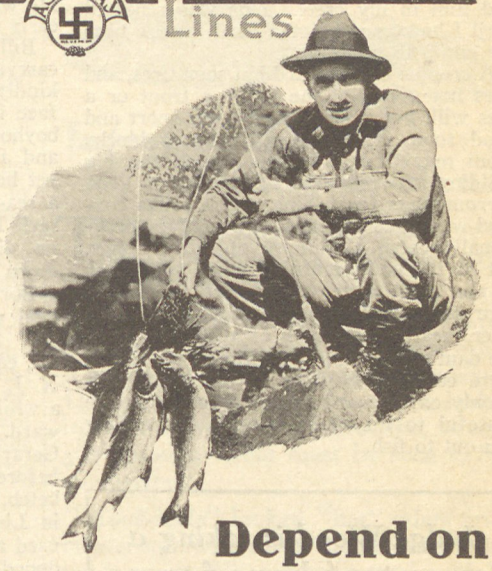

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fly, I dug a well worn "Whiffenpoof" out of my fly book, tied it on my leader and cast it into just the edge of the shadow of the bridge, let it sink a few inches under the water and started to retrieve it with short gentle jerks. I hardly had it in motion until a croppie struck it, and I soon had him in my creel. This was repeated until I had enough for a meal, before time for court to convene.

A croppie strikes hard but soon tires, and does not give you the battle a trout or a bass will, but it supplies me fine sport and good food, in the river, just two blocks from my office. The shadow of the big buildings, the rush of traffic are not as good surroundings for fishing as are banks covered with green foliage, in which you occasionally catch a glimpse of bird friends, but in the early morning when you stand in the swift water feeling its pull about your knees, seeing the mist rising from the river, hearing the rush of the water over the dam and feeling the spray in your face, there comes something of the uplift that is only experienced in nature, and you are grateful to the little croppies for calling you out to fish.

Judge Wood is taking a group of boys for a month's trip through central Idaho in June. Ask Dad about it, and write Judge Wood for details.

Bagging the Boys

(Continued from page 19)

He was convinced that sportsmen are bred early in life.

Bill Small is short, wiry and active, carrying his 56 years lightly. There are kindly creases about his alert eyes. His face is tanned and weatherbeaten from a boyhood and young manhood spent at sea, and from subsequent years afield. Even yet he loves the tang of salt air. He has a sea-going motor launch on the Hackensack River in which, with one of his sons, he slips away now and then for a trip down the Jersey coast.

Born at Tranmere, Cheshire, he left England when he was fourteen to follow the sea. Still in his 'teens, he came to America, editing a weekly newspaper at Tenafly, N. J., when he was nineteen. At intervals a whiff of salt air sent him scurrying shipward. He spent some years aboard Philip Gerard Sanford's yacht, the Rival. Just before the Great War he bought an old ketch, the Catherine, at the Coburg Dock in Liverpool—for a song. She had been used as a coal lighter, and had been abandoned. Small refitted her and sailed her out of the Mersey all the way to New York harbor—establishing a record for the smallest craft that ever made the east-to-west crossing.

He had planned with a companion, Angus Horn, to set out soon afterward, from New York, for a tiny island off the coast of Honduras, in quest of a supposititious treasure buried there by the pirate, "Blackbeard" Latrobe. In his native Cheshire, the story had persisted that Latrobe had buried six million dollars in Spanish bullion on that uninhabited isle, when an engagement with a man-of-war was imminent. The adventure never materialized, because Small found an opportunity to sell the ketch at a profit and to seek other adventures on land.

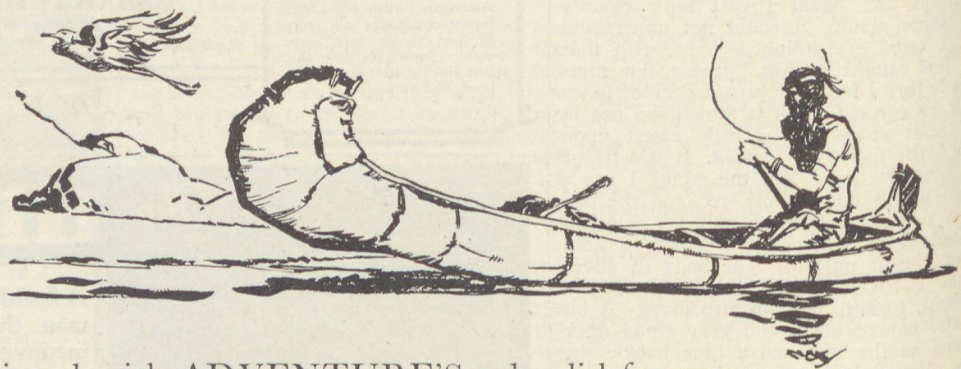
He finds outlet for his marine longings in his motor launch excursions and in directing the work of seining New Jersey's municipal reservoirs for game fish, wherewith to stock the public lakes. More than once he had need of all the seamanship he knew when sudden storms came up on Boonton Reservoir and Canisteer while the huge nets were out and while a "landlubber" crew was helping him.

Small likes his job. And because he is an interesting speaker and a delightful fellow, he is a favorite in the sportsmen's clubs. But it is among boys that he finds his real opportunity for developing sportsmanship.

"One year I asked the boys in the grammar schools of two towns to stop hunting birds with their crotched sticks and rubber slings," he said. "You'd be surprised had you seen the response. I told them I'd be back a few days later. I brought a sugar barrel with me. Before I was through I got 15,000 sling-shots and filled many a barrel.

"Boys enjoy playing the game right if somebody explains the rules."

Outdoor Men!



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Cotton Thread and Tarpon

(Continued from page 51)

fishing tackle, or allied sporting goods, or otherwise professionally engaged while fishing.

No spring or elastic inserted in line shall be used.

Double line may be used to a length not exceeding 15 feet; leader may be used to a length not exceeding 9 feet.

(B) Entry must be made on Club's blank when practicable. Entries should be mailed to the Secretary as soon after catch is made as is possible. Catch must be made on or before December 31st, and entry mailed to Secretary before January 10th to qualify.

1. The Entry Blank shall give place and date of catch. By place is meant body of water by name, and if it is a large body of water, such as an ocean or the Great Lakes, a further general description of the locality should be given.

2. Length, girth, weight and species of fish must be stated.

Length in feet, inches and eighths shall be measured by tape alongside the length taken from end of jaw with the mouth closed, to tip of tail. Girth in feet, inches and eighths shall be measured by tape around thickest part exclusive of fins. Weight in pounds, ounces and eighths of an ounce shall be measured on tested and accurate scales.

3. The kind of tackle and method of fishing must be stated.

By kind of tackle is meant a brief description of rod and reel used, and by method is meant whether still fishing, trolling or casting, and bait used.

4. A 7-foot specimen of the line actually used in making catch must be sent with entry.

5. Entrant must have all statements verified by signatures with addresses of either two witnesses not members of the Club; or of one witness who is a member; or, if this is impossible, then entrant must take oath before duly authorized public officer as to the truth and accuracy of his statements.

Where Flows the Namakagon

(Continued from page 18)

hit the Namakagon. It was one of those days that come every once in a while that may in truth be reckoned as red letter days. The wind was in the right direction; the feel of balminess was in the atmosphere. A rain the night before had left the world redolent with summer scents and all things flowering. There was a hatch on and the trout were feeding fast and furiously. Truly such days come but once in a while. Strike it right on days such as these and the red gods are indeed propitious.

Bill had told me that he knew certain places where trout were always to be found when they were on the strike and while he did not signify as much I am convinced that he knew just where to place me so that I got within proper range of at least one of those Namakagon browns. In fact I was given some rather definite directions as to where I should concentrate my attention: to watch out for this certain rock with a pool below it; or this place under an overhanging bank: and finally one spot among all others where lay a log stretched out in mid-stream topping off other submerged and sanded over logs forming a sort of an islet.

There was a deep hole by this same log and there—well, right there was where I should bring what fish-catching wisdom I had to bear on the situation and I probably would have results. Before I left Bill (I was to work downstream while he was to go up) I asked him in regard to flies and found him concentrated on small flies. I believe he was using Number 10's. I did not ask him in regard to anything larger but I amused myself with the thought as I worked on downstream that if the opportunity presented itself and any place looked likely I was going to use a certain Grizzly King bass fly, tied to a 1/0 hook, a fly by the way that I had always settled upon as a choice when there seemed possibilities in view.

I had used the same on Rogue River steelheads in Oregon and Madison River red-throats in Montana successfully so it was just possible that a Namakagon beauty would also take it. This in spite of the fact that just before this on the upper Namakagon I had used it without any luck in the certain choice places I had fished.

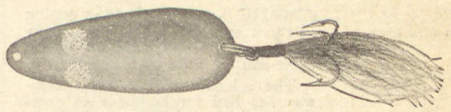
So I gave myself over to the business of fishing, working the pools and likely places with every care and with what ingenuity I could bring to bear. Most fly fishermen are hard set against casting downstream but there are certain methods that avail themselves in this manner of procedure that up-stream fishing does not afford.

Presuming that there is a certain select spot directly below you and by the flow of the water you are in line with it. Your cast is made toward the objective in question. The fly falls to the water and is moved with little twitches of the rod tip, the fly being allowed to drop back down and then twitched again. This gives a very deceptive appearance of animation to the lure in that the action of the water puts life into the hackles, giving it that highly demanded "open and close" movement that so deceives the trout. Because downstream fishing permits of this method being used as against upstream fishing I am always prone to give it first place in preference. Also one can always turn in his tracks when wading downstream and cast "upstream and across" in the regulation manner if he so desires when wading with the flow of the current.

I picked up here and there a beautiful brown as I made my way downstream, the largest going close to twelve inches. I was mentally patting myself on the back and wishing myself further luck of the sort when I drew within hailing distance of the log that Bill had made reference to so particularly and which he had told me to be on the lookout for. To say the least the scene that opened before me looked good. I took note of this feature as my eyes tabulated the makeup of what lay before me. That log held my attention though. I just had a feeling that here lay that whopper I was after.

I hesitated in connecting the Grizzly King fly to the leader. And yet somehow I had a feeling that it was the lure that would do the deed. If there was a large trout here the chances were strong that he would be interested in a large fly; with Cal Johnson using plugs for brown trout and one gentleman having lost a ten or

Meet "Mousidevle"



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"Mousidevle" looked "hot" when first conceived and his bare outlines committed to paper. When experimental models got into action in actual fishing waters, his bright promise became even more brilliant fulfillment. Don't fail to add him to your battery of lures this next trip. If your dealer cannot supply, send his name and $1.00 and we'll rush one to you.

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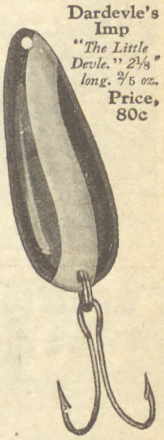

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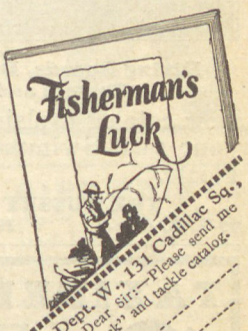

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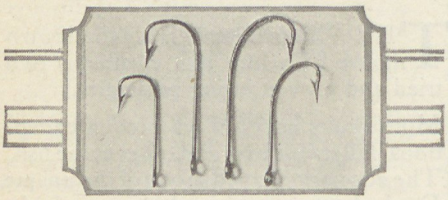

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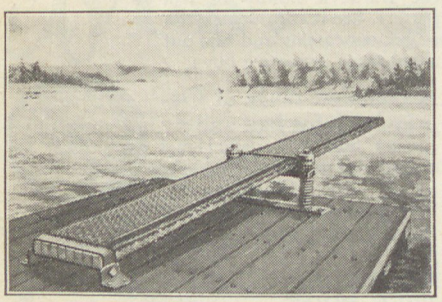

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twelve pounder on the Namakagon on a plug likewise; and the fact that I had had a beautiful rise on a bass bug in the same upper waters I was somehow justified (in my own mind) in leaning toward that Grizzly King fly in its large size.

I cast it and played it in the water at various points and close in to study its action and its color. To my eyes it seemed almost perfect, so much so that I settled it in my mind that if my friend Bill Kaiser were right, and there was a likely trout hanging out around these logs, this fly should prove enticing enough. At least I would chance it and if it failed I could keep mum about it for I knew Bill would hold up his hands aghast at the thought of going after the browns with flies of that size. But isn't it true that often it is the most unusual lure that gets the fish? We are told that *this* type of lure we should use, and *that* size, at *that* time and *that* place. And we follow directions to a T. Occasionally we rebel and against all the rules and regulations of polite piscatorial behavior we select some lure for use that would shock the elect. Of course I am writing this in the light of past events and particularly in knowledge of what did happen.

The long and the short of it was that eventually I placed that same Grizzly King fly right in a very suspicious looking place by the log. I do not know if it was an action of the current that made what appeared like a swirl in the water by the log. I had seen it, however, and my fly dropped identically where I wanted it. The fish must have been close to the log at the time for as I moved the fly along the edge where the little ripples were lipping at the bark, there was a swirl at which I struck and I was fast to something very energetic. Out swung the line, the deep roving fish hitting for the pool below. I followed, keeping the line taut as a violin string. Oh, he was an active fish, let me just stop to remark. True he did not come to the surface and he did not leap, but what he did under water proved him a scrapper that merited very careful and considerate handling of the line.

I do not know how long it was before I played the fish sufficiently to warrant working my net toward him. Four times I had wet the mesh of the net, seeing to it that it billowed out properly, before I finally headed him in. Only then did I realize that he fairly filled the net and in the tussle very nearly made his escape. There was indeed activity now for many minutes but eventually came the time when I flopped down on the bank in the shade of a tree and sat looking down at a real Namakagon brown. Not a ten pounder and not a record breaker it was true but one that went six pounds and some ounces on my scales. Thus closed, too, the third stanza of the Namakagon episode. There is a fourth stanza that I am looking forward to with no little anticipation for since those events of the past, that have fixed themselves indelibly on the films of my memory, I am waiting only for the word "go" to be there. And as I write these lines I have no doubt but that one Cal Johnson this early spring is also speculating on Namakagon browns as he sits at his editorial desk looking out on the hustle and bustle of little old New York. I can hear him say: *"Oh, they're in here. We'll get them yet!"*

Significant Seven

(Continued from page 32)

activities and are reporting the matter to our General Traffic Manager with the request that he work out with our people a co-operative effort to stimulate interest in the League."

Then came action. Shortly thereafter Mr. Taylor, General Traffic Manager, sent out a most significant letter to the employees of that road, which was reproduced in Colorado newspapers. Among other splendid things he said, "Everyone of you is interested in any movement, the object of which is to conserve the natural beauty of our state. If at any time you can be helpful in increasing the membership of your local chapter, if one has been organized, or in organizing a chapter if there is none in your vicinity, I cannot urge you too strongly to do so."

Now comes the giant United States Rubber Company, which on the cover of a piece of its literature which will go to millions, said, "HAIL! And thanks to the members of the Izaak Walton League for their splendid work in the furtherance of fish and game preservation."

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FRED H. DOELLNER.

Big Game Problems

(Continued from page 24)

ice is concerned. In Utah a Committee consisting of representatives of all major interested groups is trying to handle this problem. No doubt the matter could be handled with greater speed by a fish and game commissioner acting alone. It is our belief, however, that the actions of a commission or a committee are more apt to be correct and receive the endorsement of the general public even at the sacrifice of speed.

In the development of our management plans perhaps we can learn a lot from older countries but we must get down to brass tacks on each individual area. We should know more about the suitability of each watershed or forest unit for different classes of game, the balance between summer and winter range.

The winter range problem is much more serious in most instances than the summer range problem. In the west the best summer ranges for deer and elk are within the National Forests and Parks. But the most of the adjacent winter range, the foothills, is private property. The right of the game on public lands can be successfully defended against private interests. But this private range situation surely complicates matters. It is not expected that private range owners will adopt drastic measures if the numbers of game animals on these private ranges can be kept within reasonable bounds.

THIS IS OUR PROBLEM. CAN WE DO IT WITHOUT ADOPTING EXTERMINATIVE METHODS?

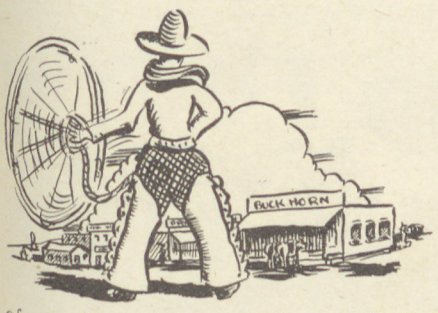
The House That Jack Built

By EUGENE S. HERROD

HAD it not been for an unquenchable thirst and an innate desire to avoid the torrid sunshine, Jack Carter, hero of this sketch, would never have entered the Buck Horn Saloon. Had he not entered the barroom upon this sultry September day, the great preponderance of the evidence is that Mr. Carter would have rounded out a peaceful, uninteresting career, without one day of honest toil to his credit.

The previous day had been "circus-day," and the little village of Gunsight had been treated to an unadvertised thrill. Jumbo, a huge bull elephant, constituting the chief attraction of Robertson Brothers Greatest Show on Earth, for some reason known only to his elephantine mind, had become peeved. Catching his trainer with his massive trunk, he had dashed him to the ground; and then, to the accompaniment of much trumpeting, had proceeded to do a buck and wing dance over his lifeless form. This being the second case of assault with intent to murder committed by Jumbo within less than a month's time, a jury composed of the town marshal and two Robertson Brothers had returned a verdict of first-degree murder against the elephant and adjudged that he should die without the benefit of clergy, at sundown. Coaxed by an under-trainer with a sack of peanuts, the huge mammal was taken to the outskirts of the little village where he was securely chained to a large hackberry tree. The town marshal and self-appointed executioner, safely perched upon the limb of a nearby cottonwood tree, displayed great nerve as well as good marksmanship in pumping lead into the defenseless beast until he was pronounced "dead, dead, dead," by the coroner.

Descending from his place of vantage in the cottonwood tree, the town marshal, one boot resting gracefully upon the neck



of the fallen beast and his trusty rifle grasped firmly in his right hand, had his picture taken in true Western style.

As the massive body of Jumbo lay safely anchored to the hackberry tree, The Greatest Show on Earth, "folded their tents like the Arabs, and silently stole away."

Gunsight, like all well organized towns of that day and time, possessed its village-wit, as well as its town-bum, or ne'er-do-well. Arch McKinley lay claim to the former title, while old Jack Carter was undisputed light-heavy-weight champion in the latter class. In a small, run-down shack by the river's edge, Jack had dwelt for many years. How he managed to eke out an existence without labor was Mr. Carter's business, but a town mystery. Some of the older inhabitants of Gunsight contended that Jack had been very energetic when he was a baby, but even this faint praise was vigorously denied by his close neighbors.

Upon the day following Jumbo's untimely demise, the day being hot and sultry, most of Gunsight's male population were gathered in the Buck Horn Saloon, where, as was to be expected, the tragedy of the preceding day was the chief topic of discussion. Arch McKinley, the village cut-up, was doing the most of the discussing. As he flicked the foam from a glass of amber-colored liquid which had contributed its small mite to Milwaukee's fame, Arch observed the slinking form of old Jack Carter entering the door-way. "Here's what the Robertson Boys wired me," remarked Arch, as he pitched a crumpled

telegram over to the bartender. "Read it so that everybody can hear." The bartender unfolded the telegram and read it aloud: "Arch McKinley, Gunsight, Texas. Have some experienced person remove hide from bull elephant. Preserve skin in as near original form as possible. Will send taxidermist in two weeks and pay five hundred dollars for this service. Answer. Robertson Brothers."

"There's a chance for somebody to make some easy money if they know anything about skinning an elephant, but I guess I'll have to wire them there is nobody here capable of handling the proposition," continued Mr. McKinley.

"Hold on there, Funny-boy, how do you know there is nobody here capable of handling the proposition?" replied someone in the audience.

"Why, Jack, I didn't know that you had ever done a day's work—I mean, skinned anything bigger than a pole-cat," replied Arch.

"Funny-boy, there's lots of things you don't know. I can skin a grizzly bear and stuff his hide so natural you can hear him growl. Done it lots of times. Ain't much difference between a big bear and an elephant, except his snout—bears don't have snouts."

"Then, you are just the man the Robertson Boys are looking for. I'll wire them to send five hundred dollars and their taxidermist, and Gunsight's leading citizen will attend to the matter for them."

"But suppose they don't send that five hundred dollars—what then?" queried Old Jack.

"Have no fear, I'll guarantee the payment," promptly replied the village cut-up. And thus the contract between Jack Carter, party of the first part, and Robertson Bros., acting through their duly authorized agent, Arch McKinley, was legally closed. The matter being definitely settled, Old Jack departed for his hut by the river-side, where he spent the remainder of the afternoon whetting and sharpening butcher-knives.

How he accomplished the feat alone and unaided, to this day has been a deep, dark mystery; but as the sun rose slowly over the eastern horizon on the day following the conversation just related between Arch

(Continued on page 72)

The CANT-S-CAPE MINNOW AND FROG BUCKET

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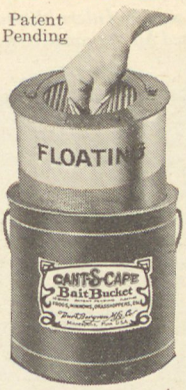
Patent Pending



Write for circular.

FROGS Can't escape when taking one out. No lid to open. Springs shut quickly.

MINNOWS keep alive and peppy all day as bucket hangs over boat in water. They can't escape through Coil Springs on top. Same applies to other live bait.

Buckets made of Galvanized Iron—Tempered Brass Springs.
Price 10 qt. Floating.....$3.00
Without Float..... 2.75

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Frogs, Grasshoppers and All Insect Bait
Size 9x6x4 in.....**Price $1.50**

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The New 3-Way ALUMINUM GRILL
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No. 1—**Price $4.00** for 3 eggs with grid—Any 1 burn flame.
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If not yet on sale in your city will send C. O. D. $1.00 to accompany order. Inspection allowed.
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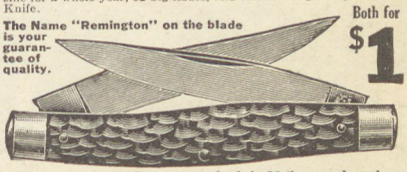

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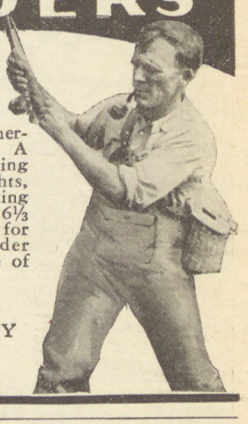

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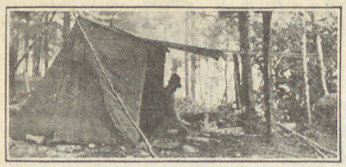
L. W. STILWELL, Deadwood, So. Dak.

Some Booths at the Sportsmen's Show

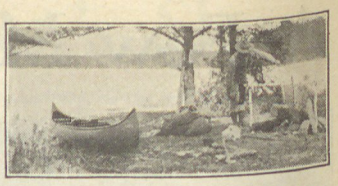
1929 Outdoor America's International Sports Goods Show was considered by all, both visitors and exhibitors, as the best that has yet been staged by the magazine. More than 28,000 people visited the exhibit and witnessed the interesting features.

A Few More Exhibits at This Show



Camping

Where When How



THIS department belongs to the readers of Outdoor America. It is your department, and it will be successful only to the extent to which it is actually put to work. It is divided into two parts. First, questions on any phase of how to camp will be answered by foremost experts in various kinds of camping. Second, every question about where or when to camp will be answered by a member of the chapter of the Izaak Walton League closest to that vicinity—first hand, expert knowledge, by resident sportsmen, is thus available to our readers. This is the best camping service in America. Please write about only one subject in a letter—either ask questions about *how* to camp, or about *when and where*. If you want to know both, write on separate sheets.

Camp Questions

Umbrella Type Tent

Camping Department,
Outdoor America:

Please specify what tent would be the most satisfactory for the following uses:

The tent should be large enough to accommodate a family of two adults and two children on week-end trips and on longer camping trips.

Ease of erection is a factor of importance, and strength after erection is vital, for the tent will be used at times in unprotected sections of the seashore where it will have to bear the full force of the wind.

Very truly yours,
R. C. Craig.

Albany, N. Y.

There is nothing better for this purpose than the best grade of auto camping tent, umbrella type. This especially applies to your case because no other type of tent can be pitched satisfactorily on the beach. Be sure to get a good make, built strongly with tubular braces. These tents used to be unreliable, especially in a breeze, but recent models stand any tests.

FRANK STICK

Canadian Canoeing

Camping Department,
Outdoor America:

I want to go canoeing in Canada this summer, and have about decided to get an Indian guide and go out of North Bay.

What kind of equipment would you suggest, especially in the matter of clothing? What equipment do guides ordinarily furnish, and what will I have to take along in a general way?

F. W. Smedley.

Kentucky.

A mighty nice trip is from North Bay on Lake Nipissing down to French River Station; you get many miles of good water after you get into French river. Indian guide will cost from $4.40 to $5.00 per day. Tent and supplies can be obtained at any of the outfitters. Guides do not usually furnish them, but they are provided by the outfitters who select guides for you. Have one rainproof coat, one suit of waterproof duck or khaki, one pack sack, two flannel shirts, extra socks and underwear, and be sure of supply of fly dope if you are going early in the season. Food and cooking utensils, also furnished by outfitter.

OZARK RIPLEY

Supplies for 4 Months

Camping Department,
Outdoor America:

What equipment and supplies are necessary for a month's camping trip for two people, wherein they do not expect to touch civilization from the time they go into the woods until they come out?

Charles Gardner.

Cleveland, Ohio.

I have worked out the things carried by my boy and me. This list has been built up over a period of twenty years and now represents what we have carried since he was eighteen years old, or large enough to carry a heavy pack.

Inasmuch as all this is carried on the back and we also have a canoe to carry, we figure everything down to the last ounce. Our tent is of our own design. I don't think anybody else would think of using it. If I had it to do over again, I would get one of the tents now on the market.

Division I:

	lbs.		lbs.
Tent	12	2 Bags	8
2 Blankets	8	2 Air Mattresses	9

Total weight, 37 pounds

Division II: Clothing

2 suits heavy underwear	Needle and thread
2 suits B.V.D.s	Large Turkish Towel
4 pairs of golf socks	Cake of Ivory soap
2 pairs of sneaks	Tube tooth paste
2 flannel shirts	Tooth brushes
2 pairs pants	Comb
2 coats	Iodine
2 hats	Adhesive tape
2 head nets	Fly dope
	Aseptico

Total weight, 5 pounds

Division III:

Reflector	Two tin cups
Spider	Holder
Grid	Dish mop
Long Fork	2 forks
1 Klim measure	2 knives
2 tin plates	2 dessert spoons
2 qt. aluminum kettle	Scouring cloth
	Dish towel
Tea pail	Pancake turner

Total weight, 10 pounds

Division IV:

	lbs.
Rice (16 portions)	2
Oatmeal (16 portions)	2
Flour (30 portions)	5
Cornmeal (15 portions)	2
Noodles (5 portions)	1
Spaghetti (10 portions)	2
Raisins	2
Dates	2
Figs	2
Prunes	4
Pecan meats	1
Dried Apples	2
Sugar (32 portions)	4
Bacon	10
Butter	5

(Continued on page 66)

Where to Camp

Georgian Bay

Camping Department,
Outdoor America:

Am planning an auto camping tour for this summer and wonder if I could go up to Georgian Bay by car, and if the camping is good along the way. What route would be best to take from central Ohio? I want to get some small mouth bass fishing while there. What month would you suggest?

R. Moulton.

Ohio.

Georgian Bay is a pretty large proposition to cover entirely by car. But as you want some real small mouth fishing, suggest you route straight through Michigan via Sault Ste. Marie, then take road East as far as Espanola, then South to Whitefish Falls on the north part of Georgian Bay where you will find good fishing and good camp sites all the way down to Little Current. Bass fishing does not open in Ontario until July 1. The first part of July is good, often only equalled by the middle of September.

OZARK RIPLEY

Wading the Current

Camping Department,
Outdoor America:

What chance has a wading fisherman of finding good sport on the Current River in Missouri, and what section of the river should he visit to practice this kind of fishing?

I am just a young fellow, a student in college, but I have wanted to fish Current River for years, and expect to have the chance to do so next June. I had planned to take a short float, say from Eminence to Van Buren, but before deciding on this I want to get information on the possibilities of wading, and where I should go to fish the stream this way.

I shall arrive by train, and will not have camping equipment, so must find some sort of a place to stay if I wade the stream. However, I am not at all particular about accommodations, and am willing to hike any distance to get to my base point.

Can flies, bass bugs and leaders be bought in such towns as Van Buren and Doniphan?

C. A. Hill.

Urbana, Ill.

You will find the float from eminence to Van Buren a pretty good size affair unless you are conversant with handling a canoe, or the locally used Johnboat. You come down the Jack's Fork of Current River from Eminence until you enter into the main river, with here and there good

(Continued on page 67)

RESORTS CAMPS

OUTDOOR PLAYGROUNDS

THE GUIDE TO YOUR FAVORITE OUTDOOR SPORTS AND RECREATIONS

HOTELS GUIDES PROPERTY

Michigan

A Great Place to Spend Your Vacation!

Would you like to spend your vacation this year at a gay summer resort or at a quiet restful retreat—at a homey lakeside cottage or at a tourist camp out in the open? Would you like to go where you can enjoy out-door sports to your heart's content—fishing, boating, bathing, golf, tennis, riding, hiking, motoring? All these await you in Michigan—which borders on FOUR of the Five Great Lakes and has the longest shore line of any state. A fairyland for children. Over 5000 inland lakes, 57 state parks with free tourist camps. Paved highways everywhere. Reduced railroad fares on round-trip tickets.

Write for **FREE BOOKLET**

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Gay Resorts *Camps and Cottages*
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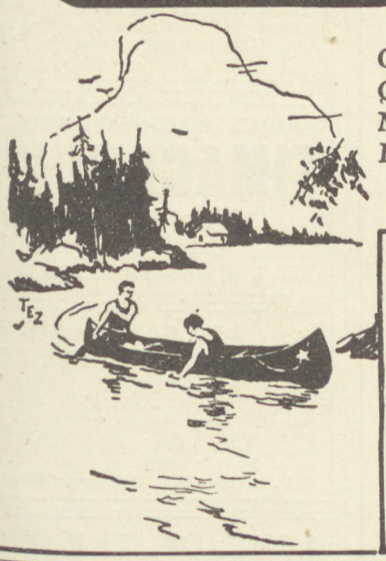

EAST MICHIGAN TOURIST ASSOCIATION
Box 289, Bay City, Michigan
Please send me (without charge) information I have checked

( ) Summer hotels	( ) Touring	If I come it will be by			
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15 acres exclusive frontage with 4 room cottage on small lake near Whitewater, **$10,000.**
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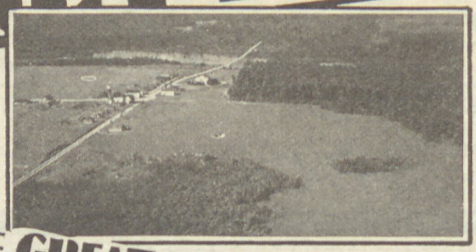
Five Lakes in Border Forest
Trout—Salmon—Lakers
Big and Plenty
Main Camp—22 Cabins with Baths and open fires—Guides
Roads Good—35th Season—Averill
Hortense Quimby—Northeastern Vermont

BLANEY PARK



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By special appointment to T. R. H. the Prince of Wales and the Duke of York

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LAKE OF WOODS DISTRICT

Follow the Real Sportsman to Canada and enjoy limit catches of Musky, Black Bass, Lake Trout, Wall Eyed Pike, etc.

Hanson Camps are right in the heart of the Canadian Woods, yet you will be assured of accommodations of the highest order and a wonderful FISHING TRIP.

A special circular sent on request giving full information.

Kendall Hanson, Rainy River, Ontario, or
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Best trout fishing in Province of Quebec. Only 8 hours from Montreal. Virgin territory just opened by new road. 50 sq. miles. 40 lakes filled with only speckled trout of great size—and grey trout. Also moose, deer, and small game. Write for details.

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SPORTSMEN, COME OUT

Follow the lure of the dim trail to the wide open spaces about Lake Manitou and its sister lakes, where the crystal waters teem with TROUT, BASS, MUSKIES, and other game fish.

Kill your MOOSE and DEER here in the fall. FREEDOM—SPORT—REST.

Write
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for small mouth black Bass is good or you can troll for Land Locked Salmon throughout May and June. Individual log cabins with open fires and bath rooms. Good guides. Booklet. *Address*
PACKARD'S CAMPS, Sebec Lake, Me.

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Ideal for the summer vacationist. Hunting 36,000 acres, fishing in 17 trout ponds, canoeing on rivers and streams.

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Vegetables from our camp garden, three jersey cows. Cabins with baths, rates reasonable. Booklet and Map on request.

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Virgin Country, 140 miles north of Ottawa, Canada. The Fishing and Big Game Hunting on this reserve of 80 miles cannot be excelled in America.

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LAKE TIMAGAMI
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A real North Woods **BUNGALOW CAMP** with every comfort, in the heart of **four million acres** virgin forest —**1502 lakes. Wonderful fishing.** Guides, Boats, Canoes and Launches, Bathing, Tramping. One night from Toronto or Montreal. Excellent table. **Write for booklets.**
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WHERE
Muskies—strike a little harder. Bass—show added vigor and Lake Trout run wild with the bait.
Individual Log Cottages—Best of Grub, Guides, Canoes, Boats and equipment. 75-100 miles from R. R. No Roads.
Write for Folder or Wire.
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Rainy River — **Ont., Canada**

EVERETT'S Waubee Lake Resort

LAKEWOOD, WIS., Oconto Co.

Best beds, bathing, boating, dancing, cats, fishing, log cabins. All for $3.50 a day. Rates by week. Also housekeeping cottages and camp.

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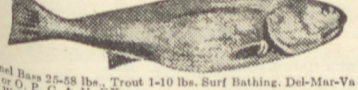

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Outdoor Literature

Reviewed by

Thomas Ambrose

THE RIM OF MYSTERY, *by John B. Burnham,—281 pages, octavo volume, 58 Illustrations and Map. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York. Price, $3.50. Orders taken by* OUTDOOR AMERICA.

"THE Rim of Mystery," labelled by the publishers with a subtitle, "A Hunter's Wanderings in Unknown Siberian Asia," is far more than the tale of a hunting trip into a little-known part of the world. It is a gripping, unvarnished account of an exploration trip, a scientific trip and the inhabitants of Siberian Asia all combined.

Mr. Burnham's expedition into Siberia in 1921 had its genesis in a desire to settle a question of natural history—whether Mountain Sheep lived in the Chukotsk Peninsula of extreme eastern Siberia, and if so, whether they might be an unrecorded species.

The hazards and difficulties of such a trip at once take it out of the realm of a pleasure jaunt. In Siberia climatic conditions are decidedly unfavorable, and the inhabitants of the Chukotsk Peninsula are inhospitable and lazy.

Vegetation and timber is decidedly sparse. Wild life was too scarce to depend upon it to sustain life. The difficulties of transportation and cooking reduce such an exploration trip largely to one of human endurance. With constantly unfavorable weather conditions, no aid from the natives, and suspicion and open interference from representatives of a crude government, any explorer is lucky to return alive, let alone accomplish his objective.

"The Rim of Mystery" is full of hair-raising accounts of near-shipwreck in uncharted waters, encounters with drink and dope-crazed natives, and thrilling incidents such as one might expect climbing mountains in an almost unknown region of perpetual snow and ice.

Mr. Burnham is a trained observer and explorer, and tells his story with simplicity and clarity. He has known life in the rough over much of the North American Continent, some of the most harrowing of which he experienced in the Klondike during the early gold rush days.

The intimate details concerning the people of eastern Siberia, their perpetual fight for existence, their home life, are all told in an unabashed and interesting style. This book carries the reader along in a most entertaining manner, and is a decided credit to its author.

S. G.

A SPORTSMAN'S SCRAPBOOK, *by Dr. John C. Phillips,—212 pages, handsomely illustrated. Published by Houghton, Mifflin Company. Price, $5.00. Sold through* OUTDOOR AMERICA'S *Book Department.*

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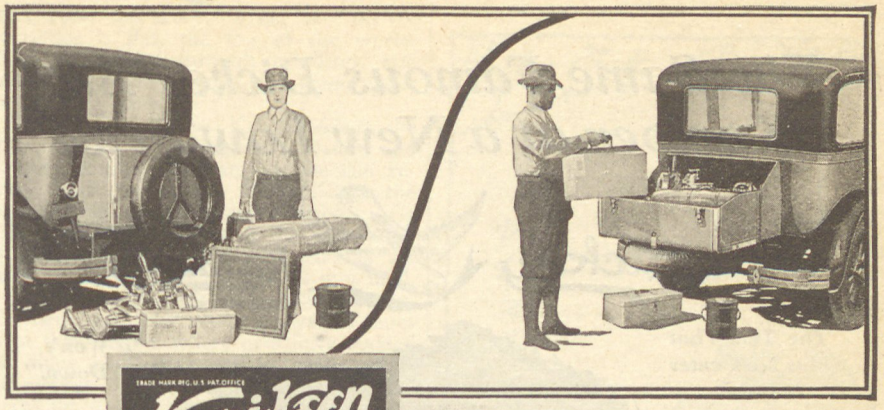
(Continued on page 72)



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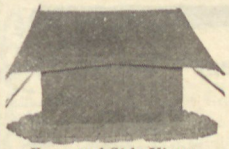
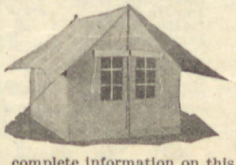


Rear and Side Views



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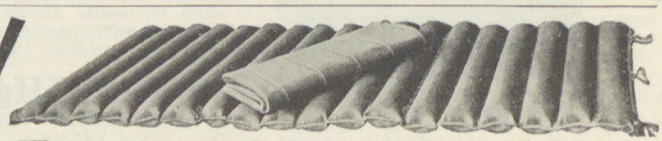

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Airubber Sectional Mattresses

The original and only sectional air mattresses made. Patented. Have cross-wise air chambers and are made in two or three sections, laced together. Besides the No. 336, popular widths are:

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By unlacing, sections can be piled in small space during the day without deflating. Also, individual sections make excellent safety boat pads and camp cushions. Ask about speed boat pads—many sizes.

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Write for free circular describing RED HEAD BRAND Outing Tents, Pack Sacks, Duffle Bags, Creels, Fishing Coats, Rod Cases and other canvas and leather equipment

RED HEAD BRAND

Camp Questions

(Continued from page 60)

Tea	1
Klim	5
Onions	2
Lemons	½
Beans	2
Pancake Flour	2
Cheese	2
Baking Powder	1
Salt	½
Pepper (2 ounces)	⅛
Cinnamon (1 ounce)	1/16
Nutmeg (1 ounce)	1/16
Baking Soda	¼
Crisco	1

Total weight, 63½ pounds

We also take chocolate bars which we frequently use for lunch when on hikes. Of course, there will be the usual allowance of cigarettes, pipe tobacco, and matches.

We also carry a steel pole for bait casting and 6 ounce fly rod with the usual tackle. Some may wonder why we only carry two rods. This is due to a system that the boy and I have developed. When bait casting, I paddle until he has landed a fish. Then he takes the paddle until I have caught a fish. Fly casting from a canoe for trout and bass in lakes we pursue the same method. In stream fishing, I go out in the morning at daybreak and stay out until nine and come back and prepare breakfast, as the boy likes to sleep mornings.

He takes his turn at stream fishing in the evening. We find that it is better to fish in streams alone rather than together.

All the material suggested goes into two packs, the blanket roll of course being put on top of one of the packs. The total weight, as you will observe, is 115 pounds. This is distributed between the two packs so that the boy's pack is about 90 pounds and that leaves 25 to 30 pounds for me.

I take the lighter pack because I carry the canoe on the portages.

In going into camp, we carefully study the territory and when possible pick a spot where we can reach the first fishing grounds by evening, using the canoe entirely. We spend two or three days at this point, if the fishing is at all good. These three days are consumed in ranging on foot as much as possible. This rather toughens us. Then we go on, paddling by canoe, or portage as the case may be.

Our trip is so laid out that we invariably finish it within two or three days of the time allotted and when we come out of the woods we are travelling very light . . . . in fact, practically all that we have left is our sleeping and cooking equipment, clothing, and canoe.

We always wear sneaks, preferring those to heavy boots or rubber boots. We carry the heavy underwear for use in sleeping and to put on in case we get too wet.

We never permit ourselves to have any regular routine. That is, we eat when we feel hungry and go to bed when we like, sleep as long as we please. If we start out for an objective and find that it is going to be dark when we reach it, we stop on the way, pitch our tent, spend the night there and start out again next morning.

In spite of the great amount of walking and paddling, we generally come out of the woods a few pounds heavier than when we went in.

I assume you are not interested in our cooking methods or why we carry certain items of food which other people would probably leave behind. If you think there would be anything of interest in this, however, I shall be glad to send it to you.

HARRY C. GOODWIN

Where to Camp

(Continued from page 60)

places for wading, but most of the river is deep and swift. Nevertheless you will find plenty of wading places to keep you busy. You will be able to stay at farm houses en route, but you are out of touch with towns from the minute you leave Eminence until you get to Van Buren.

Below Van Buren, and from Van Buren to Doniphan, thence to Arkansas, it will be the same, the river broadening, always swift with here and there good wading places. I think you would enjoy below Doniphan best. You can get a place to stay and make regular headquarters by writing in advance to Jesse Loftis, Doniphan, Ripley Co., Missouri.

You can get a pretty fair assortment of flies and leaders at Doniphan, 40 miles or more below Van Buren, and usually all kinds of tackle and supplies there better than you can at Van Buren.

OZARK RIPLEY

Going West Again

Camping Department,
Dear Editor:

A few months ago I read a story in Outdoor America called "If You Go West," by Donald Hough, in which a delightful automobile trip in the Rocky Mountains was outlined.

This article sold me on the trip as a whole, but I wonder where I can get more details as to the specific points of interest on that part of the trip south of Salt Lake City.

I know this is quite an order, but I am going to take that trip and want to miss nothing.

C. B. J.
Marion, Ohio.

If one goes direct south from Salt Lake City to Cedar City one can make a loop trip which includes Cedar Breaks, Zion National Park, the Grand Canyon, Bryce Canyon, and then back through Marysville Canyon. We included Mt. Timpanogas, highest of the Wasatch, and Timpanogas Cave. This is right off the paved highway below Salt Lake City, up American Fork Canyon. The formations in this cave are the most exquisitely delicate of any I have ever seen, and the lighting the most artistic. The hike up the mountain and down its glaciers, furnishes thrills for the most daring, while the majestic heights give views beyond reach of the most vivid imagination.

From Cedar City one may go to Zion, then directly on to the Grand Canyon, by way of the Hurricane Fault, and the Vermilion Cliffs, or as we did, to Zion, then back to Cedar City, and up Cedar Mountain where are the Breaks. The trip up Cedar Mt. is not for faint hearts, but Oh, the memory of it. One goes from the city (about a mile high), to the top of the mountain (over ten thousand feet) in fifteen miles. The road carved out of the mountain side winds through some of the most beautiful scenery in the world. Round and round it goes, by cliffs, under jutting crags, where silvery waterfalls spray, by gushing streams, through forests and flowers. From the very top one looks down far below into the open gorge of Zion Canyon, where beetling crags and majestic peaks kiss the sun. And although we went down into Zion, this view from the heights was to me the most impressive.

Cedar Breaks, said to be the result of erosion, is a fairy land bowl, right in the top of the mountain. It is over this site that different motion picture companies have almost come to blows. The Breaks themselves are of vivid hues, reds predominating. Here rise cathedrals, and castles, turrets, and minarets of blues, yellows, reds, and ivory. From here on the mountain is flat, the top of the world, where we drove through meadows, and flowers, and ate clean snow from under the sentinel pines.

From there on to Kanab, down the other side of the mountain by lakes, and streams, homes, and ranches one can relax. Then on to the Kaibab, and the northern rim of the Grand Canyon.

It is on the return trip that one takes off at a side road for Bryce Canyon, the most exquisite bit of beauty in any land.

Then back through Marysville Canyon. Nowhere will one see such varied hues as in this canyon, where ores have stained the sides blue, then yellow, then green, and orange.

Taking a real vacation we first went through the Black Hills of South Dakota, then over parts of the Old Oregon Trail, with its landmarks. To Salt Lake City, and the points of which I have spoken, back to Jackson's Hole, Yellowstone, then our own Bad Lands. The prairie can not grow monotonous to us now, for in our memories live forever these glories of the Rockies.

BURTON W. DRIGGS

Most Anywhere North

Camping Department,
Outdoor America:

I am planning to go camping on my vacation sometime this summer, but having no experience I wish your advice.

I would like to know of some nice place in the North where there is good fishing and scenery and good roads for driving.

What kind of a reasonably priced tent would you suggest, and where would you recommend my buying it?

Joseph F. Loftus.
Chicago, Ill.

Why not up through Wisconsin, then over into Minnesota, make a tour of the famous ten thousand lakes district in the north central part of that state, and back home by way of the scenic Mississippi river route? If you will go to Park Rapids, Minn., I'll personally guarantee that you'll get plenty of fishing, and that you'll find the best camping spots imaginable. There are hundreds of lakes there, and you can either stay around one or two of them or camp beside a new one each day. The roads are excellent.

It's against the rules of the magazine to recommend any certain make of tent, or to tell where you can buy one. Go to any good reliable sporting equipment company, tent and awning firm, or even department store, and select an umbrella tent made of genuine duck. Don't buy anything else. And see that the frame of the tent is solid, and that it depends on no "tricks" to keep it up.

EARL FULLER

Help!

Camping Department,
Outdoor America:

I am planning to go to Arizona this summer on a fishing, camping and prospecting trip. I would like to know to whom I can refer regarding the hiring of horses and where is the best place for such a trip?

H. D. Herpst.
Buffalo, N. Y.

This letter leaves us floating in thin air. Who knows where to go fishing, camping and prospecting in Arizona? Does the Arizona Chamber of Commerce, and if so, does it guarantee any chance of actually finding some gold or something? If so, we think we'll go too. Will any reader of the magazine who can give Mr. Herpst the information he desires, please write to him care of this magazine? We'll appreciate it very much.

As to the matter of hiring horses, we can answer that one all right. There's no place in Arizona where horses can't be hired.

EDITOR

You're Never Alone With A Coleman

Sometimes a fellow likes to get off by himself in the woods. He finds his companionship in the solitude. And a faithful, welcome friend in his COLEMAN CAMP STOVE. This little roadside range deluxe will cook, fry, broil or roast anything his appetite craves, any time he wants it. *"It's the smooth way to rough it."*

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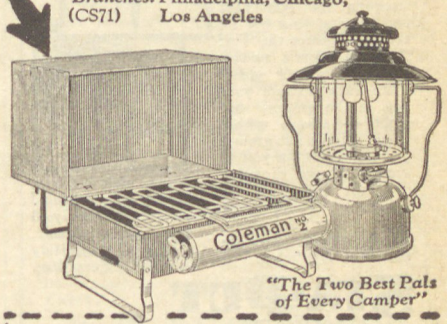

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Sure, send me a copy of the Coleman Motor Campers' Manual. Here's 10 cents and my dealer's name.

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which gives complete information, dimensions, prices, etc. Order from your dealer—or direct from factory. Our Guarantee insures satisfaction.

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Quality Basket Makers for 40 Years
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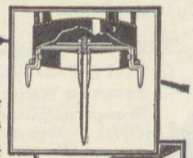
Improve Your Game!



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Light weight, heavily nickeled steel. Wt. only 8 oz. Lasts a lifetime. Easily and quickly attached. Saves bag.

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Specify 5 in. or 6 in. Bag

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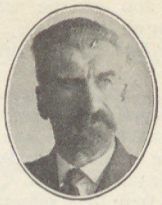


MURDO GIBSON'S LETTER *from the Wilderness*

In camp, Lake of the Woods,
April, 1929.

ON the ridges surrounding my tent, the trees are swaying violently and loud sounds—as of angry waters rushing along a much-obstructed channel—swell and ebb with the regularity of surfbreaking upon an ocean-fronting beach. The air is full of drifting snow and nearby islands are obscured behind the tempestuous swirls. It is a typical March blizzard: such a day as fiction heroes choose to make the heart-breaking, dog-killing trips to save the lives of helpless comrades.

As I am not a hero, and have no companion, it is altogether likely my comfortable solitude will remain undisturbed and I can enjoy listening to and watching the gale from the warm security of a well-sheltered tent. There will be more listening than watching, unfortunately, because the latter must be confined to momentary glimpses, at intervals governed by the stove's appetite. I have a lot of writing to do today, and my "desk" faces the rear and unwindowed wall.

Strange as it may seem, I welcomed this radical change from the many weeks of equable weather that preceded it. When I awakened, at dawn, and heard the wind swishing through the timber, I realized that the second storm of our winter had arrived. Immediately, I felt the same elation that similar conditions arouse in healthy, outdoor-loving boys. My chief regret was that it came on a day when press of work—that might have been done days ago—precluded my journeying abroad.

That is a just punishment for my inexcusable procrastination. "Putting off, until tomorrow," is becoming a habit with me. The present ever seems too delightful to squander in mere work and serious writing interferes with what I like to think is my "noble leisure." That this leisure may gradually degenerate to enervating and disgraceful sloth I am fully aware, but, like all lotus eaters, I consider myself an exceptional character, well able to foresee dangers of that sort and to guard against them. Time will tell.

Nevertheless, the time is long past when I regarded Samuel Smiles as a better guide than Robert Louis Stevenson. The latter's "Apology for Idlers" contains nearly all the philosophy I need for a tolerable journey through this complicated and inexplicable existence. Certainly, it fits my present mood.

Many of our banal, time-worn "old sayings" and proverbs can be made to yield additional, if not greater values, by the simple process of reversing, or flatly contradicting, their assertions. It tends to stimulate thought at least, so whatever the result obtained, the sacrilege is justified. A particular instance that comes to mind is that battle hymn of Babbittry: "Work, for the Night Is Coming." Might it not be improved, for special occasions, by substituting "PLAY," wherever the word "Work" appears?

But we are on thin ice now: let us get back to solid ground. In a recent letter, a cynical friend, to whom I mentioned the glory of a certain sunrise, intimates that I was drawing heavily on my imagination. He finds it impossible to visualize me on any trail at that time of day.

Another friend—one who is flirting with the idea of solitary camping, wants to know, in detail, what I actually do during an average day in winter quarters. He is dubious as to his ability to fill his waking hours with congenial employment. To him, idleness is anathema.

Generally, I awaken at the first hint of dawn. Whether I arise then depends on circumstances. Usually, I do not. If the fire is silent and the tent cold, I go back to sleep, but if the tent is warm and I hear the fire, I get up at once. In the first case, there are three possibilities. The green chunks with which the stove was filled the night before may not have burst into flame; they may have been entirely consumed while I slept: or having failed to ignite, they may be lying inert, slowly drying and in excellent condition for a quick response to the stimulus of birch bark and dry pine.

At any rate, there is nothing to be gained by prompt action, so I finish out my allotted eight hours of sleep. (This winter, I have never gone to bed before midnight and I generally read for an hour, at least, after that.)

But if the tent is warm, and I can hear the fire, I save myself some delay and discomfort by arising immediately. The sour-dough will be just right for the pancakes and the stove for frying them. After breakfast, if I feel so inclined, I can lie down and make up lost sleep. And I know of no greater luxury than an after-breakfast nap, in a warm tent, when the outside temperature is a little below zero.

During the short days of midwinter, I seldom eat more than twice a day. When I get up from my morning nap, I clean whatever utensils require it and start on my correspondence. This winter, I have never been "up to date" on the "personal stuff." There are quite a number of good friends with whom I exchange letters only once or twice a year. When writing to one of them, I use more time than is necessary for a dozen business letters.

When the light is strongest in the tent, I examine the saw. This one is made from very soft steel and requires almost daily sharpening. As I have to use a magnifying glass before and after filing each tooth, the job may take nearly an hour. For "setting" it, I use a pair of pliers with flat, parallel jaws. Late afternoon is my time for cutting wood, filling the gasoline lantern and chopping out the waterhole.

When the wood is neatly stacked, inside the tent, I start preparing supper and wondering what I have done with the day. I accuse myself of dawdling and firmly resolve to adjust myself to a "regular schedule" of working hours but, generally, I can find a plausible reason for postponing the start.

After supper, I divide the time between writing and reading, but the lion's share falls to the latter. Too much good literature has accumulated and I forget myself completely, when I read interesting articles and stories. I simply must "swear off" reading between meals; otherwise, my own output will dwindle to the vanishing point.

Camp Cooking

Edited by Betty Benton Patterson

BETTY BENTON PATTERSON, through years of experience in camping might almost be called a professional camper. She is famous for her superlatively good camp cooking. She will conduct this department throughout the camping months and we advise all campers to keep a scrap book and preserve the recipes that will be found here.

Others who have favorite and tried recipes for camp are asked to send them in.
Editor.

Courtbouillon a l'Espagnole

From a Mexican friend we learned the fine points in making this dish. Our camping partner calls it "fish stew." And it's a gorgeous feast by any name.

Note the seasoning and include the ingredients, they weigh almost nothing, in your next "grub" list.

The Mexican friend told us that red fish from the Gulf of Mexico was the only fish to be used in this stew. But we noticed that the firm meat of river bass was similar, courageously tried it and found it just as delectable as any bull red that runs in salty waters.

Three pounds of fish cut in about six slices, one tablespoonful of shortening, two tablespoonfuls of flour, one large or two small onions, clove of garlic, a little thyme and sweet basil-dried leaves, two bay leaves, six tomatoes from can, the juice of tomatoes and enough water to make the total liquid measure two and one-half pints.

Method: Rub the fish with salt and pepper and pour over it one cup of boiling vinegar. Allow to stand in this until time to cook fish. Put the shortening into fry pan and when it is hot stir in flour. When this is a light brown add onion, clove of garlic, tomatoes and seasoning all chopped fine except the bay leaves, which will be taken out before serving. Let all this cook a little then pour in liquid and stir. When this bubbles take fish slices out of vinegar and put in one at a time. Be careful not to stir mixture after putting in sliced fish as the slices must remain whole to be appetizing. Allow to simmer for about 20 minutes when fish will be done and then is the time to shout, "Come and get it."

Barbecued Small Game

We are referring to squirrel and rabbit. If they are very young and tender it will not be necessary to parboil. If parboiling is necessary, dress game and put on to cook in boiling water. Cover closely. Some camp cooks cling to the idea of adding soda or a little vinegar to this water. The game does not resent this addition and it does no harm, but please do not put salt in water when parboiling anything.

Of course every cook knows that meat or game arrives at that tender stage called "done" best when the pot simmers rather than boils furiously.

The game is now ready to receive the barbecue treatment. Have a grill large enough to hold game set up over a deep bed of glowing coals. It is wise to have a second fire going nearby to supply more coals to be added as needed.

Spread game on grill if you have no wire broiler. The broiler simplifies the turning process essential to all broiling. Rub game on one side with sauce, the recipe for which is given below, and put that side to the coals. While that side is searing baste upper side with sauce. Turn and continue basting upper side until game is done.

Barbecue Sauce

Two-thirds cup cooking oil, one cup of vinegar, one can tomato sauce, three tablespoonfuls of prepared horseradish, one-half cup tomato catsup, three teaspoons celery salt, two tablespoons prepared mustard, four tablespoons Worcestershire sauce, two tablespoons Mexican chili powder, four tablespoons A-1 sauce and tabasco according to taste and asbestos content of throat and stomach. Boil sauce about 10 minutes before using to blend ingredients.

Biscuits

Recipes for biscuits, quick cinnamon rolls, and what we call in the South "batter cakes" are found in every cook book. We are giving recipes for biscuits and the cinnamon rolls with the correct proportion of milk powder in the biscuits and both the milk powder and powdered egg in the cinnamon rolls.

The directions on milk powder usually snare the cook into dissolving powder in water. That is all right when using powder for cream in the coffee. But in making hot breads it is much easier to sift all powders with the flour.

For biscuits put in sifter—please take sifter unless you are hiking—two cups of flour, two level teaspoonfuls of baking powder, one-half teaspoon of salt and two rounded teaspoonfuls of milk powder. Sift this into whatever you have; we use a sauce pan. Mix in one rounded tablespoon of shortening and be sure to mix it thoroughly. Add three-fourths cup of water, stir, and when thoroughly blended the dough is ready to be cooked.

Being "elegant" we use a small square of duck for bread-board with a vinegar bottle for rolling pin. But if you are going light, just pinch off pieces of dough, roll in the hands and bake. It is not necessary to grease pan or Dutch oven to prevent biscuits sticking.

Cinnamon Rolls

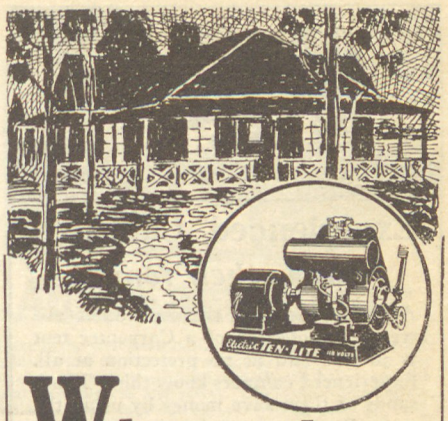
Use exact recipe given for biscuits with the addition of one tablespoon of sugar and one and one-half teaspoonfuls of powdered egg put into sifter along with other dry ingredients. You will be compelled to roll cinnamon rolls or they would not be—rolls. Roll dough to about fourth of an inch thickness, sprinkle with sugar, cinnamon, currants and raisins. Then roll big round of dough evenly and closely cut in rounds about an inch thick, pull one end together so sugar will not cause dough to burn and place a little apart to bake. The tops may be brushed with a little canned milk or powdered milk dissolved in water. Make this rich, two teaspoonfuls to one-half cup of water.

We have been accused of being soft and urban when we have told of cinnamon rolls, turnover pies and fruit rolls in our camp menus. But it's just as simple to have them as it is to bake a huge round of hit or miss dough and say "anything tastes good in camp."

Hickory Smoke

By Hallie Whittaker

WHEN I smell the smoke of burning wood
I feel the urge of the gypsy blood,
And I catch the tang of primal things—
Of mem'ries older than me, of springs
When the savage danced in front of his tent.
Oh, then my vagabond soul gives vent
To a whoop of war, like a sleeping hound
Who growls as he dreams of raccoon ground.



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So confident are we that you will be entirely satisfied with the Onan Ten-Lite Electric Plant that we invite you to prove its efficiency and economy at our risk. All we ask you to do is to fill in and mail the coupon below—then we'll send you complete details of our 15-day trial offer. Will you do this? Will you satisfy yourself that you *can* have electricity at little cost? **Mail coupon today.**

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The President's Message

(Continued from page 40)

evident that a careful study of the entire situation was necessary. For at least two years your Executive Committee has been devoting much time and thought to the problem of perfecting the organization so as to balance budget and expenditures. This effort has been prosecuted with especial vigor during the past year and while the results have not been as successful as some of us had hoped, yet it has been possible by strenuous effort to close the year with an expenditure of something like $100,000 less than was deemed necessary at its start last spring, and the work has been maintained without incurring a hopeless deficit.

In the course of the year just closed the Executive Committee was forced again and again to turn aside from projects of genuine public importance simply because the League lacked the means to carry out that work. By virtue of this experience the minds of the workers were constantly directed upon the problem of finding the proper basis for action. How could the League do the work in which it was engaged without expending so much money in the operations?

Real progress was made in this direction owing to the active and efficient cooperation of the general manager, Mr. Fred H. Doellner, in organizing the business staff at headquarters and in planning to accomplish the work at lower expense through a multitude of minor economies. But it became increasingly evident that progress along this line was limited and that the organization must frankly face the larger question, namely, what is the major function of the League and what limits may reasonably be set to its activities?

The activities of the League may roughly be grouped under three headings, namely, those connected with the magazine, those associated with the membership immediately and those related to the achievement of practical results in conservation through participation in public movements. To some, the magazine, OUTDOOR AMERICA, appears to occupy a rather detached position in the organization of the League. In certain places it has even been said that we might well dispense with this, save the expense involved, and devote the saving in one way or other to League work in the field of conservation.

Personally, I have never been able to look upon our magazine as a detached or detachable business enterprise. To my mind it is through that means that we maintain the tenuous yet subtle and essential contact with the tens of thousands of members scattered in chapters over the length and breadth of our land. The national organization is to many of them at best a shadowy and unreal thing and without this bond of union I fear the disintegrating tendency would be strong enough to break down the slender connection.

However that may be, we must recognize as the result of the careful study which has been made during the year that financially the magazine is not a liability, but an asset and that while it does not do all that the most optimistic have conceived possible, yet it has contributed ultimately something towards the advancement of the projects of the League.

The work of the League in the field of conservation has been recognized as most successful, and the League owes much to Seth E. Gordon, who is in charge of this phase of our activity. The work done under his direction enters in intimate fashion into the other phases of the League activity. His contributions to OUTDOOR AMERICA give timely notice of new movements and the progress of older undertakings. The educational value of his writings is recognized as very high and without the carefully selected and well digested information disseminated by his articles, chapters would have no means of getting a true picture of the progress of conservation or of knowing what position should rightly be taken in the many public problems that present themselves in this field.

Maintaining Membership

The number of members has been increasing little by little. This increase has been due, however, to a large enrollment of new members and to the extension of the League through new chapters into territory where it was not before active. Side by side with the increase in new members stands a striking record of the defection of old members.

In short, the overturn has been heavy and this condition compels one to seek for the cause of such rapid and extensive change. Is it possible that in our striving after quantity we have neglected to seek for quality or have forgotten to recognize the costliness of enlisting 30-day volunteers? Certainly some more definite attention to securing a permanent membership would mean ultimately a large saving in the expense of management.

Together with this large loss of old members the record shows a high death rate among chapters, a feature which deserves equally careful attention. The practice of promoting the establishment of a chapter and leaving the group to sink or swim through its own activities is certainly dangerous.

It is true that some definite limitation must be placed on the amount of administrative activity which can be devoted to an individual group. The contribution made to general expenses by a chapter of ten members is too limited to justify indefinite work from the staff of the League. Some proper adjustment of the time and expense to the size of the group would seem essential.

For the same reason it would seem advisable for the League to limit its activities in the main to the development of its work in regions where the field is richest and the opportunities greatest. Extension into new and distant or already well organized regions should be undertaken after a most careful study of the case and a determination of the feasibility of permanent activity in that region. The multitude of problems of this sort that have come up in the course of the year's study has impressed the members of the Executive Committee with the importance of an exhaustive expert study of the entire organization. Mr. Mark M. Jones of New York City was accordingly invited to undertake this study. All books and records of the League were thrown open to his inspection and he was given full opportunity to discuss the situation with the staff at headquarters, with the national officers of the League, with officers and leaders in State work and with members of chapters in various regions. In my opinion it is essential for us to give immediate and careful attention to his findings and to adopt his recommendations.

Whatever weaknesses exist in our organization must be discovered; to that end every part of the machinery must be examined; the membership, the chapter organization, the procedures of state

divisions and the management of work at general headquarters must all be subjected to the most exacting scrutiny and whatever difficulties appear must be corrected promptly.

In other words the League must be subjected to the same type of analysis that has made American business organizations so successful. Intensive study by business executives has resulted in discarding ruthlessly the weak features in enterprises and we must follow this example. Pride and personal prejudice or individual opinions must be thrown aside and the welfare of the League be the only deciding influence in the plan of re-organization.

National Organization of Work in Conservation

A survey of conditions in America shows that the organizations which are devoted in one way or another to work in the broad field of conservation are extremely numerous and their relation to the problem varies widely in scope and character. Some of them are primarily concerned with personal relations and seek to promote good fellowship among members. Others are concerned with the maintenance of private preserves and serve primarily the interests of the membership only. Another group strives to promote some phase of conservation or emphasize the appeal of a particular class.

The most frequent type of limitation manifested by such organizations is geographical. They are local and confined to activities of city, county or state or even more narrowly to a particular water-shed, lake, stream or even spot. They are finding themselves often at a great disadvantage by virtue of the wealth and power of the forces arrayed against them. They deserve the strongest support that the League can possibly give.

A survey thus made of the situation brings out certain unescapable conclusions. First, there is an evident limit to the multiplication of such organizations. The machinery cannot be increased indefinitely. The expenditure of time and energy, to say nothing of the cost, has been a heavy burden upon those who are willing and able to support such movements.

The second evident misfortune in the situation is the diminishing power of such movements, due to their number and to the consequent division of effort and influence. So many appeals are made to citizens, communities and law-making bodies that these appeals lose their power. Much more could be accomplished through concentration of effort.

In seeking for the answer to this problem, I am naturally led to ask whether the Izaak Walton League of America has not a function to perform here and if so, how that responsibility may be most effectively discharged.

The League is the only nation-wide organization obligated by the terms of its foundation and its creed to concern itself with all aspects of the conservation problem. Its marvellous growth in numbers and extension in territory and influence within the span of a few brief years are unmistakably evidence of the justification of the organization and of its appeal to the American people. The lines along which it has been developed have given it every year increased power and opportunity. By virtue of its method of organization it reaches into individual communities large and small and its chapters have demonstrated their success in dealing both with limited local problems and with great questions confronting cities of large population and complex interests.

Now it is far from my intention to suggest that the League, after the fashion of some ancient trust, should absorb by cunning or force a multitude of lesser organizations. It seems to me that the League is naturally a coordinating body to which the numerous special organizations may come with confidence that their individual aims will be appreciated; that their separate organizations will be respected and that in the League they will find the cooperative spirit which will enable them to do better work for their individual projects.

But the advantage must be mutual if the relation is to be established and developed effectively. Above all the League cannot extend its activities without additional financial support. Personally I feel confident that the larger work will command added support from those who are able to give it and that increased interest in local affairs will call the attention of citizens more definitely to the valuable work which the League is doing.

Furthermore, in contacts established in a friendly and helpful fashion, some organizations will see the evidence of duplication that unquestionably exists and the losses it entails. Our chapters can give valuable assistance in such a movement as I have outlined and through diplomatic means bring about a combination of local interests which will redound to the advantage of all.

In carrying out this plan the national administration has certain obligations which should be faced at the outset. It is our duty to care for those things which will make possible a better understanding between organizations. The first of these is in my opinion the study of individual problems as they arise. The facts at our command must be accurate and reasonably complete. We must make a fair analysis of the advantages as well as the disadvantages of the proposal we are considering. We must adopt a judicious attitude in weighing the evidence and assuming a position.

The second duty of the League is the development of fair and positive public opinion. This is an educational problem and in my view is more important than any other, although we have as yet done very little definite work along this line. Were the funds at the command of the League at all adequate, I would urge the appointment of an educational director and the development of work along this line, since I am confident that it would yield great results.

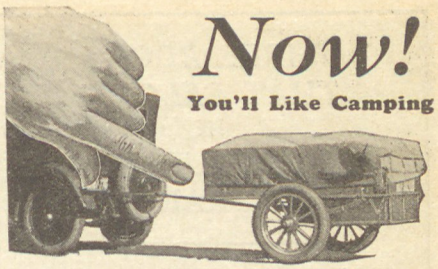
The task is one that demands the full energies of a well-trained and experienced man, as well as an expense budget, if real results are to be obtained. I hope the day may soon come when such a department may be established in the League.

Conclusion

The real problem before the conservation interests of the country is after all not the exploitation of any particular interest or the exaltation of any special society. What the nation is seeking is the greatest good for the greatest number, and this will be determined not by the advantage of today or tomorrow, but on the basis of the entire nation and for the indefinite future.

The problem of the League is to continue and increase its activities and to provide constantly for securing larger returns by the utilization of all the resources it can command.

The hope of America lies in the future. The League must forget the mistakes and shortcomings of the past for those it can never change. Its opportunity for service lies always before it and the prospect was never brighter than it is today.



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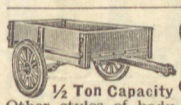

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SEE PAGE 64, THIS ISSUE

Outdoor Literature

(Continued from page 65)

—plenty long—with much advice on equipment and how to handle it effectively that bores one. This is not that kind of a volume at all.

This is a running story of interesting experiences afield and astream in many parts of the world. The author has wandered into many out-of-the-way places—Africa, Asia, The Alps, and all over America and the British Isles.

This is primarily a man's book, an intimate recounting of experiences told in a simple direct manner which gives the reader the impression that he and the author are merely sitting by the side of a campfire, chatting over their happy days of yore.

When Dr. Phillips says he killed a woodcock or a chamois, or caught a brook trout, or saw a rare flower or bird in a certain place you can bank on it that the record is authentic.

A Sportsman's Scrapbook is one of the best illustrated outdoor volumes ever published. The drawings were all skillfully done by A. L. Ripley, an enthusiastic sportsman and an artist of ability. The publishers have accomplished a most excellent piece of reproduction.

An outdoorman's library is incomplete without this volume.

S. G.

FUR-FARMING FOR PROFIT, *by Frank G. Ashbrook, U. S. Biological Survey, with Illustrations from Photographs,—300 pages. The Macmillan Co., New York. Price, $4.00.*

THIS interesting book, the first of its kind prepared in America, by Mr. Ashbrook, Chief of the Bureau of Fur Resources, U. S. Biological Survey, is full of first-hand information concerning practical questions involved in fur-farming. Mr. Ashbrook has studied the problems of fur-farmers in every part of the country and has available a large volume of basic information that will be very helpful to experienced fur-farmers as well as beginners.

The fur-farming industry in America is reviewed quite fully and such practical questions as the type of breeding animals, breeding methods, housing, feeding, sanitation, diseases and other questions are all well covered.

The United States consumes about $121,000,000 worth of raw furs annually. The retail value of furs and fur trimmings consumed in America is $500,000,000. Fur-farming already occupies a prominent place as an industry in America. The total investment in fur-farming in the United States and Alaska is between $15,000,000 and $18,000,000, and in Canada about $13,000,000 or a total of approximately $30,000,000.

As the population increases the natural habitat for fur-bearers will decrease. The demand for furs is increasing constantly and fur-farming will become a much more important industry as time goes on.

Methods of selecting and handling furs, marketing, and other like questions are ably discussed. From the standpoint of the Nature student this book is a valuable addition to anyone's library, as the habits and characteristics of the various fur-bearers are fully and accurately covered.

S. G.

PETER GOOD FOR NOTHING, *by Darragh Aldrich,—351 pages, The Macmillan Company, New York. Price, $2.00. Orders taken by* OUTDOOR AMERICA.

TO the lumber camp of Peter Harrington comes Pierre Bonarien, a French-Canadian woodsman who is a natural leader and a most likable fellow. But there is a mystery about him. Why does he call himself "Peter Good For Nothing," and why is Cleve, the nephew of the lumber king, so determined to run him out of camp?

The drama of the winter in camp, where Harrington's partner, Truman, his daughter Peggy, Cleve, and Pierre are brought together makes an exciting tale. The Yellow streak in Cleve grows more and more evident as he tries in every way imaginable to get rid of Pierre and finally succeeds in forcing him to leave camp on the charge of poisoning the horses. But Pierre returns, and Peggy, who loves the strong and gay young logger, pieces together the mystery of his identity. This is a rousing story with plenty of action and suspense.

The House That Jack Built

(Continued from page 57)

and Jack, the inhabitants of Gunsight were greatly startled upon observing the form of an immense bull elephant standing upon a prominent knoll overlooking the Ouchita River. Using his cottage as a frame-work, Old Jack had draped the green elephant hide over the roof and walls in a very artistic and life-like manner. He had then stuffed the head and trunk with prairie-grass and bulrushes, until the whole scene very much resembled some mighty elephant standing upon the banks of the Nile in his native jungle. He had so arranged the dead animal's hide as not to interfere with the free ingress and egress of his cottage, as he intended to use the same as a place of abode pending the arrival of the taxidermist. Standing like a statue upon a high knoll by the riverside, its huge trunk arched gracefully over its back and its enormous tail hanging at half-mast, in the moonlight, it was indeed a picturesque sight.

Meeting Arch upon the street one day, Old Jack inquired, "Funny-boy, how much longer have I got to wait for them Robertson Boys to send for Jumbo's hide?" "Their time is just about up, but you are a fool if you let them have it—you have got the finest home in all Gunsight—It will be cool in summer and hot in winter—if it was mine, I wouldn't take a thousand dollars for it—not another home like it this side of the Nile. Jack, you sure are lucky," gracefully lied the village wit.

"Maybe you are right, Funny-boy—lots of work fixin' a home like that—about the hardest work I ever done—believe I'll get you to wire them Robertson Boys they have waited too long, the deal is off."

Arch gave a sigh of relief, as he departed in the direction of the telegraph office. The taxidermist never came.

So Jumbo stands to-day—a perpetual monument to the industry of man.

About Our Contributors

(Continued from page 41)

Mark Anderson has appeared before in OUTDOOR AMERICA. He is well qualified to speak with authority on *Big Game Problems*. He has spent practically his whole life in the west; born on an Idaho ranch in sight of the Tetons, he shot his first elk at eight, resting the rifle on his father's back. He is joint author with James T. Jardine of the most widely used publication on range management among students and forest officers, and for two years he was state president of the Fish and Game Association of Utah.

William M. McBride, *Bagging the Boys,* is a newcomer to OUTDOOR AMERICA, though well known as a magazine writer. He is editor of the Passaic Daily Herald and vice-president of New Jersey's livest League Chapter, Passaic. He writes us, "Think of the unique wild life situation in Jersey—Passaic, for instance, 13 miles from the Woolworth Tower, and a square block of sanctuary (a Waltonian's home) chuck full of wild rabbit, pheasant, mourning doves and what not. More deer just back of the Palisades than in some western areas, fifty times as wide."

Silence Is Golden— in the Woods, another contribution by **Dusty Waters** brings to us again his witty and clear sighted views of outdoorsmen. **Robert Page Lincoln** also is with us again this issue in *Where Flows the Namakagon,* in which he justifies anew his great popularity with his readers.

Dr. F. S. James, *A Successful $25,000 Experiment,* is an "old timer" in conservation work in Minnesota. He has done remarkable work in preserving the quail in almost impossible weather conditions. He is a dog fancier and trainer, and a crack trap and wing shot. He was one of the first practical conservationists and Waltonians in the state.

Dr. Henry Baldwin Ward, President of the Izaak Walton League. *The President's Message,* needs no introduction to OUTDOOR AMERICA'S readers. **Judge Frank B. Burford,** *Oklahoma Locks the Door,* is one of the twenty-five Directors elected at the League's recent convention, for a period of three years. **Clay Perry,** *Pittsfield Secures "Wild Acres" as a Sanctuary,* is another prominent Waltonian, being President of the Pittsfield, Massachusetts, Chapter of the League. **R. L. Ripple,** *Orman Dam to Become Black Bass Fishing Resort,* is Superintendent of Fisheries of South Dakota.

Eugene Sherrod, *The House That Jack Built,* has written several other stories for OUTDOOR AMERICA. He writes us, "I have very little to say relative to myself, other than that I am the best fisherman south of the North Star; the best shot east or west of the Rocky Mountains and modest to the n'th degree. I cut my teeth on a muzzle-loading shot-gun, and have devoted the best days of my life to chasing jack-snipe and jack-pots."

It is the first—though we trust not the last—appearance in the magazine of **Dr. C. K. Stillman,** *Temperament and Temper in Trout.*

Photo courtesy Soo Line Railway

A Portage along the Canadian border lakes in Minnesota

WHETHER a man packs heavy for a long trip, or stocks up for a week-end, Pillsbury's Pancake Flour should be at the head of his list. It's packed in sturdy, compact cartons, easy to store and easy to handle, proof against abuse. More than that, it makes the finest pancakes you've ever tasted—a famous ready-prepared recipe that needs nothing but water and a little stirring to make the grand champion breakfast. It comes in two varieties—wheat or buckwheat. Most campers like to take along a little of both.

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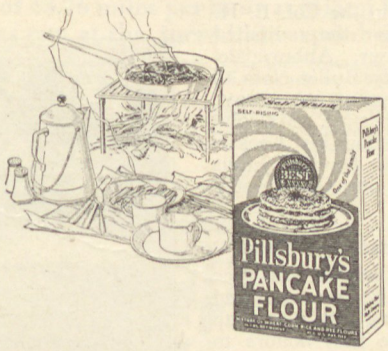


Pillsbury's
Pancake Flour

Malcolm Pope literally jumps to the lead in the outboards, unlimited Col. Green Trophy race.

Outboard Motors and Small Boats

The Miami Regatta

By PAUL BURRESS

THUNDERING cannon, roaring boat engines, aerial bombs, and white spray leaping high from the blue Biscayne bay brought music to the ears and joy to the hearts of thousands of boating sportsmen who had gathered from all parts of the world to witness the 16th annual regatta, sponsored by the Miami Beach Yacht Club.

White yachtsmen's caps, badges, blue coats with their insignia on the sleeves signifying past or present rank in yachting clubs and boating organizations were in prominence. Outboard race drivers and club officials mingled with the owners of great yachts, representing millions of dollars in investments and more millions in upkeep. It was a sporting crowd with a common interest.

It was a great day for the fans. Outboards chattered and roared all over the bay, many of the loudest motors seeming to drive their boats the slowest. There was plenty of excitement for the enthusiasts who liked spills, for the water was rough. One hydroplane, the Miss Rioco III, and three outboards were turned over during the spirited competition of the first day. The only outboard spill which had any bearing on a race was in the mad dash for the first heat honors in the Col. E. H. R. Green Trophy race for the unlimited outboards. H. M. Fraser, Auburndale, Florida, driving his speedy Bullet close to Malcolm Pope for two laps, struck a wave and capsized on the north turn. Malcolm Pope won this heat, driving his Lookin' Back Kid at top speed, leaving Julius Herbst with second place and G. Hewett's Flash with a close third.

Segrave Wins International Race

In the first heat of the international race between Gar Wood's Miss America and Major Segrave's Miss England, a mishap to Wood's boat gave the first honors to Miss England. It was a hollow victory, for Miss America, after showing superior speed and power in the first two laps, broke a steering quadrant at the south turn of the third lap and was forced out of the race. Segrave had no opposition through the remainder of the race. The instant they got the starter's gun, Miss America leaped into the lead and was able to cut around the first buoy out in front. This left Segrave directly in the rear of the powerful Miss America, and he was forced to cut wide on the first turn to escape the heavy waves of his rival. Going down the back stretch Wood was fully a dozen lengths in the lead and from hundreds of yachts on the bay came cheers and voices of sirens as the great boat roared down the course. Wood clipped off the first two mile lap at a speed of 65.952 miles an hour and Segrave finished at the rate of 61.099.

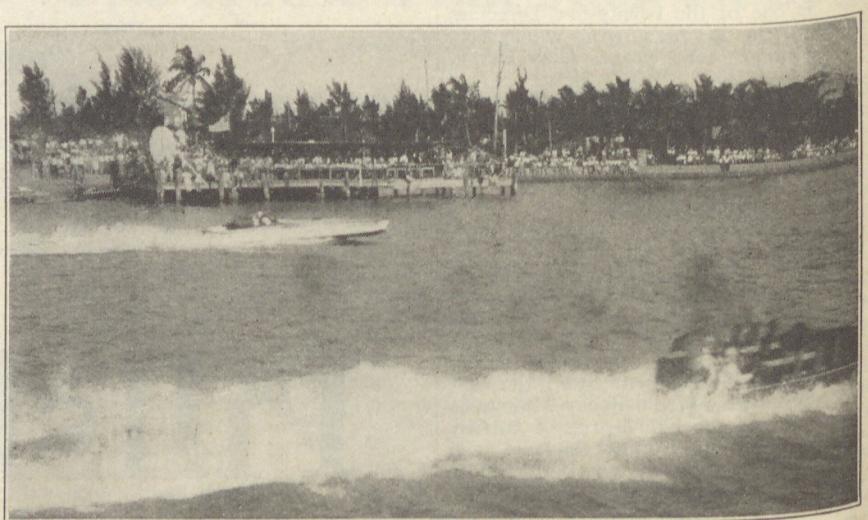
In the second heat of the big race Wood was victor. This time it was Segrave's turn to develop trouble. The English pilot announced before the race that the hull of Miss England was badly battered in the previous heat and that the cracks were not discovered until a short time before the second and final heat. The English entry almost stopped at the start of the second lap and was unable to get up speed thereafter but managed to finish out the six laps long after Wood had crossed the finish line.

Major Segrave won the honors of the international race by bringing his boat to a finish in the second heat of the race. The agreement made before the race gave two points for first place and one for second, with a total elapsed time to be the deciding factor in case of a tie. The first heat gave Segrave two points and Wood none. The second heat gave Segrave one and Wood two points making three to two in favor of Segrave.

Outboard Results

Miss Genevieve Atwood, 86 pound pilot from Lakeland, Florida, driving Orange Blossom decisively whipped a good field in the second heat of the class B outboards. F. E. Johnson had his Wildcat out in front during the early part of the race, and was leading at the end of the first lap but Miss Atwood passed him on the back stretch of the second lap, winning with a speed of 29.305 miles an hour.

Malcolm Pope, driving Lookin' Back Kid, cinched the Col. E. H. R. Green $3,500 trophy for this year when he won the second heat of the race in easy fashion. Pope did some spectacular driving as shown by the accompanying photograph where he jumped to the lead of the field with his boat clear of the water. Julius Herbst of Wilmington, Delaware, piloted the King B into second place and J. Patterson of Cocoa, Flor-

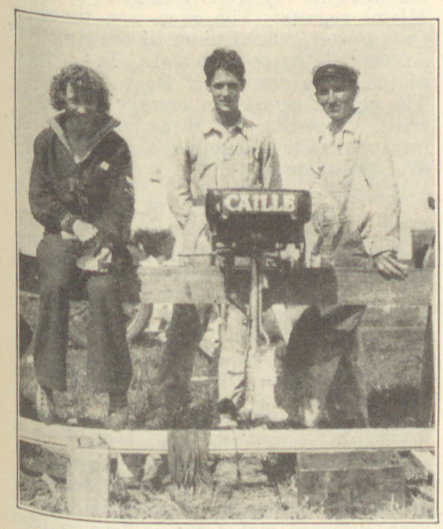


Gar Wood lapped Segrave several times the second heat after Miss England had developed trouble.

ida, was third. Pope's speed was 31.111. The finish of the race was a spectacular one, Pope and Herbst braving a ducking as they dodged a Miami Beach harbor patrol boat which crossed the course ahead of them at the last buoy.

Julius Herbst drove Tar Baby to his second victory in the class A heats at an average speed for the three mile heat of 17.744 miles an hour. Tar Baby's nose crossed the finish line in the first heat of the event ahead of a fast field. Hav-A-Tampa, driven by R. Howard and Wilkie's Baby, driven by J. E. Wilkinson, Boston, won second and third honors.

The third event for outboard motors,



Three Outboard musketeers—Genevieve Atwood, Malcolm Pope and Cal Meloon

class B, division two, second heat for three miles, was won by Bullet, driven by J. B. Maypole. J. S. Gellatt in Silver Streak and Miss Atwood in Orange Blossom running second and third. Maypole's speed of 32.763 miles an hour set a new record for this class. The previous record was 29.59 miles an hour.

Roger Firestone, son of the rubber magnate, took a ducking in his F-1 and Jimmy Gellatt also spilled in the first heat of the class C race. This heat was won by J. B. Maypole, driving the Bullet. The De Luxe, owned by J. Chestnut, Norfolk, was second. The average speed of the winner was 29.33 miles an hour.

Outboard Summary Guide

Summaries of the first day's outboard events follow:

Class A outboards, divisions 1 and 2: First heat, 3 miles, won by Tar Baby, J. P. Herbst; Wilkie's Baby, J. E. Wilkinson, second; Chip II, Wood Brothers, third; speed, 18.415 miles an hour.

Class B outboards, division 1: First heat won by F-13, Lee Chaille; Black Magic, L. K. Cracraft, second; Hooh, A. K. Hyatt, third; speed, 25.325 miles an hour. Division 2: Won by Orange Blossom, Genevieve Atwood; Wildcat, F. E. Johnson, second; F-13, Lee Chaille, third; speed 29.305 miles an hour. Division 1, second heat: Won by Lee Chaille's F-13; Hooh, A. K. Hyatt, second; L-1, L. K. Bradford, third; speed, 26.81 miles an hour.

Unlimited outboards (Col. E. H. R. Green trophy), first heat, 4½ miles: Won by Lookin' Back Kid, Malcolm Pope; Z-23, J. Herbst, second; Flash, C. Hewitt, Philadelphia, third; speed 31.415 miles an hour.

Outboards, class E, first heat: J. Herbst, only entry; speed 20.465 miles an hour.

Outboards, class C, division 1, first heat: Won by Russ Jr., Roger Firestone; Flash V, W. J. Hewitt, second; No. 102, owner unlisted, third; speed 36.846 miles an hour.

Outboards, class D, first heat was won by the King B., owned by Julius Herbst; The Bullet, owned by J. B. Maypole, finished second and the Wildcat, owned by F. D. Johnson, finished third. Average

Major Segrave says this of

The SEA-HORSES

"They are marvels of engineering skill—their power and speed are truly amazing. I predict the SEA-HORSES *will revolutionize the sport of outboard motoring—particularly since they eliminate the old outboard motor starting problem and the bothersome racket and gases of the exhaust."*

H. O. D. Segrave

The statement above by Major H. O. D. Segrave, holder of the world's automobile speed record of 231.36 miles an hour and winner of the World's Championship Speed Boat Classic held at the Miami Beach Regatta, March 20, was made after he had witnessed the remarkable showing of the SEA-HORSES in the outboard events.

In these events SEA-HORSE speed and SEA-HORSE stamina vanquished all contenders for the most coveted prize in outboard motordom — the famous Col. E. H. R. Green Free-for-All Trophy.

It was a SEA-HORSE 32 that established the official American Class D Time Trial Record of 43.76 miles per hour at Miami Beach, March 23 —while one lap was run at the incredible speed of 44.66 m. p. h.

Your dealer will demonstrate the SEA-HORSES. *If you wish, convenient payments can be arranged on any of the six* SEA-HORSE *models when you buy. Write for Catalog*

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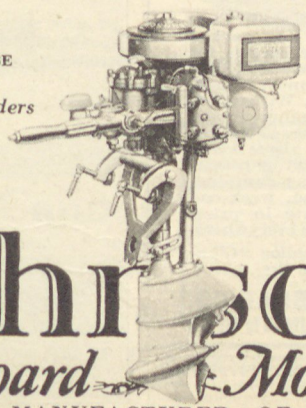
Distributors for British Columbia: Hoffar's, Ltd., Vancouver, B. C.

SEA-HORSE
32
Four Cylinders



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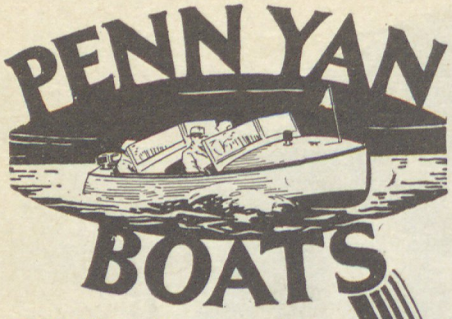
Outboard Motors
WORLD'S LARGEST MANUFACTURER OF OUTBOARD MOTORS



ENJOY real service and economy from your boat. When you buy a Penn Yan, you are buying all the dependability, seaworthiness, strength, comfort, and speed that only our twenty years' experience in the building of thousands of boats can give you.

22 Models to Choose From

The *Aristocrat*—A big, roomy, fashionable runabout with automobile control, for large motors, seats six, speed 30 M. P. H., $560.
The *De Luxe Buzz*—A fast family runabout for C and D Class Motors of 15 to 25 H. P. Wheel Drive—$455. Handle drive—$384.
The *Super Buzz*—The most popular general purpose runabout in the world. Carries a big load at high speed. For B and C Class Motors. $225.
The *Playmate*—A light, dependable runabout for B Class Motors, $190.
The *Coquette*—A roomy 16′ craft for motors of less than 8 H. P., $163.

High Speed Racing Boats

The *Marathoner*—A racing and sporting craft with extreme speed (over 40 M. P. H.), real seaworthiness, and complete driver comfort. $340.
The *Ceestepper*—Improved model of this marvelous racing craft, noted for its quick get-away and great speed. For larger motors, Wheel Drive—$244. Handle Drive—$215.

speed was 29.59 miles an hour for the three miles.

Summaries of the final or second day's outboard events follow, in which divisions 1 and 2 in B and C classes were combined:

Class A outboards, second heat, won by Tar Baby, Julius Herbst; Hav-A-Tampa, Cal Meloon, second; Wilkie's Baby, J. E. Wilkinson, third; speed 17.744 miles an hour.

Class B outboards, second heat, won by Bullet, J. P. Maypole; Streak, J. S. Gelatt, second; Orange Blossom, Miss Atwood, third; speed 32.763.

Unlimited outboards (Col. E. H. R. Green trophy), second heat, won by Malcolm Pope in Lookin' Back Kid; Z 23, Julius Herbst, second; J. Patterson, third; speed 31.111 miles an hour.

Outboards, class E, second heat, won by Lookin' Back Kid, Malcolm Pope; Bullet, E. Upsall, second; Sea Horse, J. Kerr, third; time 32.634.

Outboards, class C, division 2, first heat, won by Bullet, J. P. Maypole; Curtis De Luxe, M. Waller, second; Black Magic, L. Craycraft, third; speed 29.33 miles an hour.

Outboards, class C, second heat, won by Flash, C. Ludington; F-335, C. Hewett, second; Spencer Special, W. C. Sirman, third; speed 28.968.

Outboards, class D, division 2, won by Z-23, Julius Herbst; Bullet, J. B. Maypole, second; Wildcat, Elmer Johnson, third; speed 29.59.

Dope Headquarters

Fisher's Dock was the landing established for the outboard boats. Here the finishing touches were put on the little boats and the motors groomed to perfection. New and veteran drivers milled about among the boats and disassembled motors, discussing ways of improving their equipment, racing conditions, propeller wheel pitch,

Wood Sets New Record

Gar Wood, internationally known builder and driver of Miss America VII, shattered the world's straightaway water speed record by attaining 93.123 miles an hour. The previous salt water record was established by Wood in 1927 when he drove Miss America V to a speed of 80.4 miles an hour. The fresh water record was established by Miss America VII in Detroit last summer where she attained a speed of 92.938 miles an hour. Major Segrave plans to bring over a new entry next year that will give Wood keener competition. The new speed record was established during the straightaway trials four days after the Miami regatta. The race was timed by Odis Porter, official timer of the American Automobile Association and C. F. Chapman of the American Power Boat Association. The new mark was an average for the six trials, consisting of three runs up the measured mile course and three runs back over the same route.

The Col. Green Trophy

Making quiet preparation for months, boat building plants, outboard factories and drivers aspired to the Star Island Trophy. For the first time in the history of the $3,500 trophy given by Colonel E. H. R. Green, son of the late Hetty Green, all restrictions were lifted in competition for the cup which is emblematic of the National Outboard Championship of America.

Five years ago the son of the famous woman financier first offered the magnificent trophy "to give the little fellows a chance" as he put it. In that time he has seen outboard motor racing develop from

July 1, 2—International Motor Boat Races, Potsdam, Germany.
July 4—Peoria, Ill., 200 Mile Outboard Race.
July 4—Albany, N. Y.
July 6—Cape May, N. J.
July 9—Chicago, Ill.
July 13—Chelsea, N. J.
July 19, 20—Portland, Me.
July 20—Brigantine Beach, N. J.
July 20, 21—Green Lake, Wash. N. W. Championships.
July 26, 28—Buffalo, N. Y.
Aug. 2, 3—Newport, R. I.
Aug. 3—Mays Landing, N. J.
Aug. 5—Cranberry Lake, N. Y.
Aug. 9, 10—Saranac Lake, N. Y.
Aug. 10, 11—Bay Head, N. Y., 151 Championship.
Aug. 16, 17—Miles River, Maryland.
Aug. 17—Westport, N. Y.
Aug. 17—Portland, Maine.
Aug. 21—Burlington, Vermont.
Aug. 24—Margate-Logansport, New Jersey.
Aug. 24, 25—Gold Cup, Red Bank, N. J.
Aug. 31—Ocean City, N. J., Championships.
Aug. 31, Sept. 1, 2—British Int. Trophy, Detroit, Mich.
Sept. 2—Mullica River, N. J.
Sept.—Missouri Power Boat Assn. National Regatta. (Place-date not set.)
Sept. 8—Wollaston, Mass. N. E. Championships.
Sept. 13, 14—Washington, D. C. President's Cup.
Sept. 14, 15—Essington, Pa.
Sept. 20, 21—Middleton, Conn., Outboard Championships.
Oct. 4, 5—Boston, Mass., Eastern National Outboard Championships.
Oct. 4, 5—Wilmington, N. C.
Nov. 11—Santa Barbara, Cal., Power Boat Club.
Dec. 7, 8—San Diego, Cal.

Association Selects Secretary

The newly organized National Outboard Association has wisely selected George O. Hoehn as Executive Director. Mr. Hoehn has had a rich experience as committee secretary of the Milwaukee Association of Commerce since 1921 which has given him a vast fund of executive, publicity, financial and legislative experience.

Michigan Muffles Motors

Rep. Edward L. Sargent has introduced a bill in the Michigan legislature which provides that motorboat operators on Michigan inland lakes, rivers and arms of the Great Lakes will be compelled to equip their craft with mufflers to reduce noise.

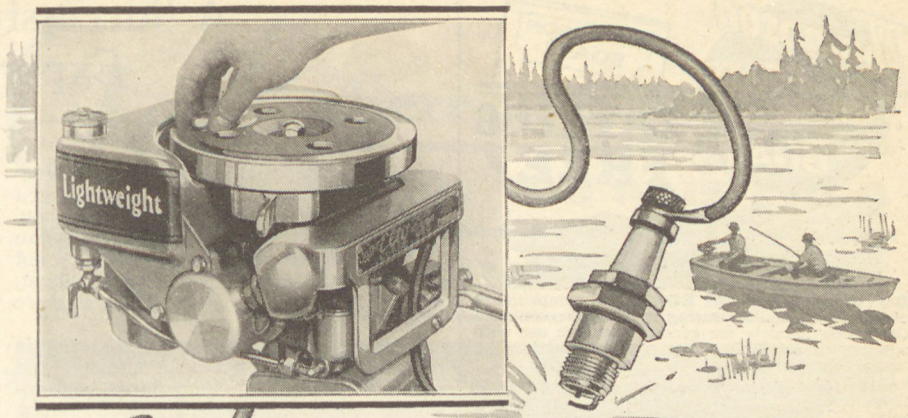
Boat operators should carry lights and reduce speed under low visibility for their own protection. A noisy motor certainly does not add comfort to the passengers and —think of the tired fishless fisherman who is trying to transact a little shut-eye in his shore cabin.

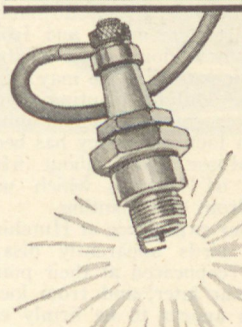
Suggested Names for Your Baby

"What will we name her?" A common question in every well regulated household and boatyard. Here are a few names now in use.

Wet Wash	Wild Cat	Easy Goin'
Goofy	Flash	Whozat
Half-pint	Tar Baby	Toodie
Hurricane	White Mule	Ocean Mule
Nay Nay	Atomic Energy	Black Magic
Disturber	Lightning	Punch
Thrift	Sneeze	Bo Bo
Miss Behave	No Name	Pronto
Cyclone	Flying Fish	Bullet

Ask "Jed" Burress About Small Boats and Outboard Motors





A vigorous, crackling spark—that is the secret of easy starting. And, in an Elto, the very first spark is as fat and fiery as when the motor is running at top speed.

The sparks from the dependable battery are always ready — waiting. The flip of the flywheel clicks the Timer — releases the sparks — they blaze with hot intensity into both cylinders. The motor is running. The process is as simple as A-B-C! A child can do it!

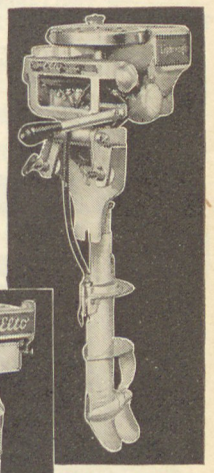
This Easily — with a Flip of the Flywheel — the Lightweight Starts!

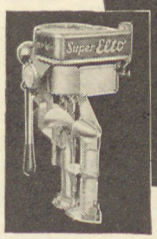
THE Super Elto Lightweight is the easiest-to-start outbound motor ever built.

It is equipped with the same battery ignition system as larger Elto models. Thus it gives the identical *quarter-turn-flip of the flywheel* easy starting that has won the uncompromising preference of tens-of-thousands of practical outboard users.

Because it is smaller, it is *even easier to start* than other Elto models.

Every quality that the average user values in an outboard motor is built into the Lightweight. Positive starting, finger-tip ease. Unique compactness, folds like a jackknife. Light weight, 38 pounds. Most power for weight, 3 horsepower. Quietest motor in the lightweight field. *Send for the catalog!*





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OUTBOARD MOTORS CORPORATION
OLE EVINRUDE, *President*
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Price, $150.00

The Super Elto Lightweight

SPEEDY!

The Kidney Boat for You!

You can depend on every Kidney Boat as being the best that money can buy. Skilled workmen, equipped with knowledge gained by over 45 years of fine boat-making experience, produce Kidney Boats from select seasoned lumber. Model illustrated can do 27 M.P.H. and more, with outboard motor. Boats built to individual order.

Dan Kidney & Sons, Inc., Dept. A, West DePere, Wis.

Chicago: Von Lengerke & Antoine, 33 S. Wabash Ave.
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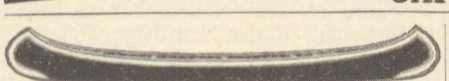
Send 6c in stamps for catalog showing complete line of Kidney hand-built boats.

SAFE!



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In WIDE VARIETY of styles, prices, and finishes. Canoes for sport, pleasure, camping, etc. Kennebec's canoes are favorites the country over. Prices $59 and up, f. o. b. Waterville, Me. Send for catalog.

THE KENNEBEC CANOE CO., Dept. 49, Waterville, Me.

World's Wonder Wrench

Banishes Old Style Wrenches!

For motor boating, camping, for every need, you'll find "SPEEDNUT" a friend indeed. A whole kit of wrenches in one. No screw adjustment. It's automatic. No size guessing. Can't slip. Works in close quarters. Fully guaranteed. **FREE** Choice of 2 sizes: Six inch size opens 15/16", $2.50. Eight inch size opens 1 1/2", $3.50. Special Combination Price for both sizes, $5.50 with handsome Holster FREE. Satisfaction or money refunded. Order today.

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FAST MOTOR CANOE

The Whole Out-of-Doors now open to Every Motorist. Take a real safety motor canoe with you on your vacation or week end trip. Easily carried on top of car. A staunch portable boat. Big production, $65.00 price. One size, 11 ft. long. Send 10c for catalog of camp and touring equipment. **SPORT FACTORIES, Dept. S-1, AURORA, ILLINOIS**

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THOMPSON BOATS
CATALOG FREE!

OUTBOARD MOTOR BOATS—A complete line of strictly up-to-date racing models. Also some entirely new models for general pleasure use with speed of a racer. Built strong, staunch and durable, and absolutely safe.

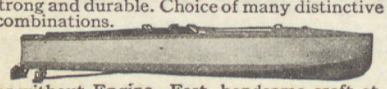
Rowboats $59.00 and up—

The most complete line ever offered, at real money-saving prices.

Canoes $50.00 and up—

Some all wood, others canvas covered. Light, swift, safe, strong and durable. Choice of many distinctive color combinations.

Motor Boats—



With or without Engine. Fast, handsome craft at money-saving prices.

CATALOG FREE — SAVE MONEY — ORDER BY MAIL
Please state the kind of boat you are interested in (30)
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(Write to Either Place)
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now sold direct from Factory ...on easy terms

New, free book gives you full details of Haskell's direct-from-factory, time-payment purchase plan. Also complete facts regarding America's outstanding all-purpose canoe. Send for it today.

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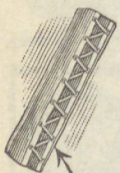

Toss onto shoulder. Carry on running board. Transport enormous loads. Strong, yet very light. Won't snag, tear or leak. Thousands have seen 10 to 20 years' hard service. Great with outboard motors. In government use here and abroad. Boat builders since 1890. Many models. Satisfaction or money back. Write today for latest literature and New Low Prices.

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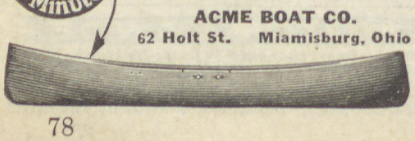

ACME BOAT CO.
62 Holt St. Miamisburg, Ohio

A Successful $25,000 Experiment

(Continued from page 23)

tain gravel deposits have been left, furnishing for these birds that type of grit which is very essential to their feeding. We have discovered that the Hungarian partridge, when planted in a territory not acceptable to them as their natural habitat, will migrate to a territory which is more to their liking.

For instance, we made one planting in the eastern part of Anoka County, and within a year's time these birds had migrated north and west to an adjoining County, some thirty-five miles, and from reports they are now doing well in that locality. We anticipate that we may have reports from the Duluth planting from some point farther south and in a more open country. In fact, one covey has been reported near Moose Lake, about fifty miles southwest of Duluth, which undoubtedly came from that planting.

We had a similar experience at Hutchinson, where the birds apparently disappeared and then reappeared at their point of liberation a year later, and from local reports the birds appear to be firmly established in that territory.

It has been definitely proven that the Hungarian partridges have done best in that portion of the State which would include the southern, middle and western portions, although we have reason to believe that if the birds are supplied with proper cover and feed and given proper protection that they would do well in any portion of the State outside of the heavily timbered area.

There has been some question about the birds being able to stand the severe winters such as we have in Minnesota. However, the Committee has made a recent survey and received favorable reports from the majority of our plantings, which would indicate that the extremely low temperatures have had no effect upon these birds.

We wish to quote in full a report received last fall from the Dawson, Minnesota, Chapter:

"The number of birds we have around Dawson runs well into the hundreds this fall, weather conditions this spring were ideal for hatching and we got an A No. 1 crop of young birds. There are large coveys in almost all the corn fields and there are very few farm groves in which we do not see some birds. We never dared hope for any such success when we first started to import the little 'Hun.'

"We have a real start, but we will have to have some more new stock as we have had less than a hundred pairs of the parent stock. It will be impossible for us this year, but we are going to get some more as soon as things look a little better.

"There is no doubt but that the planting of Hungarian partridge is one of the best forms of Conservation that we have in Minnesota. Rather than have your department drop the propagation of the 'Hun,' I am sure there are enough sportsmen in the state who would be willing to send in a report every week to the effect that it is a paying proposition, and I am sure that we all think so around Dawson."

Unfortunately, the birds which were received last season came during an extremely stormy period, accompanied by low temperature. Some of the Chapters deemed it best to hold the birds in captivity pending their release during more clement weather, with the result that they experienced some losses, this being due to inexperience in holding the birds in captivity.

One outstanding experiment was that of the Winona Chapter, where there were over six hundred birds retained, through the courtesy of Mr. E. L. King, on his dove and game ranch. At the outset the Winona Chapter experienced some losses, due to the fact that many of these birds were immature and were affected with fowl lice. This difficulty was very easily overcome by using white coal dusting ashes in which there was mixed an insect powder.

In about two or three weeks we experienced some losses, mostly among the immature birds, which birds seemed to be greatly emaciated. We sent a number of these birds to the State Agricultural Farm for examination. They reported that they were affected with a ring and stomach worm, which is common among our poultry. How they had become infected we were unable to determine. They prescribed certain treatment, which we will be glad to furnish upon request to any one interested.

Another interesting experiment has been the retention by Mr. King of twenty-five pairs for experimental purposes. These birds have not been segregated, but have been retained in one pen, with the result that we obtained about one hundred and sixty fertile eggs last season. Not knowing how to handle the young birds, we were unable to raise them. This was largely due to the fact that we did not know how to properly feed birds of this kind. We had the unfortunate experience of having a tremendously heavy rain, which was almost equal to a cloudburst, and this drowned out the remaining small birds which were hatched.

We have overcome fouling of the ground and building from infection by spraying the ground and the interior of the buildings with stock dip. It is interesting to note that these twenty-five pairs of birds have been kept in captivity in a comparatively small inclosure for about one year without a single loss.

From the results accomplished by the sportsmen of the State, the Game and Fish Commissioner is of the opinion that the State is now warranted in taking over the importation and planting of this wonderful game bird, and will receive a shipment of 2,000 birds about February 1st. From the results thus far obtained, we feel that additional plantings should be concentrated in those areas where we have had the largest increases, and let the birds extend their range by natural spreading.

When Minnesota has completed its plan of game sanctuaries and public shooting grounds, plantings of this and other game birds will be made in these protected areas. The overflow from such plantings will furnish good shooting for our sportsmen.

We hope that within a few years we will have those sections of our State that are suitable so well stocked with Hungarian partridge that we will feel warranted in having an open season.

In the meantime everything possible will be done to protect our native species of upland game birds, viz., ruffed grouse, sharp-tailed grouse, prairie chicken and quail.

The Fishing Fool

(Continued from page 21)

behind me. "Now that your chateau and your orderly are both gone, won't you come over and dine with the Engineers? I notice the bombardment didn't affect us any and I really have a fine mess of trout here." I turned and there stood the Captain of Engineers with thirty-two of the most beautiful trout I have ever viewed. Not a one of them was under eleven inches and one was nearly thirty. Needless to say I accepted his invitation and we dined on trout—not once, but nearly every night until we were transferred. Day or night, rain or shine, it was all the same to him."

"What did you say his name was?" asked old O-Gee.

"Oleson," replied the Major Doctor. "Captain Sven Oleson."

"Yes, I know him," said old O-Gee. "He was with me that night in the Argonne when I got this infernal rheumatism."

"By the way, General, how are you feeling tonight?" asked the Doctor.

The General snorted, groaned, twisted around in his muchly padded chair and then: "None of your damn business how I'm feeling. Why do you darn medicos always have to ask that question? Can't you see?"

In the silence that followed the Aviator started limpingly for the door but was halted by the question from the Major Doctor. "How are you tonight, Lieutenant?"

"Who, me? Me? Honest Major, I ain't got rank enough to tell you properly," replied the Lieutenant.

The Real Message of the Dude Ranch

(Continued from page 7)

though she had engaged very comfortable and not inexpensive quarters for a long stay.

This is the spirit which is animating dude-ranch land today. The enjoyment of the West's great outdoors has come to be something for the many instead of for the few. With the great increase in numbers of outdoor seekers has come increased necessity for observance of the code which means fair play for all.

Observance of laws, rules and regulations is put up to the dudes more as a matter of ethics than anything else. And to the credit of the dudes let it be said that they fall cheerfully in accord, as good sportsmen and good sportswomen and quit voluntarily when creel or game-bag has reached its official limit.

Nor do the benefits of the dude ranch end with this new spirit which has been created with regard to game laws. The dude ranch is doing more than any other agency to make known the long-hidden delights of the "back country" in the great West. Every dude ranch specializes in pack train trips. These may be as long or as short as the dude elects. He or she may go out for a few days or may spend most of the summer in the saddle.

There are well established trails along the Rocky Mountain range, by which one may travel from Glacier Park to the Grand Canyon without coming in anything more than very brief contacts with paved roads and automobiles. This is the sort of thing which delights the habitue

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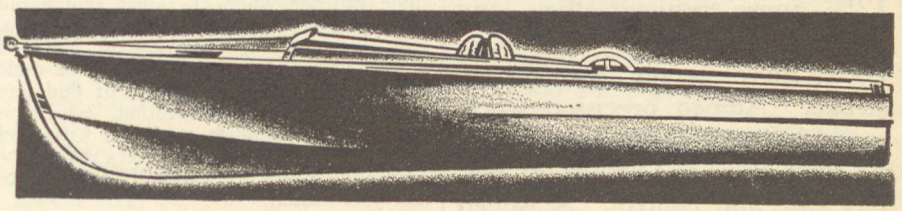

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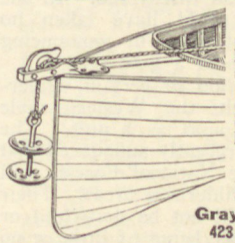

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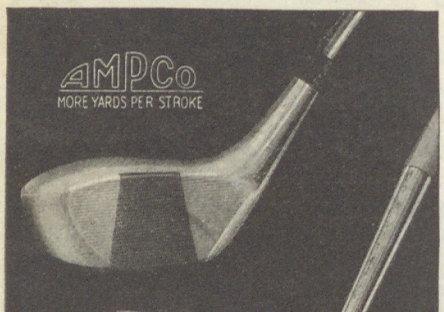

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of the dude ranch. He recognizes the value of the automobile, and the pleasure one can get from it, but for a brief spell in summer he is glad to get away from the sound of the motor and the fumes of gasoline. He wants to get up on the heights where there are no roads and where nobody is ever going to pick out a likely spot for a filling station.

The more distant and rugged the trails for his pack-train trip, and the farther the dude gets away from civilization, the better satisfied he is going to be.

In this connection, I remember the deep inward satisfaction which irradiated a dude rancher whom I found at the old mining camp of Cooke City, Montana, just northeast of Yellowstone National Park, a season or two ago. The dude rancher had brought a bunch of dudes to the Old Timers' celebration, which is staged every summer at Cooke City, and which brings dozens of pioneers out of the surrounding hills for a day of reminiscence and jollification.

The thing that was giving the dude rancher so much inward satisfaction was the discovery of a brand new trail—or rather a very ancient one—in the mountains.

"It's an old game trail," he said. "I stumbled on it by accident. Nobody's been over it since the days of the Indians—nobody but myself. I'm saving that trail for my big pack-train trip next summer. Say, that trail is just going to tickle my dudes to death! When they realize that they're the first people to travel it since the Indians followed game over that trail, they're just going to have one perfect time."

It is this sense of discovery and exploration that thrills the dude of today who starts horseback into the big hills. To wind through miles and miles of untrodden wilderness—to emerge above timberline and to cross the backbone of the continent, and to drop down on the other side into another maze of primeval forests of pine and spruce—such things constitute the biggest thrill of all. It was no wonder that the dude rancher fairly exuded satisfaction when he told me about the new trail he had discovered. In the old days a man could have taken no greater personal pleasure in announcing that he had discovered a gold mine.

For the preservation of certain wilderness areas as such, the Western dude ranchers will be found as a unit. The Forest Service has recently announced that certain parts of the National Forests will be kept apart as wilderness areas. Their primeval aspects will not be destroyed or lessened. Such areas, being of little or no value for general utility, will not be experimented with for purposes of personal gain. Such a movement is in keeping with the things the dude ranchers have been preaching for the last two decades.

At the same time, the dude ranchers are not advocating a policy of conservation which will be in any way confiscatory or will tend to retard material progress and prosperity. Most of the dude ranchers are cattlemen. Some of them are sheepmen. In many cases, cattle are still run on the ranches. In fact the chief appeal of many ranchers is to the effect that the dude can find, on their places, the color and appeal of cowboy life. Instead of being a detriment, the industries of cattle and sheep raising, and mining as well, are a help to the dude rancher. They fit into the picture of Western life which the dude is eager to see for himself.

The dude rancher is not out for restriction of grazing nor does he ask for any undue curtailment of the activities of the homesteader and the prospector. But the dude ranchers do maintain, so far as I

have been able to understand through conversations with many of them, that there are certain areas which are valuable only for their appeal to the sight-seer, and these areas should be left undisturbed. And, as the sight-seers are bringing some millions of dollars annually into the coffers of the West, it seems only fair enough that they should be given a "run for their money."

The magnitude of the dude ranch industry is beyond computation, largely for the reason that it is difficult, in some cases, to tell just where the actual dude ranch begins. There are hundreds of ranches where a few visitors are accommodated each season, yet these are not, properly speaking, dude ranches.

A real dude ranch means the investment of money in buildings and the hiring of cooks, wranglers and other competent help that does nothing but look after the wants of the dudes. A census recently taken in the Jackson's Hole region, adjoining Yellowstone National Park in Wyoming, showed that the building improvements on twenty dude ranches amounted to more than $600,000. One ranch alone, which cares for 90 guests during the summer, is valued at $275,000. One of the recent building developments on this ranch cost $40,000. Local merchants have found their business increasing from a nominal basis to more than $100,000 annually, due to the summer influx of dudes.

Much of this historic and scenically attractive region of Jackson's Hole has been included in the new Grand Teton National Park of Wyoming. The bill creating this park was one of the last measures signed by former President Coolidge. The park area will include the majestic Tetons. The building of government trails will open new vistas of delight to the dudes who now make pack-train trips, sometimes hundreds of miles in extent, to the Yellowstone region.

The heavy financial investment in dude ranches is perhaps the best indication of the solidity of this new industry which has grown so quietly and yet so rapidly in recent years. And not the least encouraging element in this new business as a whole is the hearty stand that has been taken by the dude ranchers and their guests for a wise conservation policy which will develop the scenic West to the utmost and yet keep it unspoiled for the nature lover and sportsman.

The International Sports Goods Show

THE Sports Goods Show this year drew a crowd of 28,000 persons, and Charles P. Catlin, business manager of OUTDOOR AMERICA and chief impresario of the Show, insists it would have gone to 40,000 if there hadn't been two days of steady downpour. The Show was considered the most complete and comprehensive ever staged by OUTDOOR AMERICA, and for that matter ever staged any place by anybody.

It was in the basement auditorium of the Stevens Hotel, and a constant stream of visitors trailed in and out all day and all evening during the four days. The manufacturers made a special effort to show complete exhibits of their lines, and the mechanical "stunts" and exposition of manufacturing methods exceeded those of last year. One manufacturer of artificial flies had two booths going at full speed with girl fly-tiers at work, showing just how the product is made. There were miniature movies, tanks in which visitors could try out the wobbling or spinning qualities of lures, and many other ingenious devices to give the show plenty of movement and color.

The National Rifle Association conducted a range at one end of the hall, there was a movie show in an adjoining room, state conservation departments and government bureaus showed how they do it, railroads and outfitters told and showed people where to go this summer, manufacturers showed them what to wear, what to shoot with, what to fish with, what to sleep in and sleep on and eat with and cook with and even what to cook.

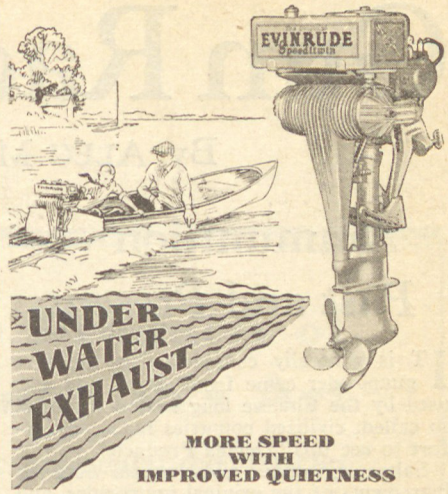
Not only was the exposition itself of interest to every outdoor lover, but there was an almost continuous show of some sort going on all the time. The headliners among the performers were Bob Limbert, world's champion trick pistol shot, Chief Dowagiac Coller, fancy bait caster, the famous bow and arrow expert, Art Young, and a group of Indians led by Chief No-Flesh, 88 years old with still a long time to go.

Art Young this year made his initial appearance at a Walton gathering. His corner of the Show was one of the most popular of all, and his lectures in the auditorium were one of the high spots of the Show. His international fame as leading exponent of the bow and arrow, with which he has hunted the wild places of the world from the Arctic circle to the depths of Africa, attracted large crowds. On Thursday evening he went upstairs to the convention hall and put on an exhibit of motion pictures, gave a demonstration, and made a talk, which captivated the capacity crowd that heard him.

The Show this year proved beyond all doubt that it has become definitely established as the greatest and biggest outdoor exposition of the year any place in the United States. The manufacturers here show their most complete lines, install the most novel exhibits, and outdo each other in asking for the attention of the outdoor world. It has become the annual "style show" of the outdoors, and each year more manufacturers are using the show as the time and place to announce new lines and new developments to the public.

A list of those who exhibited follows:

Gold Medal Camp Furn. Mfg. Co., Racine, Wis.
U. S. Dept. of Agriculture, Forest Service, Washington, D. C.
U. S. Dept. of Agriculture, Bureau of Biological Survey, Washington, D. C.
Conservation Dept., State of Indiana, Indianapolis, Ind.
Conservation Dept., State of Michigan, Lansing, Mich.
DeVry Corp., Chicago, Ill.
Chicago & North Western Ry., Chicago, Ill.
Art Young & Jessie Akester, Chicago, Ill.
Coleman Lamp & Stove Co., Wichita, Kan., and Chicago.
Chappel Bros., Inc., Rockford, Ill., and Chicago, Ill.
O. Mustad & Son, New York City.
Ashaway Line & Twine Mfg. Co., Ashaway, R. I.
A. Novak & Co., Cicero, Ill.
Pillsbury Flour Mills Co., Minneapolis, Minn.
Border Lakes Outfitting Co., Ely, Minn.
National Rifle Ass'n, Washington, D. C.
Rail Mine Industrial Co., Cleveland, Ohio.
Western Cartridge Co., East Alton, Ill.
Alward-Anderson-Southard Co., Chicago, Ill.
Weber Lifelike Fly Co., Stevens Point, Wis.
Hunter Arms Co., Fulton, N. Y., and Oak Park, Ill.
Battle Creek Dog Food Co., Battle Creek, Mich.
Dickey Mfg. Co., Toledo, Ohio.
Pneumatic Boat Corp., Newark, N. J.
Marshall Field & Co., Chicago, Ill.
Caille Motor Co., Detroit, Mich.
Converse Rubber Co., Malden Mass., and Chicago, Ill.
Hodgman Rubber Co., Framingham, Mass.
Kohler Die & Specialty Co., Aurora, Ill.
Boy Scouts, Chicago, Ill.
Dail Steel Products Co., Lansing, Mich.
Min-Nix, Rochester, N. Y.
Conservation Dept., State of Illinois, Springfield, Ill.
U. S. Rubber Co., New York City and Chicago, Ill.
American Fork & Hoe Co., Cleveland and Geneva, Ohio.
W. J. Jamison Co., Chicago, Ill.
Hobart Mfg. Co., Minneapolis, Minn.
Ampco Metal Golf Club Co., Milwaukee, Wis.
Meisselbach Division, General Industries Co., Elyria, Ohio.
U. S. Cartridge Co., New York City and Chicago, Ill.
Savage Arms Co., Utica, N. Y., and Chicago, Ill.
South Bend Bait Co., South Bend, Ind.
Al Foss, Cleveland, Ohio.
Gephart Mfg. Co., Chicago, Ill.
National Carbon Co., New York City and Chicago, Ill.
Kennedy Mfg. Co., Van Wert, Ohio.
B. F. Goodrich Rubber Co., Akron, Ohio, and Chicago, Ill.
Jas. Heddon's Sons, Dowagiac, Mich.
Rustic Hickory Furn. Co., LaPorte, Ind.
H. Clay Glover Co., Inc., New York City.
Marble Arms & Mfg. Co., Gladstone, Mich.
Evinrude Motor Co., Milwaukee, Wis.
Enterprise Mfg. Co., Akron, Ohio.
New York Rubber Co., Beacon, N. Y.
Woods Mfg. Co., Ogdensburg, N. Y., and Ontario, Can.
Shakespeare Co., Kalamazoo, Mich.
Colt's Patent Firearms Mfg. Co., Hartford, Conn.
Air-Fed Stamping & Mfg. Co., Quincy, Ill.
Athletic Shoe Co., Chicago, Ill.
Pendleton Woolen Mills, Chicago, Ill.
Johnson Motor Co., Waukegan, Ill.
Von Lengerke & Antoine, Chicago, Ill.
Peters Cartridge Co., Cincinnati, Ohio.
Ithaca Gun Co., Ithaca, N. Y., and Chicago, Ill.
Elto Outboard Motor Co., Milwaukee, Wis.
Richardson Rod & Reel Co., Chicago, Ill.
Hood Rubber Co., Watertown, Mass., and Chicago, Ill.
Winchester Repeating Arms Co., New Haven, Conn.
Horton Mfg. Co., Bristol. Conn.
D. W. Onan & Sons, Minneapolis, Minn.
Lockwood Motor Co., Jackson, Mich.
Remington Cash Register Co., Ilion, N. Y., and Chicago.
Audubon Societies, New York City, N. Y.
Auto-Kamp Trailer Co., Saginaw, Mich.
Burt, Bergren Mfg. Co., Minneapolis, Minn.
The Fair Store, Chicago, Ill.
Creek Chub Bait Co., Garrett, Ind.
Pendleton Woolen Mills, Chicago, Ill.
Remington Arms Co., New York City and Chicago, Ill.
Hercules Powder Co., Wilmington, Del.
Lou J. Eppinger, Detroit, Mich.
Mullins Mfg. Corp., Salem, Ohio.
Izaak Walton League of America.
Naomikong Club, Detroit, Mich.
Cadillac Motor Car Co., Chicago, Ill.
Macmillan Co., Chicago, Ill.
Weber Lifelike Fly Co., Stevens Point, Wis. Fly-tiers.



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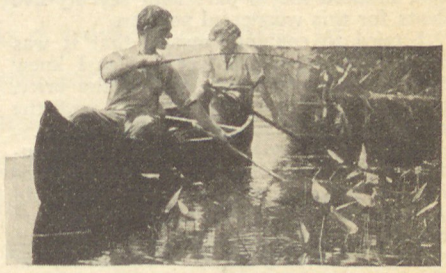

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Laze a little
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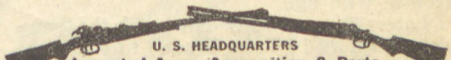

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Gun Rack *and* Game Fields

By ALEC MERMOD, Gun Editor OUTDOOR AMERICA

Ammunition — Past and Present

IT is generally conceded that the first gunpowder came from China, and was used by the Chinese long before the then, so called, civilized countries made any effort to use this "Devil's Product."

Saltpeter, sulphur and charcoal were the ingredients of the original gunpowder, and there has been practically no change or improvement since those early days.

This or that manufacturer would make certain claims for their brand, and it is true that some powders were cleaner than others, but as far as results are concerned there has never been any material difference.

When I started shooting I bought my gunpowder from the country grocer at forty cents a pound, and it was wrapped up in a piece of newspaper, but one day the grocer showed me a canister of "Eagle Ducking" powder and told me how much better this powder was than that I had been getting. I was very much impressed with his talk, which, added to the fact that there was a very attractive label on the can, induced me to part with seventy-five cents for this wonderful powder.

I tried to convince myself that it was really better, but the fact is that I knew there was no difference, except the price, and from then on I was satisfied with the newspaper-wrapped forty-cent powder.

Many years ago a certain powder manufacturer introduced a brand of powder under the name of "Dead Shot" which sold for a certain price, we'll say, five dollars a keg, and later this same concern put out another brand, styled "Ne Plus Ultra," at six dollars and a quarter.

A friend of the president of this company, when discussing the merits of the various brands of powder, said, "John, just what is the difference between 'Dead Shot' and 'Ne Plus Ultra'?" The answer was, "A dollar and a quarter a keg." And there was more "truth than poetry" in this answer.

The first smokeless powder of which we have any record, was introduced in the late '70's, and was called "Ditmer," but it did not prove satisfactory, so after a year or so, was off the market.

Along about 1885, another brand appeared, called "American Wood Powder," which was supposed to have been made of ground wood pulp soaked with nitric acid.

While this powder was quite an improvement over "Ditmer" it was not very satisfactory, as it was very unstable; one load might be good while another would explode with a loud and terrifying detonation which would nearly kick the shooter's head off, while another load was so weak the shot would not penetrate the skin of a bird; besides this the powder would deteriorate with age.

Later this company improved the powder and added "Trap Grade" to the name of "American Wood." In the meantime the shellmakers strengthened the primer which made the priming with black powder unnecessary. Progressive sportsmen, always ready to try out any improvement, tried to make themselves believe that the new smokeless powder was just the thing, and stuck to it, but the "old timer" would have nothing to do with it.

England and Germany were not asleep, and soon there were several brands of foreign made powder on the American market, "Schultze" being the most popular.

The three prominent powder manufacturers of the United States, Dupont, Laflin, and Rand and Hazard, each brought out a brand of smokeless powder, which soon shut out those brands of foreign make, and as the demand for smokeless powder increased, several new companies sprung up, but did not last long.

One brand called "Gold Dust" came near being popular, but after a few fine guns were blown up, "Gold Dust" was thrown into the discard.

Picric, instead of nitric acid was used in its manufacture, consequently the powder was most unpleasant to handle, for, no matter how well one washed one's hands after using it, one would need a pair of gloves for a week when handling food.

Another company appeared on the horizon with a powder branded "S. S.," and while it was about as good as any other, the company was not in position to do any extensive advertising, so the powder was soon forgotten.

Notwithstanding the fact that the manufacturers were particular to state that smokeless powder should not be used in brass shells, many a shooter insisted on trying it out with very unsatisfactory results, consequently advocates of brass shells condemned all brands of smokeless powder.

Experiments proved that to obtain satisfactory results with the new powder, it was necessary to have a strong primer and a stiff crimp.

Wolf and Company, of Germany, intro-

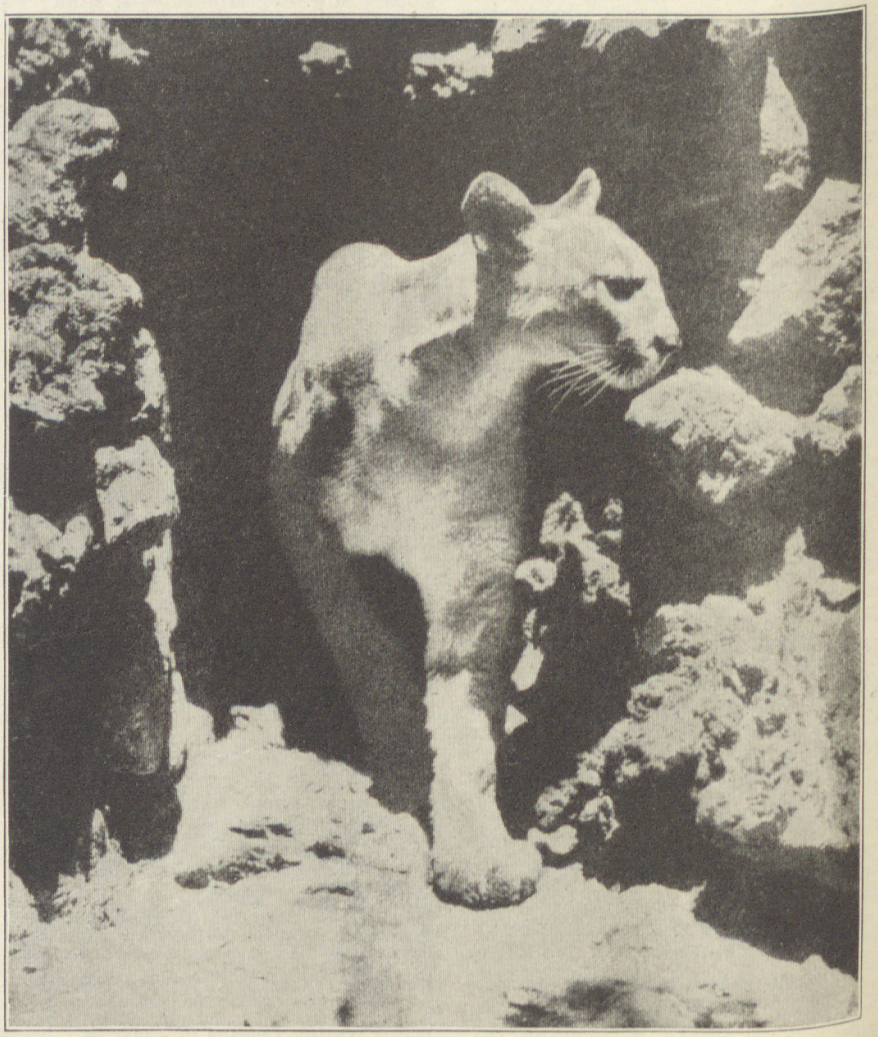


Photo by J. Ocampo.

Alec Mermod has shot many of these cougars or mountain lions in his old days in the West.

duced, through one of the large New York sporting goods houses, a brand of smokeless powder called "Walsrode," which was entirely different from anything on the market, as a load corresponding in strength to a three dram load of any other brand was only about half as much in bulk, consequently a shell with an inside conical base was necessary.

Black powder was measured by actual weight, and measures were made accordingly, but the nitro powders being so much lighter in weight a three dram measure did not weigh three drams, but the term was used to avoid confusion.

When some of the ammunition cranks criticised the loading companies for using the term, drams, saying that a so-called three dram load did not weigh that much, the actual weight in grains was used until the advent of dense powders, then there was greater confusion than ever, so shells loaded with bulk smokeless were labeled in drams and those loaded with dense powders were labeled in grains. For instance, 29 grains of "Walsrode" was equal to 3 drams, in strength, of black powder, while a three dram strength of the bulk smokeless weighed 37 grains.

Since the days of "Ditmer" I experimented with every brand of smokeless powder on the American market, and like many others believed that the latest was just the thing till the next powder came out.

When the sporting goods house in New York representing Wolf and Co. advertised "Walsrode" powder, making extravagant claims for it, and offering to send 100 empty shells, a canister of powder, a special measure, and enough special wads to load these shells, all for two dollars, I lost no time in sending in my order, and after trying it out I thought that "Walsrode" was the best ever.

This powder soon became popular, and the loading companies added it to their lists of regular factory loads, though it was found necessary to allow more space for the crimp than when loading with bulk powders, for unless this powder was closely confined the velocity was not equal to that of other brands. For instance, if the shot was removed from the shell there was not enough force expended to eject the wads through the gun barrel.

Two bad features were developed which caused "Walsrode" to become unpopular, and after a few years it was removed from the lists.

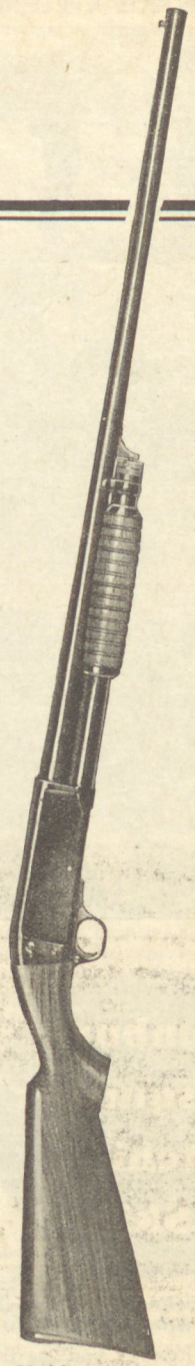
"Walsrode" was very susceptible to changes of temperature, if too cold the load was sluggish, and during the hot summer months the same load developed extreme breech pressure which was the cause of several minor accidents.

The grains were very fine and would sift back into the primer cavity, frequently causing the primer to burst, and when this occurred in guns which were built without lock plates, a small piece of the stock just back of the frame would be blown out. After several accidents of this kind came to the attention of the ammunition companies, the shot load was limited to 1⅛ oz.

Some thirty years ago Nobel and Company, of Scotland, introduced, through J. H. Lau and Co., their special brand of nitro powder, "Ballistite" and through judicious and extensive advertising "Ballistite" became very popular, and is still in demand.

One of the special claims was the waterproof qualities which created a demand for it, especially among the shooters of the Southern states.

The salesman representing "Ballistite" would demonstrate its waterproof qualities before a group of sportsmen by dumping the powder into a pan of water, then,



Model 17, 20-gauge Remington Repeating Shotgun. Standard Grade.
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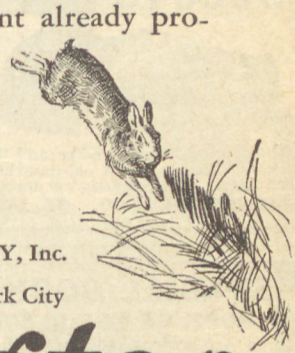

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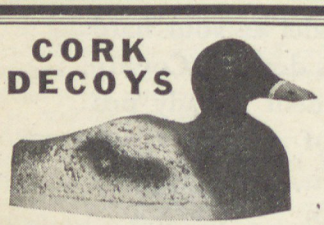

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after it was thoroughly wet, the powder was dried off on a blotter and reloaded in the shell, and showed the same efficiency as powder that had never been wet, and the shooters looking on declared it was wonderful.

As a matter of fact this could have been done with any other brand of smokeless or nitro powder with the same results. Another thing overlooked by the enthusiastic sportsmen was that if a shell ever got wet enough to dampen the powder it would be so swollen that it could not be forced into the gun chamber.

Dense powders are clean and fine for field shooting, but when used continuously at the traps develop that bane of trap shooters—flinching.

I have known five professional trap shooters who practically went to pieces after shooting dense powders at the traps for three years, some of them were shot out in less time.

These men were employed on account of their ability to make good scores, but after developing the flinching habit, and no longer to be depended on to make good scores they were out of a job.

As the demand for smokeless powder increased an English syndicate established a plant at Oakland, N. J., to manufacture "Schultze" and "E. C." powders, under the management of the late Captain A. W. Money, father of Harold Money who is so well and favorably known throughout the United States.

These two powders became very popular, and the company later sold out to one of our largest powder makers.

Nobel & Co. brought out a bulk powder called "Empire" and along about this time another German powder called "Mullerite" was placed on the American market, and Curtis & Harvey, of England, introduced their "Diamond Grain," but none of these powders were popular and as far as I know are off the market in this country.

There was a time when the loading companies here listed as many as eight different powders, but now this list has been cut in half, and the shooting public is just as well satisfied.

While only a small percentage of shells are shot at the traps, all of the advertising was done among the trap shooters, for as we all know members of the trap shooting fraternity are as changeable as a hen on a highway, and when after being persuaded to try a certain shell or brand of powder they made a good score, that was the only load in the world, and that particular shooter would have nothing else, and soon he would have a number of followers.

I recall my own experience with "Hazard" powder when it was introduced. I loaded a hundred shells and tried it out in a match at 100 targets, with the best shot in Canon City, Colo. I won the match with what was then considered a good score, 92 x 100, defeating my opponent by seven targets, so for several years I shot nothing but "Hazard" powder, and as many as twenty other shooters followed my lead.

Psychology certainly cuts quite a figure with trap shooters, and "mental" hazards are as many as are those of the golfer.

While smokeless or nitro powder had reached a high state of perfection in the early '90's, the demand for shells loaded with black powder was far in excess of the other, and as late as 1900 the ratio was 80% black and 20% nitro, but today it is the other way around.

When I started this article on ammunition I thought I could cover most of the ground in one issue, but I've only gotten as far as powder, so if our readers are interested, the subject will be continued from time to time.

Revolver Shooting

By BOB LIMBERT

This series of articles by Bob Limbert, crack revolver shot, is proving to be one of the most popular ever run in OUTDOOR AMERICA. *Address Mr. Limbert, care of* OUTDOOR AMERICA, *or Stanley, Idaho.*

REVOLVER shooting, as a sport for the ladies is and can be made one of the most fascinating of hobbies. Most women seem to have an instinctive dread of a revolver. This is probably due to the fact that from the time they were small children they have been warned not to handle them because they are dangerous.

True, they are dangerous and so is anything else from automobiles on down if handled in an unintelligent way without proper instruction. Every man in America owes it to his wife, sister or sweetheart to educate them in the proper handling of firearms of all kinds and especially revolvers. If woman were universally competent in the handling of sidearms it would give them a feeling of self confidence and do much toward the prevention of house breaking and other crimes we read much of in our daily papers. Not only that but it would be the means of taking them out into the big outdoors where they will develop a feeling of self confidence they never before have had.

Perhaps the greatest mistake made in teaching women revolver shooting is to try to start them off with large caliber guns. They instinctively flinch and the report and recoil of a large weapon does not tend to overcome this. A 22 caliber revolver using the short cartridge is the proper procedure, but previous to this they should be put through a course of instructions in handling, aiming, and snapping. Most invaluable of all is the snapping practice because it familiarizes the beginner with gripping, the squeezing of the trigger, lining up of the sights and the poise of the body.

In coaching beginners the main thing to do is to impress upon them never to allow the muzzle to swing in the direction of a person whether the gun be loaded or not. If this rule is made and followed when the gun is empty you need never to be worried when the gun is loaded. I have noticed one of the greatest dangers to be overcome in teaching the fair sex to shoot is their unconscious habit of cocking the weapon and then deciding they want to change the position of the target and start walking around with the cocked gun in their hand.

What has been said in regard to shooting position, trigger pull and sighting in the previous articles of this series applies herein. I might add that back copies of OUTDOOR AMERICA containing the articles in question can be secured by writing the publishers.

After the beginner is competent in snapping practice they will of course start their practice with a loaded gun. It will be generally found at this stage of the game that in spite of all your instructions they will flinch, as they pull the trigger. The best way I have found of over-

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coming this is to load but several chambers of the cylinder and then give it a spin so that they will not know when it is loaded and when it isn't. Watch their gun carefully and you will be surprised to see the extent of the flinch.

Like everybody else, ladies like to see something break when they shoot. Bottles, clods of dirt, broken chinaware, etc., are ideal for this. The targets in all instances should be large enough to be hit easily at a range of not over twenty-five feet. It is a great mistake to have them endeavor to hit small objects or to shoot at comparatively long revolver shot ranges. The main thing you want to do is to instill confidence. Once that is attained it is time to start working down to a smaller target and a longer range. A target the size of a table saucer at a distance of twenty-five feet is about right. If it is necessary to shoot at tin cans have them set up on something so that when they are hit they will fall over. Remember a beginner or even an expert likes to see a visible result from his shooting. In other words they want to see something "bust."

After the beginner has become fairly proficient using a short they can be advanced to the long rifle cartridge. Very few women like to use the larger calibered guns.

The feeling of security and self confidence which comes to a woman left alone at home through her familiarity with the use of a gun well repays any time spent in teaching her. Today there are thousands of women here in our great United States who shudder at the thought of being left home alone at night. Educate these same women in revolver shooting and you will find a far different state of affairs.

When it comes to self defense, women seem to have an instinctive horror of hurting anybody and will try to take too many chances trusting to a blind confidence that things are going to turn out all right. That is all very well in its way but when a man invades your house you know and they should know that he is there for no good purpose and that the quicker he is *carried* out the better it is going to be not only for your family but for other families in your city as well. This may seem a cold blooded thing to say, but if you, the reader, could have seen and heard some of the things I have during the past winter in some of the demonstrations I have given before our various police departments you would heartily agree with me. The taking of human life is a serious and regretful thing at all times but there are times when it is an absolute and justifiable necessity.

For home defense give the woman a gun she is accustomed to. Don't educate her in the use of a 22 caliber revolver and then give her a large caliber gun or an automatic she knows nothing about and is afraid to use. For a girl or woman whose duties take them much on the streets at night the 25 caliber Colt's Automatic is ideal. It is small, light, quick to handle and packs a powerful "wallop," and can be carried in a purse without its weight being noticeable. Impress upon your lady student the importance of not allowing a possible antagonist to get within arm's length. Impress also the vital necessity of having the gun where it can readily be got at. If on the street at night the purse is no place for it—carry it in a side coat pocket. If there is a premonition of danger or things do not look right hold it in the hand and ready to shoot. A woman has all the advantage in a surprise attack because a thug would not expect her to be armed. The trouble with a gun is you never need it until you need it badly and then if you have got to shoot don't shoot to scare the thug away to continue his attack upon somebody else who unlike yourself is less prepared. Do not shoot at the head, legs or arms. Shoot for the center of the stomach as this allows you a much larger percentage of a hit than if you were aiming at the head.

The sooner the thug, the burglar and the dope fiend learn to respect the sanctity of American homes and American womanhood the greater will be the peace of mind for everybody concerned. If our womanfolk were universally educated in the proper use of revolvers it is a safe bet that we would read less large type headlines of back alley crimes in our large cities. Remember also that the fanatic in your community who preaches against the legitimate authorized and registered sale of firearms is the wolf within your doors and the enemy of your home. New York state with its shameful Sullivan Law is a fair example. It practically prohibits the respectable element from owning or buying a gun, placing them at the mercy of the crook who does not recognize the law in any respect and who can secure all the "bootleg guns" he cares to pay for. Some of the sentiments expressed herein may seem a bit cold blooded but they are based upon numerous observations made in many of our eastern cities during the past winter.

Questions and Answers

BOTH the editor and I want to thank the readers of OUTDOOR AMERICA for the many hundreds of cordial letters of appreciation which have been received in regards to my series of articles on revolver shooting. Hundreds more have been received asking detailed questions which I am going to answer through the columns of this magazine.

It has been indeed gratifying to note the interest which the Revolver Shooting Articles have created and as a result of it I am going to promise the readers of OUTDOOR AMERICA that much of the best is yet to come. As this goes to press I will be on my way to my mountain home away back some seventy miles from the nearest railroad point amid the Sawtooth Mountains of Idaho. I am going to spend the entire summer and fall hunting, fishing, mountain climbing, observing, studying and taking motion pictures of various kinds of big game and wild life with just a bit of pistol practice thrown in, so that when I come out next fall I may have new and added treats for the readers of our magazine, OUTDOOR AMERICA. In the meantime the series will continue throughout the summer months. Mail will reach me addressed to Stanley, Idaho.

Can a person learn to shoot with the left hand?

Yes, in fact it is not nearly so hard to accomplish as it sounds. I have received at least seven letters from persons who have had an injury to the right hand asking this question. I taught myself to do it and do aerial work with both hands.

How do you use a revolver as double action for fine shooting?

I have learned just the amount of trigger pull to give my gun so that when I give the final squeeze I have approximately the same trigger pull as if the gun

were cocked. On one of my guns I have filed a slight notch so that there is a faint click just before it fires. This, I find, is the best of all.

What length barrel do I advise?

I advise and use a six-inch barrel. It is better for all around use, although for extremely long range shooting a seven and a half inch barrel might be best. The six-inch is satisfactory for all practical purposes including long range.

Which is best the S&W Spl. or the 38-40 Winchester?

Take the 38 Spl. every time. You can get a much more powerful load for it and besides have a great variety of reduced loads if you desire. For accuracy there is no comparison.

For the beginner what is the best target for aerial shooting?

Tin cans and old bottles, also the centers of clay pigeons if you live near a gun club.

What are the various methods of quick drawing a gun?

A little later on through these columns I am going to go into this subject in detail. The fastest draw I know of is the "Mormon" draw. It is purely a combat draw and not suitable for any degree of accuracy. It is a dandy, however, for getting the first shot in "first."

What do I think about the science of bullet identification in regards to the marks left by the rifling of the barrel?

I have given considerable study to this subject and I want to go on record as saying that it is just as infallible as the finger print system. Not only does the rifling leave its identification marks, but so does the firing pin, the recoil against the frame of the cartridge head and there are also several other positive distinguishing identification marks. Police departments of every large city in the world should have a specialist in this line. Later on I am going to give the readers of OUTDOOR AMERICA a complete article on this subject.

What are the best books published on revolver shooting?

The best books on this subject are the "Art of Revolver Shooting," by Walter Winans; "Pistols and Revolvers and Their Use," by Julian S. Hatcherm and "Pistol and Revolver Shooting," by Himmelright. The articles which I have written and which are running in OUTDOOR AMERICA have not been published in book form as yet, although I have had a number of inquiries asking this same question.

What make of ammunition do I recommend?

Just shut your eyes and grab. They are all good. They have got to be good or the survival of the fittest would soon eliminate them. When the non-corrosive primers first came on the market it is true that there were a few misfires in the various makes, but this has all been eliminated and now they are all good.

What is my opinion of hip shooting?

Good for what it was intended for and that was getting the first shot when close up and in mortal combat. Don't believe any of these fantastic stories you read in novels about the tack driving accuracy of the old hip shooting gunmen. It's all imagination. Shooting from the hip, it is remarkable accuracy to hit a target the size of a dinner platter at ten or fifteen feet and do it consistently. This stuff about knocking the spots out of playing cards exists only in the imagination of the person who writes the stories. Don't believe otherwise.

Do I use black powder and is it the most accurate?

Absolutely not. It never was and never will be.

Is fanning the gun quick, and is it better than using a gun double action?

It is the quickest way of firing a revolver of the old Frontier Model type because of the long projecting spur on the top of the trigger. A fast double action man would shoot a gun fanner to pieces before he could get into action, and if they were at any distance the gun fanner would stand no show at all. However, a gun fan can be performed very fast if the gun is worn low on the right hip and the hands are hanging straight down. It is practically impossible to fan a modern double action on account of short hammer spur.

Where can information be secured in regard to forming a Revolver Club?

The Colt's Arms Co. of Hartford, Conn., publish a very fine library of booklets on revolver shooting. One of these is devoted exclusively to the forming of clubs. It is invaluable to those interested in this subject.

Outdoor Medicine

(Continued from page 13)

Jim seemed like the old Jim again. I felt like shaking hands with him.

During the intervening four years he has done all and more than he said. Abner and Esther are now two of the handsomest and most wholesome children with which any father and mother could be blessed. Just last evening reading my newspaper I found an item which said, "Blank City—January 7—Many welfare organizations joined in a splendid dedicatory program of the new Boys' and Girls' Home which was made possible by a gift of twenty-five thousand dollars from James E. Kane, well known banker. In addition to the cash gift, Mr. Kane provided two thousand acres on which a large lodge has been erected. The entire grounds have been turned back to nature. Boys and girls, especially the less fortunate, will be taught to love and find opportunity to enjoy close communion with nature's beauties at 'Boys' and Girls' Haven.'"

In his almost bashful presentation Mr. Kane said, "This is merely a bit of practical conservation which specially seeks to conserve both the physical and spiritual values of your youth. I hope it may exceed my fondest hopes in this direction. I want no credit. I deserve none. All the credit, if any, belongs to two children—a boy and a girl who are not present." Mr. Kane was doubtless referring to his son and daughter, who are outstanding lovers of the open and who had inspired his gift. Mr. Kane probably did not notice their presence when he said "who are not present."

I read and reread this item. Jim had again become "Jim the giver" as of old. The contradiction mentioned in the news story set me pondering on one point. And that point was "who were the boy and girl" he had in mind?

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Your Dog And Mine

By OZARK RIPLEY *Dog Editor,* OUTDOOR AMERICA

Backing

OFTEN the reason a good many youngsters do not back naturally, is due to the custom, which at times is necessary, of working them singly through fear that they may ultimately develop into workers depending one upon the other. The average lover of bird dogs in these days aspires to have his pointers or setters behave in the field in an absolutely independent fashion. There is real sporting dog logic back of this. An independent dog is a better bird finder, brainier and more efficient in every way. If two dogs become independent workers their performance in every way is outstanding. Dogs worked separately to obtain this independent feature ofttimes are so strongly urged by the dominating instinct to hunt birds, that they will not naturally recognize their mates' point, or else jealousy is aroused at another's find, and they refuse to acknowledge, and either "bust" into it madly, or creep up and steal the point.

Many dogs that back naturally will only back to actual scent—a real find. They remain fast behind the pointing dog only so long as they are sure that he is on a veritable point. The instant they recognize in the air that their companion is pointing falsely they pay no attention to his act, and begin to light out for other parts in order to find birds. Whether a dog backs naturally or not, he can be made to do so with a force collar, and it is up to the master whether he wants his field workers to back to sight and scent, or just to scent alone.

Backing to sight is a very fascinating spectacle. To see a dog stop and recognize another's point the instant he is visually aware of it in a certain way is not to be underestimated. If it is done properly, no one can find fault with it, but one of the most agonizing spectacles in dog performance is to watch one of those sight backers do it so frequently that it becomes monotonous, particularly those that back every time they see another dog stop, no matter for what reason. Get two in the field with the same characteristics and often they look mighty ridiculous, each stopping to back the other on a fancied point when each has only momentarily withheld his going from some cause ulterior to the actual finding of game.

Personally I used to regard it as a rare treat to observe a dog back from a long distance and remain in that position until the birds were flushed. I got over that one time when a friend and I were shooting in the drainage district of southern Missouri. He had a setter that was a marvel at backing staunchly, no matter how far away he was when he beheld his companion stop on point, or stop for anything else, for that matter. My dog was going wide in wheat stubble grown up in short rag weed, while my friend's long haired artist was working the heavy cover along the ditches paralleling the field. All at once my dog stuck up on a bevy in the center of the field. We could not see his companion, and gave no thought to him, for usually if he saw a point at a long distance he would back and we had no fear that he would break in. The birds did not lie well. They flushed ahead of my somewhat unsteady dog, and came so fast toward us that it was impossible to take them as incomers, and my friend began shooting after they had passed him and beaten it with all their available speed for the brush along the ditch. He fired two barrels quickly. Instantly I heard a yelp of a dog in sudden anguish. Looking toward the ditch I saw the setter drop on his hindquarters and roll.

That dog had been backing in the cover, and received in the side the full charge of both barrels of his master's gun. Fortunately he was too far off to receive a dangerous wound. Nevertheless, after that I never saw a dog backing at long distance without suffering grave apprehensions, however much there was no need of them.

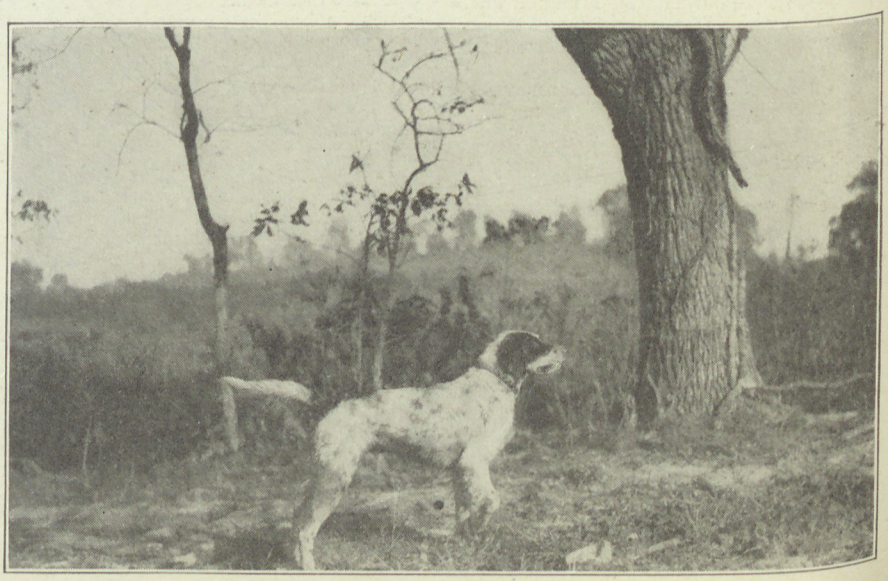
There is considerable stunt work in backing, though some trainers frequently make us believe it is different. A photograph of five or seven dogs backing a point is regarded as nothing short of marvellous. People rave over the spectacle. Dogs can easily be made to do this at command, and frequently I have seen this great backing act performed while the pointing dog was frozen on a field sparrow or a meadow lark. Most of the times when it is done by numbers it illustrates more the natural backing instinct of a group of dogs than it does any great feat on the part of the trainer. Personally, on several occasions I have turned out a kennel of eighteen or twenty setters and pointers and have seen all backing at the same time one pointing dog. The performance in each instance was evidence of the natural instinct, though some of the older dogs had been forced while hunting to back to command. It all looked on many occasions very spectacular.

But once I had the tables of laughter turned on me. The big bunch was turned loose in an old meadow, containing a sprinkling of sedge, where there happened at the time to be a bunch of birds. One dog caught scent and an instant later was pointing like a stone image. All the others backed except one. When the spectacle apparently was entering upon its most dramatic moment of intensity, an old campaigner suddenly suffered the pangs of jealousy. He moved up and then broke with a run right into the pointing bevy. Then alas! all the other dogs suffered the same affliction and followed, chasing that gang of quails far into the woods, until they where all out of sight.

When a long whiskered scientist spouts his doctrines before the world and tells you that animals do not reason, you can bet your last dollar that he has never had experience with bird dogs. They sure reason—every minute that their tails are wagging, every second when they pretend they are sleeping. They are thinking up some mischief, and probably with a feeling of great eclat to themselves. I think of such reasoning dogs without trying to qualify their acts as to backing or especially that antithesis of backing, stealing a point.

Some dogs steal points openly. They are actuated in the matter by the desire to be the ones that make the find, as well as through a wish to draw praise from their masters. Some dogs regard the making of points in the same manner as the Indian of the time just after the white man taught him his religion and simultaneously butchered him and stole everything he had. The Indian measured his success by the number of scalps he obtained, and the bird dog with a brain and real finding ability measures his own prowess by the amount of points he executes on game birds. A thinking thing like a bird dog—with no apologies to scientists who class all animals as unthinking creatures—has the human frailty galore of becoming jealous. He does not like to see a companion surpass him in the matter of finds and points. He is therefore willing at times, like good Christians of erstwhile and modern times, to take things which do not rightfully belong to him.

Nothing is held in greater esteem by a class bird dog than finding birds and making the points. He loves to be first in the matter, at least most of them, and therefore



Phil Essig on quail. Owned by W. D. Albright.

when the opportunity presents itself he steals it. Some dogs have the courage of holdup men, or highwaymen, and will steal a point right before their master's eyes. Like so called honest citizens, who fix among themselves the price of call money until the little fellow against whom they have schemed has to sell out. In common parlance they slyly steal. Let the master be in sight and you can see one of these paragons at backing doing his stunt in the just-desired fashion about twenty feet behind the pointing dog. But let that master be out of sight or turn his head and that wily old rogue slips in ahead of the companion to whom the find justly belongs, and there he poses as though righteously he wanted to show the world what a wonderful dog he was, and how grandly he had achieved the task.

Those point stealers sure got me in times ago. I had lots of fun out of them, and to this day when I see one of these artful chaps steal a point when the handler's eyes or presence is elsewhere I certainly enjoy it.

The quality of not being able to stay beaten causes dogs to steal points. You may think that you have corrected them, but it would take someone with greater mental penetration than that possessed by the average man to tell under certain conditions whether or not a known point stealer has earned the point upon which you find him with a mate. The fact cannot be disputed that you may easily cure a dog of stealing a point before your very eyes, but how can you tell whether they have stolen the point when you find the old rogue on the other side of the hill registering to the world his glorious find, and actually in a way expressing contempt for the backing companion?

I knew an old setter that at one time was a phenom as a bird finder. Age got him, just as it does all of us. The young dogs were making a second string man out of him in the way of finding. The truth of the matter was, though I could not admit it, that I saw his nose was failing him badly, and that he was playing second fiddle. Another season came around, and that big erstwhile great performer simply could not find birds in the open or anywhere else in my presence. But always in cover or over a ridge he was invariably the dog on point.

I knew the explanation, but I so enjoyed his guile that I did not try to correct the old pet. I do not think I ever laughed so much as the day I caught him in the act of boldly taking a point away from a faster and more capable young running mate. Over a rise the pair raced, with every outward evidence that they had hit fertile bearing wind and were bound for birds which they had obviously scented. I was riding, and to become a witness of their work, I rode on faster than usual yet not altogether prepared for what I was going to see. I came to the height of the land just in time to see the young dog land into a snappy point about fifty feet in advance of the old timer.

But the aged setter was not to be taken unaware when the opportunity was so good for showing himself off as the real finder before the master who was supposed to be many rods behind. The instant he beheld the young dog freeze he ran to him. His nose was too far gone to tell exactly where the birds were actually lying. He resorted to experience and conjecture. Boldly he advanced to the front of the young dog, and with menacing teeth made him get behind him, then that old tyrant had the audacity to pose, to pose in statuesque point, just where the other dog had frozen and for all the world act as though he alone had accomplished the find.

What man that ever followed a dog afield would ever have the heart to correct that incorrigible long haired chap that did not have sufficient scenting powers remaining in his nostrils to tell whether he was on a body scent point or not?

De gustibus etc., as the old Latin tells us, and which we at present change to the adage "Every fellow to his own taste"; thus I refer to the subject of how far should a dog back another. What pleases one will not please another. Therefore an expression of personal preferences is permissible. I like the backing dog to come right up to the pointing dog and back him closely enough to recognize scent, to know that the birds are actually there. This may be five or ten feet or farther, just so the job is well done without interfering with the pointing dog, or making any endeavor to take any credit from him and thereby frighten the birds. I am no lover of dogs backing at sight at a great distance. This is a natural trait with them, so I am not

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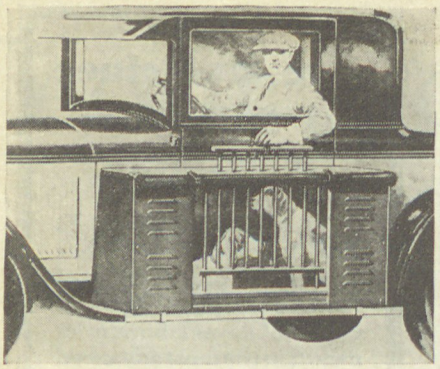

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going to criticize them for it, nor the handler who cultivates it.

Dogs that back at sight can be made with a lead and force collar to come right close and fast within a few feet of the pointing dog, and then checked up, as you do in steadying them to wing or point, forcing them to realize now that the act of stopping is to recognize the other dog's find and not to disturb him. Dogs that do not back at sight, but come right in and want to crowd into the honors of the point must be treated in the same manner until it is second nature with them. What counts more than anything else in making young dogs back every time is during their early day of training to keep at them with the greatest regularity and for the master not to be satisfied with half hearted attempts but to force them to do it perfectly with a force collar and a long lead.

As for the point stealer; the fellow that does it openly is like the chap who drinks openly and during pre Volstead days went into a saloon and got his jag on before the wide world. You can certainly cure him, but with the fellow that steals points when the master is not looking there is just about as much chance to cure him, as the sly drinker, who always entered the saloon by the back or sidedoor when he was sure no one was looking. It simply cannot successfully be done without killing him.

Ask Ozark Ripley
He Knows

BLISTERS BETWEEN TOES

Dear Ozark Ripley:

I have a wonderful setter that I dearly love and for the last six months he has been troubled with blisters between every toe on his four feet. They swell as large as a hickory nut and he will bite them open and a dirty straw colored pus and blood comes out.

I have had two veterinaries working on the dog and they don't seem to hit the right spot.

So Jim says, "Why the h——, Adam, don't you ask Ozark about a remedy. I know, by damn, he can fix him up."

ADAM F. SMITH,
Hazleton, Pa.

Dear Mr. Smith:

Open all the blisters on your dog's feet. First soak them in baking soda and warm water; when dry, the first day apply iodine twice, on the second day apply a saturated solution of sulphate of collar, alternate this treatment every other day for fifteen days and keep the dog away from water, and do not allow him to have any heating food. Then report to me. Meanwhile give internally Fowler's Solution of Arsenic, starting one drop twice a day and increasing one drop each day until you reach ten drops, then reducing one drop a day.

When you have treated feet as directed above for fifteen days, at any indication of further trouble apply salve made of resinol four parts, boracic acid one part, powdered alum one part.

OZARK RIPLEY.

LOW CARRIAGE AND SHEARING

Dear Ozark Ripley:

I have a fine English Setter pup about a year old. He comes from good stock, two of his grandsires being at one time or another state field trial champions. The pup has had little training, but shows excellent promise. However, I am rather worried about a peculiar characteristic; when I have him out in the woods or field (out of season, of course), or even in the yard, he goes running along with his nose close to the ground a great part of the time. He continually sniffs, as though he were trailing. I thought that perhaps he was just playing, or was too eager to hunt, but I also have a thought that he might develop into a foot-scenter, or trailer, and above all things, I wish to prevent this.

Do you suppose that his trait is an indication of foot-scenting characteris-

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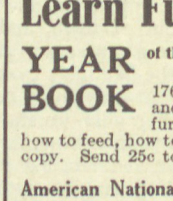

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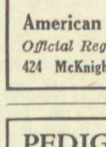

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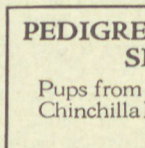

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tics? It seems improbable to me, in view of the dog's ancestry, but I don't know what to make of it. I wish you would please advise me if it is a foot-scenting symptom, I should like to know how to break the habit.

Is it a good idea to shear the hair of setters in the summer? As you probably know, in this country we have some pretty hot summers.

THOMAS HARPER,
Greenwood, Ark.

Dear Mr. Harper:

Many a dog runs as yours without becoming a foot-scenter. Some dogs that hunt by wind and body scent naturally carry a low head, but you will realize the fault when you see the dog following trail.

With this youngster I would for a long time work him against wind as much as possible. He both sees and hunts grass by scent. I would not worry about him, but keep working him as suggested and he may display a great change in carriage when on game.

It is a good idea to shear the hair off setters in your country in summer, and all feather ought to be clipped in fall if the hunting grounds are infested with burrs.

OZARK RIPLEY.

EAR CANKER

Dear Ozark Ripley:

I have a Cocker Spaniel a little over a year old. He is afflicted with a bad odor that I believe comes from his ear. I have been doctoring him for a bum ear for about three months with some dope that I obtained from one of our local vets. The ear does not get any better; that is, if our olfactory nerves register right. Could you suggest anything that would help us cure the dog? We think the world of him and want to cure him as soon as possible.

H. G. WHITE,
Grand Rapids, Mich.

Dear Mr. White:

It looks like a sure case of inside ear canker. Syringe out the ear with warm water and castile soap. When dry, blow into it powdered boracic acid. Continue this treatment until well, and the odor will entirely disappear.

OZARK RIPLEY.

A CASE OF CHOREA

Dear Ozark Ripley:

I have an Irish setter seven months old. About three or four months ago he had a bad siege of distemper, which left him with a twitching in the left side of the face. He is developing in nice shape but this condition seems to be just the same. I would appreciate any help.

JACK KINGSBURY,
Glenns Ferry, Idaho.

Dear Mr. Kingsbury:

Your Irish setter has chorea. It will take some time to cure the twitching. Give the dog one drop Fowler's solution of arsenic twice a day, add one drop each day for ten days. Then deduct a drop each day until you get down to one drop, and then increase again as before. Your dog has a good chance to get well on account of its youth. But sometimes it takes a long time to effect a cure.

OZARK RIPLEY.

KEEP HIM AT IT

Dear Ozark Ripley:

I have a two months' old puppy. Shepherd and Collie mixed. Will he make a good opossum and squirrel dog if trained right?

How is the best way to train him?

How old should he be to start training?

DOYLE BYNUM,
Judsonia, Ark.

Dear Mr. Bynum:

Take your dog out with a good tree dog and encourage him as much as possible, so that he develops a love for hunting.

Only occasionally do dogs of his breeding make good on the game you mention. Only by constantly keeping him on game will he amount to anything.

A dog of his breeding can start training at eight months, and it will not hurt him to let him go with you in the woods as much as possible before that age.

OZARK RIPLEY.

COON HOUND PUP

Dear Ozark Ripley:

Will you please recommend to me a breeder of coon hound pups? I would like a pup of long ancestral breeding of registered stock.

I read your stories each month with interest. Thank you.

GEORGE C. MESCHTER,
Skippack, Pa.

Dear Mr. Meschter:

Write to Bob Sutton, Breeder of Coon Hounds, Little Rock, Ark.

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CLASSIFIED ADVERTISEMENTS

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WE buy, sell, trade, outboard motors. New, used. E. Byrnes & Co., Robinson, Ill. (3-7)

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LEARN trick shooting. Copy of "Secrets of Trick Shooting" $1.00. Vincent Mac-Lean, 97 Parkview, Bangor, Maine. (3-6)

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100 PORTABLE canvas houses, factory rebuilt, nine sizes, at sacrifice prices. Get complete catalog and prices. Close-To-Nature Company, Colfax, Iowa. (3-8)

FOR Sale: Furnished log cabin, 14 acres, Moose Lake, near Hayward, Wis. Musky, pike, trout, deer, partridge. Dr. Ohm, Eau Claire, Wis.

FOR Sale: New log cottage, furnished, beautiful lake Northern Michigan. Write Beulah Robinson, Iron River, Michigan.

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Dogs

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Dogs

Airedales—Continued

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BEAGLE Pups, males, $8.50; females, $7.50. Floyd Boyd, Millersburg, Ohio. (3-8)

OUR Beagles best by test. Get our sale list. Masterly Beagles, Johnson Creek, Wis. (3-7)

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HUNTERS take notice. I have for sale the best hunting hounds money will buy. Trained and ready to go. All full blooded hounds. No trash. Every dog tested before shipped. Catalogue, photo free. V. Langdon, Dressor, Ill. (10x28)

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CLASSY Labrador puppies. Wonderful retrievers. G. A. Bertsch, Glasgow, Montana. (3-6)

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ATTENTION, Hunters: Now is the time to buy your hunting dogs. We are offering the following at amazingly low summer prices, coon, skunk and opossum hounds, fox, wolf and coyote hounds, rabbit hounds, young dogs and puppies. 30 days' trial. Price list 10 cents. Fairmont Farm Kennels, Ina, Illinois. (6x29)

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Dogs

Miscellaneous Dogs—Continued

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GERMAN Police Mother Dog, Strongheart blood, 3 years old. A good dog to raise puppies. Arthur Kahler, Appleton, Wisconsin. (3-7)

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IRISH water spaniels, genuinely curly coated rat-tails. Splendid retrievers, land or water. Wonderful intelligence. Easy trained and handled. All puppies from experienced workers. Also youngsters and trained dogs always on hand. Percy K. Swan, Chico, California. (7x27)

SPRINGER Spaniel pups and grown stock of the world's choicest breeding. Some trained and partly trained. Quality and price will please you. State your wants. Kestersons Kennels, Skamokawa, Washington. (3-7)

FOR Sale: Reg. trained, Springer bitch in whelp, also trained and partly trained youngsters, 10 months old. Brookfield Kennels, Brookfield, Wisconsin.

SPRINGERS for sale: Two black and white dogs. Experienced duck retrievers, 2 years old. Can win on bench. Also young dogs ready for training. John Stewart, Minot, N. D. (3-7)

SPRINGERS. At stud. Champion Southwick Don and Champion Jamson of Ware. For sale: Puppies and bred bitches. Avalon Kennels (Registered). Canal Fulton, O. (6-8)

WATER Spaniels. Pups. Half Irish, half cocker. Well bred parents. Retrievers on land and water. Males, $15.00. Females, $12.50. Charles Gallagher, Spencer, Iowa. (3-6)

Dogs

Spaniels—Continued

COCKER Spaniel Puppies, Dam daughter Champion Obo Donatello, price reasonable. Ben Wiemeyer, 916 East Chestnut Street, Louisville, Ky. (3-8)

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SPRINGER Spaniel Puppies, liver and white, beautifully marked. Horsford Harbour lineage, from hunting parents. George Hoard, Mosinee, Wis. (3-8)

AMERICAN Water Spaniels. Registered puppies from trained hunters and retrievers. Rimrock Kennels, Box 87, Des Moines, Iowa. (3-6)

COCKER Spaniels, handsome youngsters, parents excellent hunters, registered. $25.00 up. Pellor Farm, North East, Pa. (2-6)

FOR Sale: Black Cocker Spaniel puppies, Grand Sire Champion Rockotella, $20.00 and up. Bluebell Kennels, Roscoe, Ill. (3-6)

IRISH Water Spaniels all ages. Buy at your own prices. Write for details. Montasula Kennels, Missoula, Mont. (3-7)

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SPRINGER puppies. At stud Commodore by Triple International Champion Boghurst Rover. Pryor & Dosdall, Red Wing, Minn.

EXCELLENT Springer and Cocker Spaniel Pups. Champion bred. Three Cockers at stud. Dr. C. L. Lee, Iola, Wis. (3-8)

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ST. BERNARD Puppies!! Championbred parentage, priced reasonable, duty free. Photos submitted. Helvetia Kennels, Dept. M, Napierville, Que. (3-6)

IMPORTED and prize ancestry. 3 sires over 200 lbs. 2 generations. "Aristocrats of Dogdom." Charley Wiggins, Scottsbluff, Nebr. (3-6)

ST. BERNARD Pups $25.00 to $50.00 with American Kennel papers. R. B. Colby, Loyal, Wis. (3-8)

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IRISH terriers, Scottish terriers and wire haired fox terriers. Altura Kennels, Route 1, El Paso, Texas.

IRISH Terriers. Individuality, gameness. The companion you have always wanted. Registered. Dr. F. G. Dratz, Missoula, Mont. (7x26)

IRISH Terriers. Red pedigreed puppies best types, bloodlines, etc. Satisfaction guaranteed. A. W. Elkins, Route 3, Kokomo, Indiana.

REGISTERED smooth fox terriers since 1906. Pups $10 up. Wells Kennels, Farina, Ill. (3-8)

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TETRACHLORETHYLENE for worms. A safe treatment for puppies and an effective treatment for grown dogs in cases of hook and round worms and running-barking fits. This new wormer was discovered by the Department of Agriculture and fcund as effective as Carbon Tetrachloride but safer to use in capsules for dogs and puppies. $1.00, postpaid. Harrison Chemical Co., Dept. 15, Quincy, Ill. (7x26)

DOG mange cured in twenty-four hours; one application; guaranteed. Cures the worst cases. $2.00 postpaid. Kirk White, Cooperstown, New York. (3-7)

RUNNING fits in dogs cured in three doses; large size $1. Money refunded if not satisfied. W. W. Robertson, Druggist, Emporia, Virginia. (12-6)

DISTEMPER cure and preventative for dogs. $2.50 full treatment. Money back guarantee. Main's Store, Argonia, Kansas. (3-8)

RID-O-FIT treatment for fits tried and proven $1.00. Scratch treatment $1.00 postpaid. Hix & Laughlin, Brookneal, Va.

RUNNING fit remedy. Satisfaction guaranteed. $1.00. COD. Beck Brothers, RF39, Herrick, Illinois.

Training and Boarding Dogs

WANTED: Bird dogs for training. Thirty-four years' experience in developing shooting dogs on grouse, quail and pheasant. Excellent references. A. E. Seidel, Danville, Pa.

HUNT'S Kennels, New Hartford, New York. Boarding, yard training now. Experienced setters for sale.

LET me train your bird dog. Paul Otto, Levy, Ark. (3-6)

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EXPERT gunsmithing. Restocking to order from five to eight dollars. Thirty-five years' experience. Work guaranteed. William Tietz, New Prague, Minn. (3-7)

GUN stock blanks beautifully grained from $6.00 to $20.00. Ordinary $2.00. Delivered free. Mitchell Bosly, 75 Bath Street, Birmingham, England. (11-12)

TRAPLOADS, targets and squad sheets. New reduced prices. Heller & Bowsher, Wapakoneta, Ohio. (3-8)

ANTIQUE firearms. Write for price list. Dexter, 910 Jefferson, Topeka, Kansas. (3-8)

Fish and Game Attractions

DUCKS' Meat. A plant ducks love. Plant now. Inexpensive. More seed for your money if you order Wild Rice now—fall delivery. Write Terrell's Aquatic Farm, 97L Blk., Oshkosh, Wisconsin. (3-8)

NATURAL food for ducks, fish, muskrats. Wild rice, sago pond plant, wild celery, wapato for spring planting. Literature. Hamilton's Aquatic Farms, Box 14, Detroit Lakes, Minnesota. (3-7)

MINNESOTA Wild Rice Seed. Write for special prices. Prompt delivery. MacGregor-Dennerly, Aitkin, Minnesota. (12-4)

MAMMOTH seed wild rise from Land o' Lakes, Minnesota Wild Rice Co., Laporte, Minnesota.

Fishing Tackle and Bait

YOU will catch more big fish when you study the art and science of angling from the books for fishermen suggested on page 64 of this issue of OUTDOOR AMERICA. Your special attention is called to Bait-Casting by Wm. C. Vogt which gives instruction on overhead casting, striking and playing fish, where and how to find them and information about the weather and instincts of fish. You can secure an autographed copy for $2.50 from Outdoor America's Book Service Department, 549 West Randolph St., Chicago, Ill.

TACKLE Bargains: 25c Trout Dry Flies, eyed or gut, dozen $1.00. 50c Tapered Leader, 7½ ft., 3 for $1.00. 10c Trout Flies, assortment of 20. $1.00. 25c Bass Flies, assortment of 8, $1.00. $1.00 Casting Plugs, 3 for $1.25. $1.00 Heddon Luny Frog, 2 sizes, for $1.35. $1.00 Heddon Ace, King, Queen, 3 for $2.00. Catalogue free with purchase. Satisfaction or money back. Fisherman Supply Co., Jefferson & Olive Sts., St. Louis, Mo. (5-9)

"BEST Yet" Catfish Bait, a little better than the best, for throw lines and pole fishing. A liver bait and stays on the hook. The product of W. W. Hughes. One jar 60 cents, two jars $1.00 prepaid. Hughes Bait Company, Niobrara, Nebraska. (5-7)

EXPERT pocket gaff hook. Carried in the pocket. One hand to operate. Ideal for game fish. Guaranteed sturdy and satisfactory. Circular on request. Postpaid $2.00. F. C. Woods & Co., 15776 Euclid Ave., Cleveland, Ohio. (3-7)

CAT Fish will bite. Send 50c for secret how to prepare a natural bait. No drugs or anything to buy. Bait easily gotten and prepared. Guaranteed or money back. Carl A. Haberlein, McPherson, Kansas. (3-8)

FISHING Lines. Casting and trolling. New goods. This season's manufacture. Try us. We sell direct to consumer. Inclose stamp for sample card and prices. Silkline Co., Dept. K., Pekin, Ill. (4-6)

FISHERMEN: Write Graham Reel Company for literature on the only perfect Anti-Backlash Casting Reel. Graham Reel Co., Windfall, Ind. (3-7)

HEINZELMANN'S Famous Hackle flies. Long streamer tail feathers. No pork bait needed. 3 for $1. Heinzelmann Mfg. Co., 313 E. 12th, Kansas City, Mo. (3-6)

LIVE bait, guaranteed to arrive alive, angle worms, night crawlers, helgramites, soft crawfish, leeches, frogs. For prices write R & R Bait Store, 44 E. Rich St., Columbus, Ohio. (3-8)

LIVE Helgramite for black bass. 75 cents dozen postpaid. Make remittance by money order or check. Geo. O. Strong, Willimantic, Conn. (3-8)

SINKER Molds: For making your own sinkers. All popular sizes, easy to operate, last a life time, complete instructions with mold $1. Dolph Mfg. Co., Cedar Rapids, Iowa. (3-8)

Fishing Tackle and Bait — Cont'd

SOUR clams, best catfish bait, 2 pounds postpaid $1. Doughbait, best carp bait, 2 pounds postpaid $1. J. Curtis Grigg, Hopkinton, Iowa. (3-8)

SUCCESSFUL Fishermen's recipe for favorite fish bait. Easily prepared, 25c. Henry Bergman, Box 5, Springfield, Missouri. (3-7)

SPRING casting rod holder for still fishing or trolling "Catches the fish." Only $1.00. Dealers wanted. Circulars. Graham, Windfall, Indiana. (3-6)

Food Products

SPRUCE Gum—Refined from high-grade stock, fresh from Maine Forest, twenty 5c packages $1, postpaid. Eastern Gum Co., Monson, Me. (3-8)

PURE Maple Syrup, $3.75 per gal. postpaid. Edgar Hunt, Barron, Wis. (3-6)

For Sale or Exchange

GUNS, rifles, revolvers, outboard motors, cameras, binoculars, musical instruments, stamps; anything of value bought, sold and exchanged. Wanger's, 522 A Market St., Phila., Pa. (3-6)

SPRINGER spaniel pups from registered hunting stock. Females, $15.00; males, $25.00. Radios to trade for springer spaniels or boat motors. Platte River Kennels, Rogers, Nebr. (3-8)

Foxes

I WILL have a hundred pair of 1929 silver and blue fox pups for sale October 1st delivery. Have several pair of silver black pups that are related to prize winners, some of them showing as such for three generations. Blue foxes all are from registered parents who were very prolific, being from litters of from eleven to sixteen nice pups to the litter. Carefully selected pups from European buyers. W. P. Chambers, Corwith, Iowa.

BLUE Foxes. $150.00 per pair. Pioneer Fox Farm, Imbler, Oregon.

Game, Birds and Animals

PHEASANT eggs and chix. Now booking orders. Ringneck, Golden, Silver, Reeves, Mongolian, Amherst, Versicolors, Melanotus, Swinhoe and Manchurians. America's finest bred production stock. Large, fertile eggs from strong non-related birds. Valuable information and full instructions free. Stamps appreciated. Lux Game Farm, Hopkinton, Iowa. (6x29)

MINK our specialty, booking orders for July, August, and September delivery. High grade stock, low prices. Also dark northern raccoon, black skunk, Silver, cross and red foxes. Book on mink raising $1.00 postpaid. Write us your wants. Rice Lake Fur Ranch, Wells, Minnesota. (6-9)

PHEASANTS, eggs, chicks, poults. Reared in finest upland game country of midwest. Bulletin free. "Large and Small Scale Pheasant Breeding," 15c. Japanese Silkies. "Buy from Beyer and buy the best." Otto Beyer Game Farm, Portage, Wisconsin.

BREEDING stock for sale: Genuine big black silver tipped fox rabbits, from the original herds. Reliable and largest breeders of fox fur rabbits, also French chinchillas. Quality Fur Farms, Route 1, Box 36, Greenbay, Wis. (3-6)

BLUE and silver foxes, also mink, all registered. Insured delivery and sixty days thereafter. Feed and supplies. Illustrated booklet. Agents wanted. Bank references 25 years. Cleary Bros. Fox Farms, Seattle, Wash. (3-7)

CHINCHILLAS, White New Zealands, Silver Marten Fur Rabbits, Muskrats, Minks, Silver Fox, tell us how you are situated and we will show you how to make big profits. 721 Conrad's Ranch, Denver, Colorado. (3-8)

FINEST quality eastern mink. Write for prices and terms for fall delivery 1929. Successful Mink Raising, illustrated book of practical information mailed for $1.00. Davis Fur Farms, Inc., St. Johnsbury, Vt. (3-6)

FOR Sale: Some of the finest dark northern mink, raccoon, split cap skunk, beaver, muskrat, silver blue cross and red fox, chinchilla rabbits, mink pens and live traps. Comfrey Fur Farm, Comfrey, Minn. (3-8)

FOR Sale: High grade minks from $100.00 to $1500.00 a pair. Just what you want. Also Persian cats. Enclose twenty-five cents for full details. First Wisconsin Mink Ranch, Hilbert, Wis. (3-8)

Game, Birds and Animals—Cont'd

PHEASANT Eggs—Ringnecked, Golden, Amherst, Silver, Reeves. Order at once to insure delivery. White Silkie, Buff Cochin and Black Tailed Japanese Bantam and Wild Mallard Eggs. Twin Spring Farm, Penllyn, Penna. (5-7)

QUALITY Fur Farm's original breeders black silver tipped fox fur rabbits (Silver Foxes' Rival) hard to get. Giant chinchillas, mastodontic, registered and pedigreed. Route 1, Box 36, Green Bay, Wis. (3-7)

FOR Sale: Mink, squirrels, raccoons, foxes, ferrets, muskrats, ginseng, rabbits, skunks, wolf puppies, opossums. B. Tippman, Caledonia, Minnesota. (3-7)

FOR Sale: Mink, large, dark northern Minnesota, pen raised. Silver and cross foxes, chinchilla rabbits, skunks. Melrose Fox Farm, Melrose, Minn. (3-7)

MUSKRATS, black, silver, golden, hudson seal. "Chestnut Brown" Breeds. Ask about our breeding proposition with guaranteed results. Buffham Brothers, Lake Avenue, Racine, Wisconsin. (3-7)

ALL star silver foxes, blue foxes, mink, raccoon and fur rabbits. Minnesota Silver Fox & Fur Company, St. Paul, Minnesota. (3-8)

90 VARIETIES hair animals and feather birds. Lowest prices. Description 60 page book 20 cents. J. A. Bergey, Telford, Pa. (3-6)

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MINK: Extra fine quality. Taking orders for 1929 young. North Star Mink Ranch, Kenyon, Minnesota. (3-7)

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MUSKRATS easily raised in dry land pens. Bulletin containing full instructions $1.00. Victor Ranch, Box 495, Peoria, Ill. (3-8)

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SALE: Chenango Camp Trailer, fine condition. Bargain price. Emmert Swigart, Huntingdon, Pa. (3-8)

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WANTED: Snakes, lizards, newts, frogs, waterdogs, hellbender, garpike, shovelnose, catfish, minnows and turtles. Weinberg, 120 North Gates, Los Angeles, Calif. (3-8)

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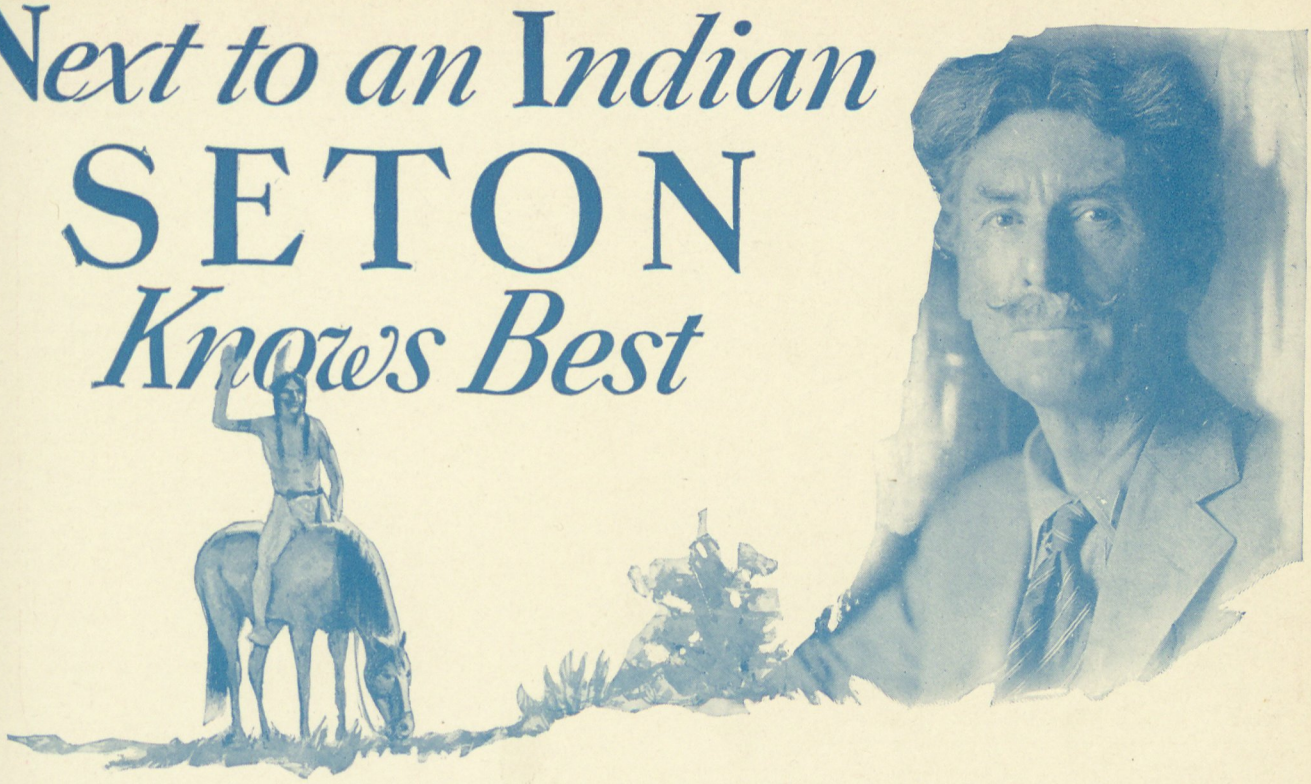

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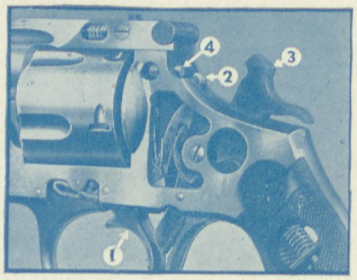

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